JAN. 20,
1940

Liberty

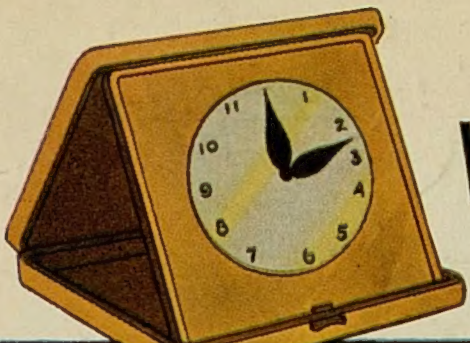
5¢

H·DENNIS
SIMPSON

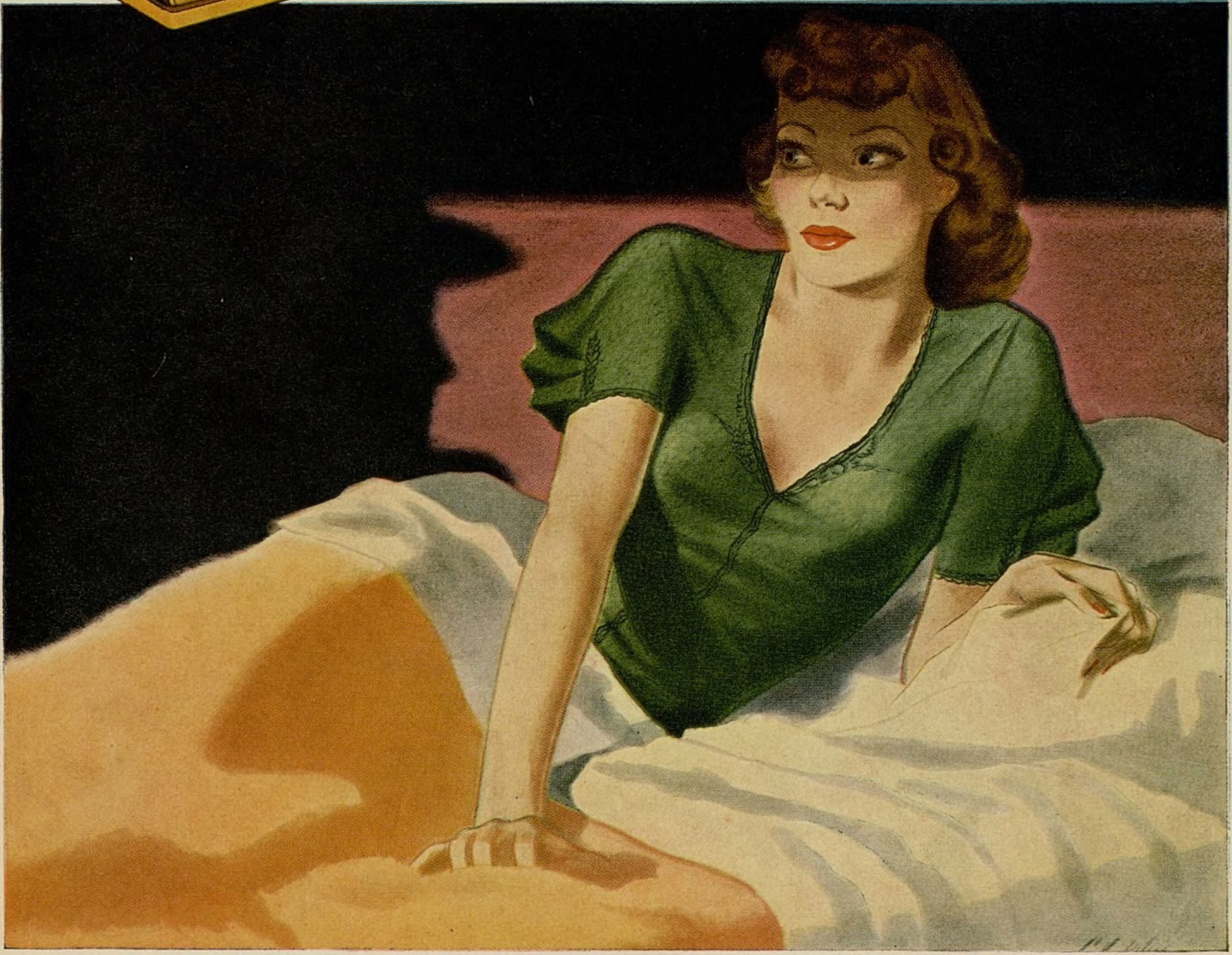
VILL CHURCHILL BE RIME MINISTER?

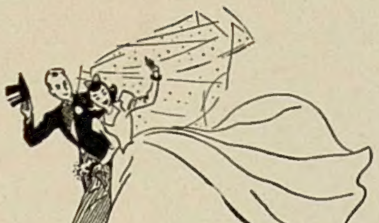
YPHOON OVER NANKING:

Novel of Heaven and Hell on Earth



WAS THIS THE MAN SHE HAD MARRIED?





ONLY a few short months ago—the excitement, the wonder, the surging happiness of walking beside him down the aisle . . . *his bride!* Weeks of glorious honeymooning . . . all music and laughter, dancing and gaiety. Then, at last, home to the shining new apartment they had planned and furnished together.

And now, so soon, this puzzling change. The precious words, the tiny acts of thoughtfulness, were becoming less and less frequent. Somehow, even the way he looked at her seemed different lately.

Tonight . . . or rather in the small, lonely hours of this *morning* . . . he was coming home after an evening without her. It was not the first time. There had been other such nights recently, vaguely explained away as "necessary for business."

Could he *really* be growing indifferent . . . this man she loved so much? What had she done? What could she do to hold him?

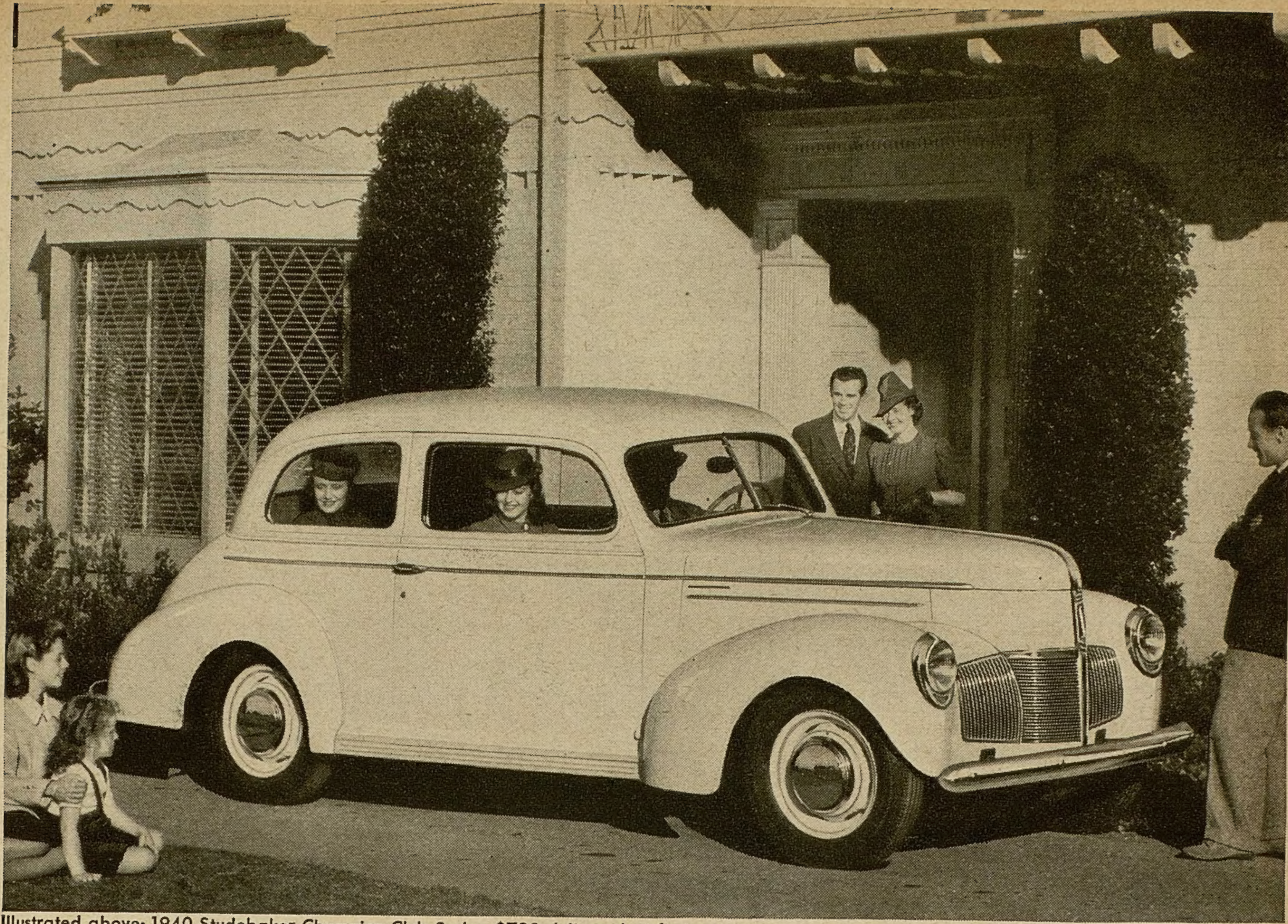
Why Risk Unhappiness?

Probably nothing can wreck romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). And the insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself never know when you have it . . . never realize that you are offending. Why run that risk? Sometimes halitosis may be due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts this food fermentation . . . then overcomes the odors it causes . . . leaves your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

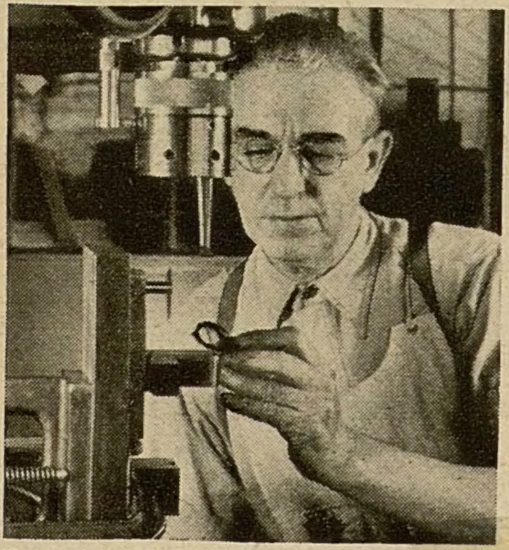
Get in the habit of gargling Listerine Antiseptic before social or business engagements. Its pleasant, tangy taste makes it delightful to use. And it may pay you rich dividends in friendships and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

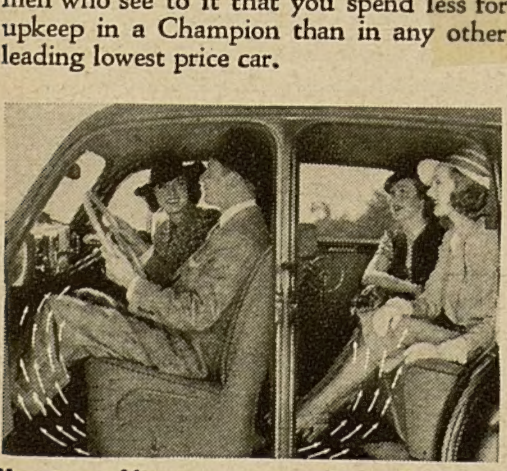
Use LISTERINE Morning and Night for Halitosis (Bad Breath)



Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan $700 delivered at factory



He's a watchdog of your pocketbook! His name is Jack Lynch, one of the 7,500 expert, permanent, Studebaker master craftsmen who see to it that you spend less for upkeep in a Champion than in any other leading lowest price car.



You travel in summer comfort all winter in your Champion simply by switching on the pure-air heating of the Climatizer, available at added cost. Floors stay warm. Windshield and windows do not fog or frost.

Drive this smart car that saves you 10% to 25% every mile!

THE NEW 1940

Studebaker Champion

YOU travel everywhere in flawless style and delightful comfort, when you own this impressive, roomy Studebaker Champion.

It gives you the prestige of a Studebaker Commander or President, yet you enjoy this Champion's smooth, safe transportation and still stay in the lowest price field.

Thousands of enthusiastic owners have convincingly proved that this Champion gives 10% to 25% greater gas economy than any other leading lowest price car.

Remarkably low upkeep cost

Sound, solid construction—the proud achievement of the most expert group of craftsmen in the automobile world—reduces this Champion's upkeep cost and boosts its trade-in value.

You pay nothing extra for sealed-beam headlamps, steering wheel gear shift, planar independent suspension, finest hydraulic shock absorbers, non-slam door latches, front compartment hood lock, shockless steering and foot-regulated hydraulic brakes.

See your local Studebaker dealer and go for a Champion drive. Low down payment—easy C.I.T. terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT

$660

for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory, subject to change without notice.

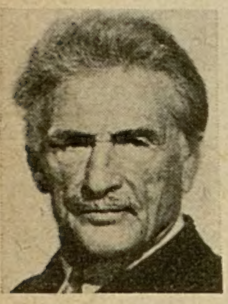
JANUARY 20, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 3

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

ADDITIONAL DISCOVERIES THAT OFFICIAL MEDICINE SHOULD MAKE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We called attention editorially to the recent much retarded recognition of the importance of diet by what we might call official medicine.

But progressive doctors have been advising special diets for many years. More than thirty years ago, I sent a patient to three then celebrated New York practitioners—Dr. Janeway, Dr. Polk, and Dr. Bull — to determine what they would prescribe for a certain ailment. After a careful examination a dietetic and drugless regime was advised.

But in almost any hospital today corned beef and cabbage, pork chops, mashed potatoes, and sauerkraut, or similar combinations are often offered as a meal following a major operation or while the patient is suffering from a serious ailment. Diet means nothing to some doctors.

The fact that even cancer symptoms can be greatly changed for the better within a few days by an exclusive raw milk and raw fruit or other restricted diet is known by but few practitioners.

Many cancer patients die in agony unless morphine or other dope is used—which of course facilitates the end—when the simple procedure of using a natural diet, free from all condiments and stimulants, would not only lessen the severity of the symptoms but in some cases might give the patient a chance for added years of life.

There appeared in the newspapers recently an account of a new procedure in curing pellagra. More than thirty years ago dietetic methods of effectively curing this disease were published in Physical Culture Magazine.

But official medicine is awakening in a big way. Radium has been highly recommended for cancer, but some progressive doctors are doing some radical experimenting. Cancer is being exposed now to the freezing treatment. The body is gradually cooled with chopped ice, and amazing results have been recorded, in some instances, after several days in this subconscious semi-frozen state.

It is suggested to the experimenters that they try subjecting a cancer patient to a fast in which water and food are entirely interdicted.

Such a treatment is not so pleasing as "frozen" sleep, but metabolism—tissue changes—would not be diminished; it would doubtless be greatly stimulated; and the fever which usually appears if the body is loaded with toxins, when water is withdrawn, should burn up this refuse in the tissues, and might be more satisfactory than the freezing treatment.

Extraordinary results are promised at this time from artificial fever . . . electrically administered through diathermy, etc. But some maintain that artificial fever can be induced by hot water, or it can be induced by a waterless fast, and fever so induced might be just as effective as that secured by other means.

It has been stated that all venereal diseases have been effectively treated with fever therapy. Now, if official medicine will make some experiments with the waterless fast, some astounding results may be expected. Many diseases, such as pneumonia, pleurisy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., associated with a slowly rising temperature gradually approach a crisis in which the height of the fever either cures the disease or kills the patient. Many such diseases might be treated in the beginning with fever therapy, and the associated bacteria thus destroyed —curing the disease without weakening the patient with a long siege of illness.

When a pet dog or cat is ill, it sulks in a quiet corner. It neither eats nor drinks. It follows instinctive demands, and in a few days it appears again, apparently fully recovered. Fever therapy through a waterless fast was probably an effective remedy.

And how about bloodless surgery? Dr. S. H. Miller, a licensed chiropractor, and Dr. Francis Kolar claim they have successfully performed bloodless operations for gallstones, adhesions, prostatic difficulties, fibroid tumors, and many other surgical cases.

Their claims are worth investigation.

Do not make any of these experiments without a capable practitioner as an observer or adviser.

Bernarr Macfadden

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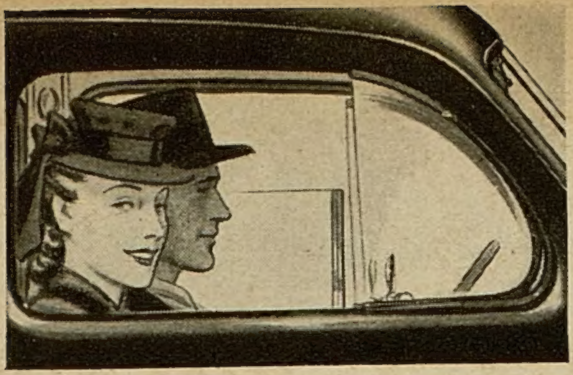
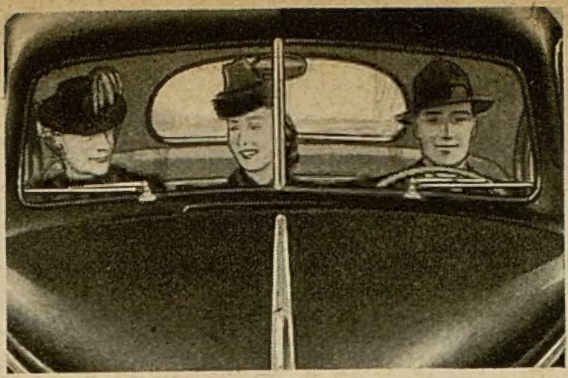
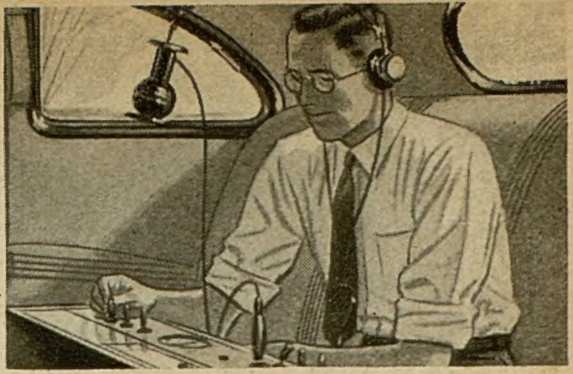


Controlled Ventilation for all-weather comfort. In closed body types, divider strip lowers with window, out of driver's line of vision. Front half pivots *diagonally*.



Three can ride far more comfortably in the wide front seat with gearshift lever replaced by handy Finger-Tip Gearshift, just under the two-spoke steering wheel.



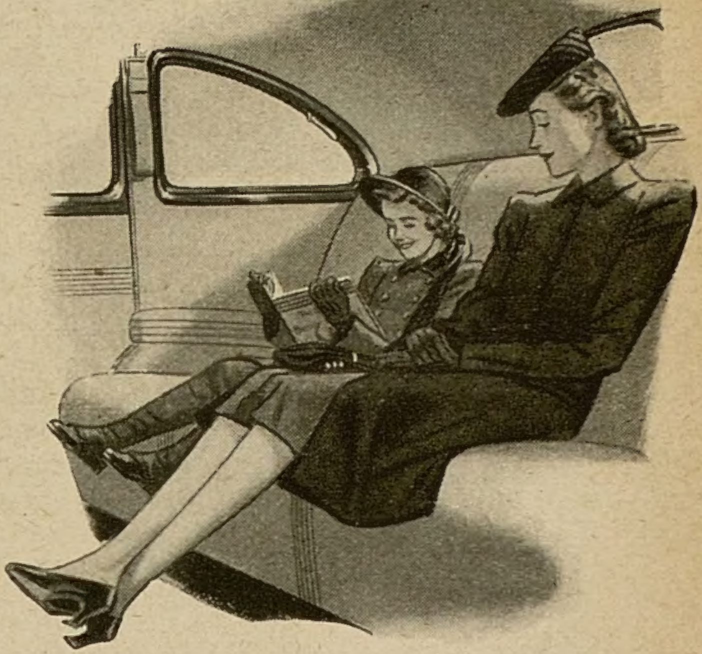
Whole car quieter. Scientifically soundproofed by Ford engineers. Improved insulation, mechanical refinements, set new standards of silent operation.

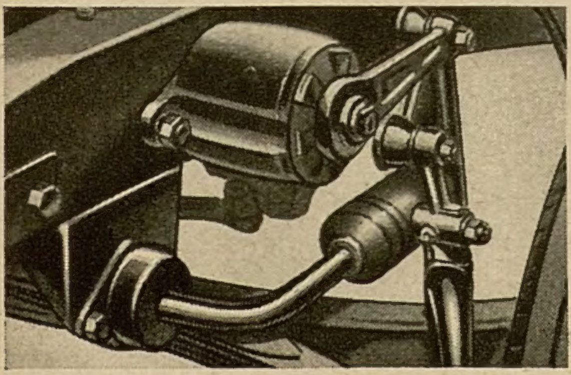
COMFORT! *You'll find it in a* FORD

- Some of the many things that make the Ford V-8 so quiet and comfortable are pictured on this page.

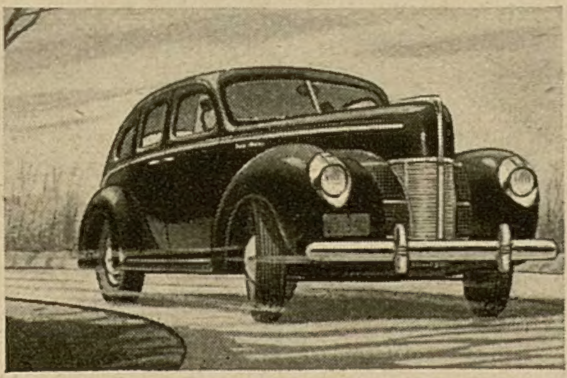
But *reading* can't compare with *riding!* Slip into that deep, soft driver's seat and see for yourself how skilfully all these things have been blended into buoyant, restful *comfort.*

Take that handsome two-spoke steering wheel. Flick the Finger-Tip Gearshift. Feel the smooth surge of *eight* eager cylinders. As the miles flow past, you'll realize that here is a really *modern* car — BIG in everything but price!

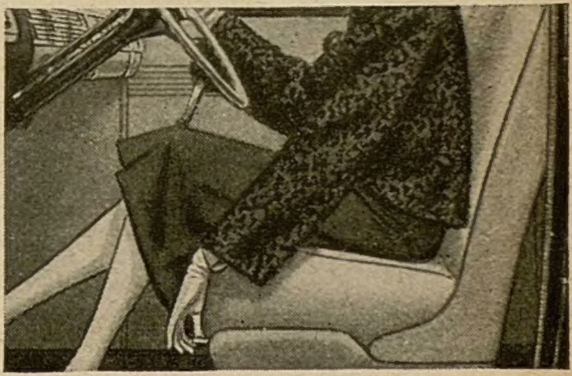




Improved shock absorbers, double-acting, hydraulic. New "self-sealing" gland helps keep the ride smooth and comfortable, makes adjustments infrequent.

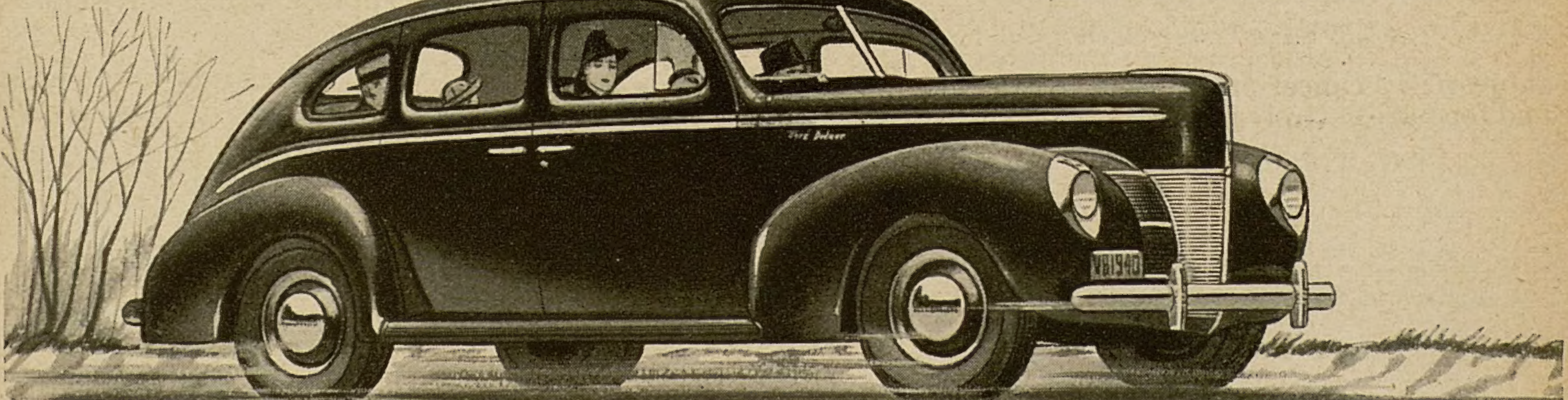


New ride-stabilizer makes steering easier and steadier on sharp curves or in cross winds. Softer, improved spring suspension, too, on 85-hp models.



New two-way adjustment on all drivers' seats. 4½-inch range. Seat rises as it slides forward, without changing natural angle of seat back. Easy to operate.

The De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor Sedan



A NATION UNITED BY TELEPHONE

Just twenty-five years ago, on January 25, 1915, the first transcontinental telephone call was made. East and West were united in dramatic ceremony.

President Wilson talked from the White House across the country, testifying to the nation's pride "that this vital cord should have been stretched across America as a sample of our energy and enterprise."

The inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, in New York, repeated across the continent to San Francisco the first words ever heard over a telephone—"Mr. Watson, come here, I want you"—to the same Thomas A. Watson who had heard them in the garret workshop in Boston in 1876.

That ceremony ushered in transcontinental service twenty-five years ago. At that time it cost $20.70 to call San Francisco from New York. Now it costs $6.50 for a station-to-station call and only $4.25 after seven in the evening and all day Sunday.

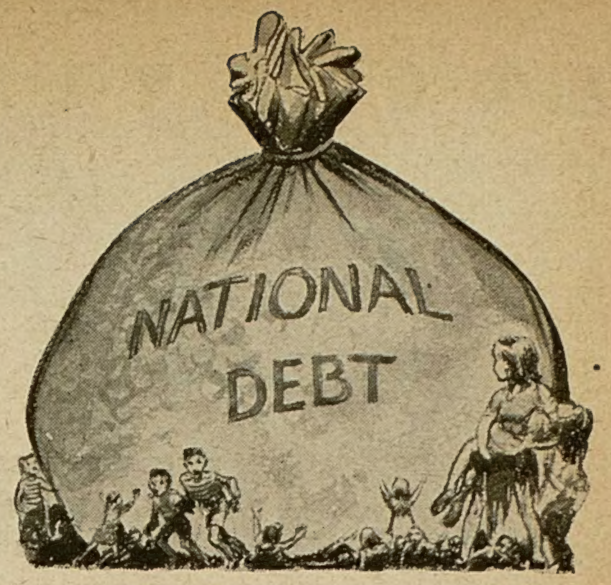
In 1915 it took about half an hour, on the average, to make a connection. Now most calls are put through without hanging up.

These are measures of progress in the never-ending effort of the Bell System to give faster, clearer, more useful and courteous service to the people of the United States.

• • •

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ARE WE BANKRUPTING OUR CHILDREN?



Plain talk! Arrestingly, a Presidential candidate warns of what may come

BY THOMAS E. DEWEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IN the past twenty-two years the government debt has advanced from $1,000,000,000 to $41,000,000,000. In less than nine years it has increased $25,000,000,000. Unless this country is to take refuge in a fraudulent bankruptcy, we and our children are going to have to carry the burden of that debt.

Recently a studied effort has been made by some of the New Deal economists to persuade us that there is really nothing to be concerned about in the debt. The argument is that the debt doesn't matter because "we owe it to ourselves." President Roosevelt himself advanced this thesis very persuasively last May in a speech before the forum of the American Retail Federation.

The President was defending his spending policies and denouncing those who complained that a burden of debt was being piled up for our children to pay. He said:

"Our national debt, after all, is an internal debt owed not only by the nation but to the nation. If our children have to pay interest on it, they will pay that interest to themselves."

This is an ingenious notion. It opens up great possibilities. If our children will merely have to pay the interest to themselves, there is no reason to worry about the debt at all.

Why not run it up to $80,000,000,000, or $100,000,000,000, or as high as you like? It will simply give the children the fun of transferring larger amounts of money from one pocket to another. For that matter, why bother about the interest at all?

The answer is obvious. It is because the people who have to pay the interest are not always the same people as those who receive the interest. The truth is that all of us owe the national debt, but only a few of us own the government bonds.

Let's take a look at the figures.

The United States Treasury published an interesting little memorandum of the public debt in its daily statement for September 30. This showed that the direct debt of the government at the end of the last quarter was equal to $310.91 for every man, woman, and child in the country, contrasted with $12.36 a person back in 1917 and $129.66 a person as recently as December 31, 1930. So all of us, even the newborn babes, owe $310.91 as our pro-rata shares in the national debt. Do all the people you know own $310.91 worth of government bonds?

We do not pay a very high rate of interest on this debt. The average rate is 2.607 per cent annually. But even at this low rate the yearly bill of interest on the debt comes to over $1,000,000,000, without counting the cost of redeeming the bonds. This is an inescapable part of the cost of government. Moreover, the government has guaranteed an additional amount of over $5,000,000,000 of securities issued by the various agencies, such as the Home Owners Loan Corporation and the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation.

Now everybody in the nation, even the poorest of us, has to contribute in some way to meet the cost of the national government. Taxes paid by manufacturers and producers enter into the cost of everything we buy. The tax collector takes his share of every worker's day.

Some people say the rich can pay it. They can't. In the good year 1937, if the government had confiscated every cent of income that individuals had made over $10,000, the sum would have been five and a quarter billion dollars short of meeting the cost of the federal government in that year. If the government had limited everybody to no more than $5,000 and confiscated every cent of individual income over that figure, the sum would still have been three and one quarter billion dollars short of paying the government's expenses.

We and our children must pay this billion-dollars-a-year interest on the debt. But to whom do we pay it? Who owns the government bonds?

According to the latest available figures of the Treasury, given out last February, 39 per cent of all the government securities are held by banks. Insurance companies hold 12 per cent, other corporations 5 per cent, tax-exempt institutions 1 per cent, the Federal Reserve banks 7 per cent, government agencies and trust funds 12 per cent, and state and local investment funds 1 per cent. This leaves 23 per cent, less than one quarter of our $41,000,000,000 debt, in the hands of individuals—who surely represent a relatively small part of the whole population.

It is true that many of us have an indirect interest in government bonds. For instance, we may have a policy in an insurance company that owns some government bonds. But that interest is never an exact offset to our share of the government debt.

As a result, in practice the insurance value and the share of national debt cannot be canceled out. Clearly, then, we cannot say of the national debt that "we owe it to ourselves," for if a man owes something to himself he can cancel the obligation without disturbance to any one.

Perhaps a man of wealth can take some comfort in the President's reassurance that "if our children have to pay interest on it, they will pay that interest to themselves." The rest of us must face the fact that our children will have to pay the interest on the debt to the children of a comparatively few other people.

What does this mean for the future? It means that we who have permitted the great piling up of government debt have sanctioned a levy upon our children's earnings to contribute to the income of the children of those who own the bonds.

It means that we have permitted the creation of a mechanism for the redistribution of wealth from all of us who pay taxes, directly or indirectly, to the few who own government bonds. It is a Huey Long plan —in reverse—the taking of money from every one to give to the few.

There is nothing new about a public debt. What is new is the willingness of our elected public officials ruthlessly to expand that debt. The result will be the speeding up of a redistribution of wealth—backward.

This drain upon the masses is what is meant by the "burden of debt." That's what has always been meant. And no specious argument about "we owe it to ourselves" can change it.

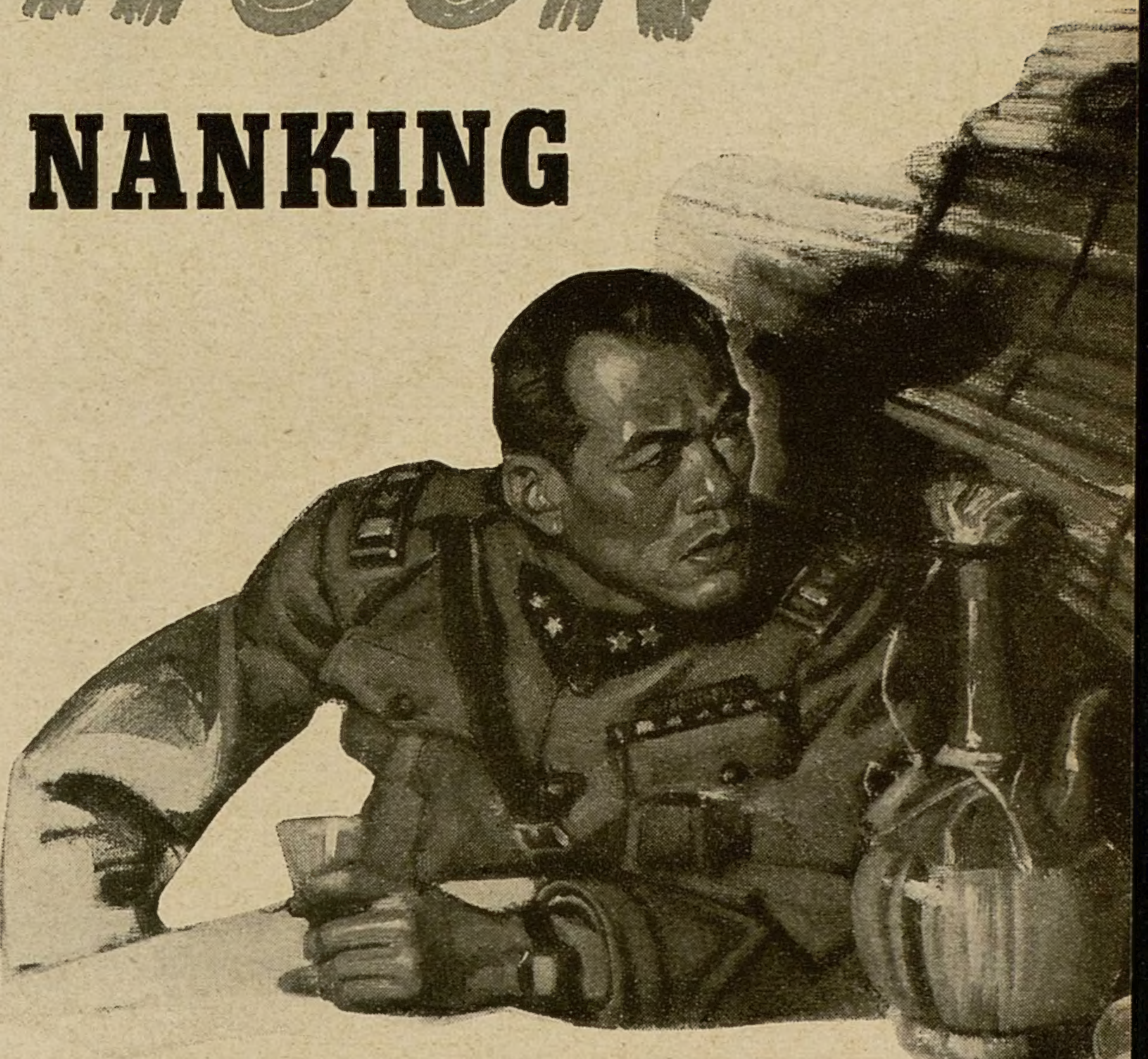
We all owe it. But we don't all own it. To the future of our country this all means either bankruptcy with dishonor or a long, slow struggle back up the hill of sanity to solvency. The sacrifices we have already imposed on our children are unconscionable. The least we can now do is to act resolutely about the task of commencing to reduce them.

We must stop trying to deceive ourselves about the debt. Once we have done that, every man will see that he has a direct and demonstrable concern in sane government finance. Then the nation will have acquired a will to stop the reckless piling up of national deficits. When we have that will, government will obey it.

THE END

BEGINNING

TYPHOON OVER NANKING



A girl—and adventure! Here's a colorful, stirring novel of heaven and hell on earth

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FOREWORD: Today, ghostly blackouts; the endless drone of planes; the shrill whistle of falling bombs; the deadly swish of torpedoes. Europe staggering, bleeding, gasping; the gallant defense of Finland; the hysterical scream from Berlin, "Heil! . . Heil! . . Heil!"

Yet in Asia another war rages into its fourth year. A war perhaps closer and more important to America than the war in Europe. A grim, relentless war in which our nationals have been involved, one of our warships sunk.

This story, based upon fact, is the burning chronicle of that brief, awful period in Nanking when China's beautiful capital fell and Americans were driven from the city's ancient walls. It is a chapter torn from the annals of modern history.

PART ONE—A CITY IN FLIGHT

MAYO said, "Good-by," but her voice was lost in the sputter of the motor, and then the launch was pulling away from the pier. It was moving out into the muddy bronze of the Yangtze, and the Americans in it were standing beside their baggage, waving. Mayo waved too, and she saw beyond the boat, through the clustered junks and oil barges, the U. S. S. Panay, waiting there for the launch. The Panay, with an American flag flying from its stern. Mayo's arm dropped, but her eyes did not leave the launch. "Good-by," she whispered again, but the word was scarcely audible, so that it was only her heart that heard it. She brushed away a tear, and then she turned, because she could no longer stand it. The bright gay smile she had given them in farewell was fake. She wanted only to get away. She wanted to run back into Nanking and pretend that she had not been here to see them go. She walked rapidly.

She was slim and beautifully built. She wore white linen, and a skirt that was tight about her shapely hips. Her hair was reddish and her eyes were green. She was young. But she had responsibilities. That was it, she thought. If she kept busy there would be no time to think. It would be better that way. Easier, at least. There were things that she must do today, and she was remembering them now. There was that hospital up in Soochow. She hurried faster.

The broad river glinted in the sun behind her, and in her ears were the sounds that echoed up from it. The chatter from the Chinese crowded into sampans. The swishing movement of warships. The churning screws of commercial vessels. And yet, nothing was the same. There was no longer the clatter and the rush of the dock. There were no sweating coolies unloading cargo. The quiet before the storm, she thought; and she shuddered.

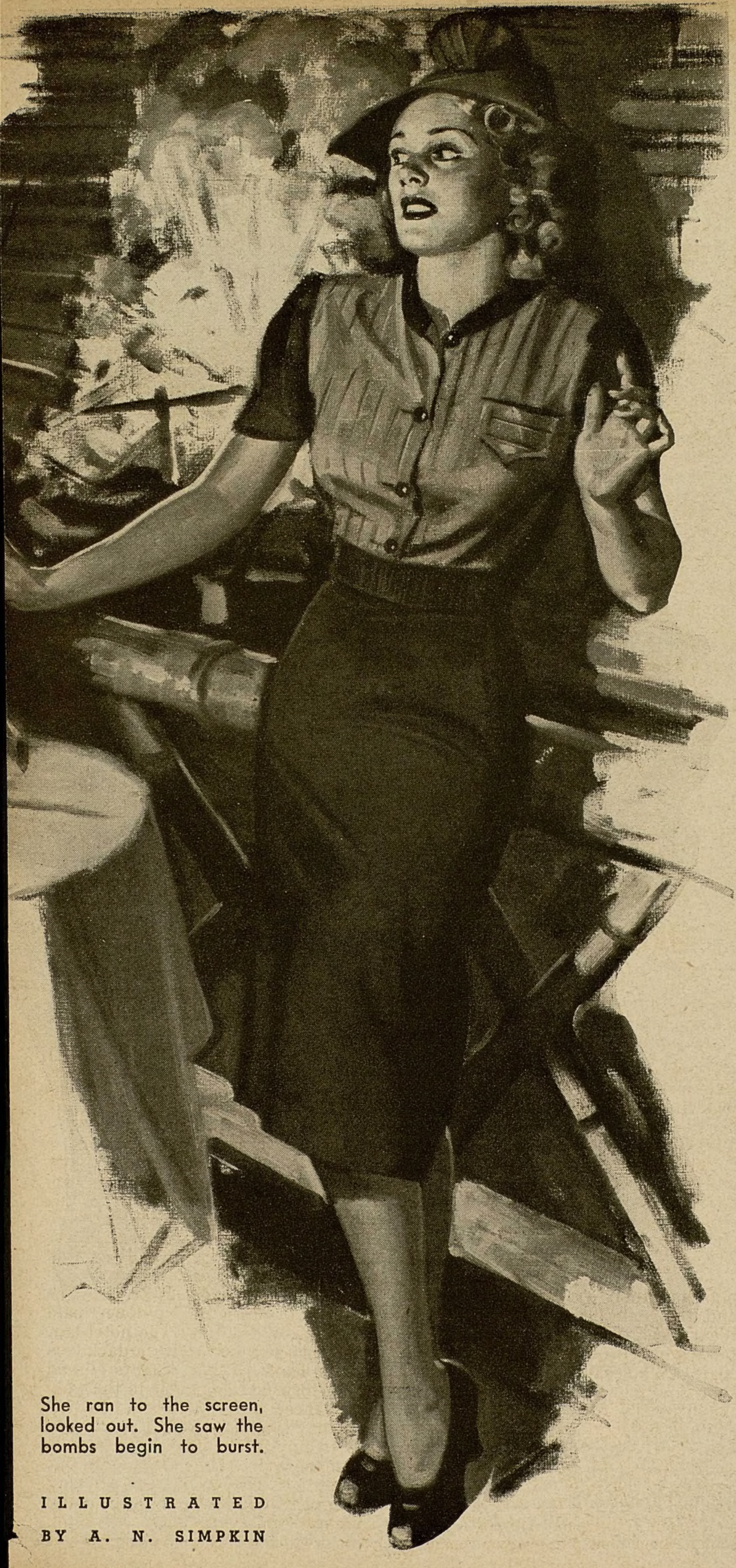
She reached the street. Shops were open. People were clustered in excited groups, talking. Peasants moved through the avenue, driving their pigs and their geese, their chickens and their children, ahead of them. Weary feet, in an endless line. Saffron faces wet with sweat, bleak with despair. Wholesale evacuation. Eyes kept going up and searching the cloudless sky for planes.

Mayo hated the sight. There was fear here. She could feel it. There was despair. All of those straggling people on the road out of Nanking. She looked around for a ricksha, and at last she found one. Her father had told her to meet a newspaperman at the Foo Palace, and she gave the address. Then she sat back. But she could not escape the misery that was around her. She watched the procession of moving Chinese.

And what will remain? An empty and haunted city where those who are left will crowd together in the darkness and pray as bombs smash into the streets, as Japanese soldiers pour in. The fall of China's capital. Tomorrow, or the day after.

The ricksha arrived at the Foo Palace and she climbed down, paid the coolie, and entered the hotel bar.

The bar was cool, with a dark carpet and leather seats. Lights glowed from frosted glass panels in the wall. She glanced across the room. On any other day this place would be crowded and it might be difficult to spot a newspaperman. But today the bar was empty. Empty but for a young man who sat on the last stool, turning a cocktail glass around in his hand. She saw him lift a pretzel, put it



She ran to the screen, looked out. She saw the bombs begin to burst.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

between his thumb and first finger, and then he suddenly opened his hand and the pretzel disappeared. He was an amateur magician. He was, she decided, amusing himself.

But as she approached he turned on the stool and smiled. He was tall and lithe. His face was tanned, his eyes were gray. He had dark curly hair and a boyish smile, yet there were lines in his face. She rather liked the lines, for they seemed to make a man out of a boy.

"Mayo Wells?" he asked.

"Yes; how did you—"

"Saw you in the mirror as you came in." His glance was warm and pleasant. "I guess I've looked in a thousand mirrors, too; but I've never seen a girl like you in one before." He grinned. "Did your father tell you? My name is Johnny Morrel."

"Yes," she said, "he told me."

He got down off the stool and helped her into a chair. He sat down opposite, offered her a cigarette, and then put one in his own mouth and lit it. She watched him. He looked up, shaking out the match.

"The last of the Mohicans," he said, "that's us."

"Yes; I just saw off a party of Americans."

"I figure that the Panay is a slow way to get to Shanghai," he said.

"But safe."

He nodded. He was regarding her with awe now, as though he couldn't quite believe that there was any one in Nanking like her, and he seemed a little embarrassed.

"Will you have a cocktail?"

"Or something." She smiled.

"Me too," he said. "I've got the jitters." He gave the waiter the order, and then he leaned his elbows on the table. "I'll tell you how this is. I was talking to your father about a rumor I had heard. I'm not saying where I heard it, but the rumor says that an important Japanese military official has had the gall to slip into Nanking."

She looked away quickly, her face staining scarlet. It was true. Kai Hiromi had arrived. But he had gotten in touch with her and her father only because he had been friendly with them prior to the war. Hiromi trusted them. He had put his personal safety in their hands. In turn, they had promised they would not divulge that he was in Nanking until after the arrival of his troops.

"It wasn't my father who told you this?"

Johnny Morrel shook his head. "No. First he acted as though he hadn't heard me ask. Then he changed the subject. He inquired if I had ever met his daughter. That's all. It sounded like a lead. I said I'd never met you, but I'd like to."

She laughed softly. "Your motives, Mr. Morrel, sound suspiciously ulterior. I'm sure dad never suspected that was the reason you wanted to meet me." The cocktails arrived. She sipped hers. "As for the rumor, I've heard it too."

He gestured faintly with his hand. "You—you've just heard it? You don't know anything about it?"

"I can't help you," she said. That was true; she couldn't help him.

He drank down the cocktail and sat back. "So my cable goes out tonight with the ditto marks of a hundred yesterdays. 'The fighting today was fierce . . .'"

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, don't be," he said.

"There *is* a story." She wanted to help him—she didn't know why.

"There is?"

She nodded eagerly. "I don't think the wire services have it, because a friend of mine telephoned me the news from Soochow. It was a miracle to get the call through."

"The Japs are already in Soochow," he said. "What's happening?"

"It's the hospital. They've turned babies out into the street." Her tone was shaded with bitterness. She stared down at the cocktail, then lifted it and drank. She put it down. "Mr. Morrel, ever since this was started we've heard rumors of Japanese cruelty—their barbarism. I've tried not to believe it. But I know that what I heard from Soochow is authentic. And this is what I have to ask. How can any race, winner or loser, be so heartlessly wanton?"

Indignation rang in her tone, and it came to her mind what she had to do tonight. She had discussed it with her father and they had agreed she must see Kai Hiromi. She had to tell him what was happening in Soochow, and plead that he send through an order that would return the hospital to the Chinese. It had become a Japanese barracks, and even at this moment the nurses were being spoiled, the equipment wrecked, and the sick and dying dumped in the street. So it was necessary that she see Hiromi. He was their friend, and it was he who had always insisted the Japanese were kindly.

"I DON'T want to answer your question," Johnny said.

"Why?"

"Because I don't believe any one like you should believe in atrocities. The world is a magic carpet of flowers, and stars are its ceiling. If you hear of cruelty and torture, they are but horror fables that you aren't to believe."

"But I'm not a child!"

"We're all children," he said, "until somebody comes with a dirty rag and wipes that shining dew out of our eyes. You aren't the kind of girl for that brand of disillusion. Just get out now and go back to the States and never read newspapers; but—"

"Get out?" she echoed.

"Yes. Thousands are dying just past the direction of your elbow. The Japanese will be here tomorrow or—"

"I'm staying," she said.

He looked incredulous. He made a laughing face but it was not wired with sound. "Hey—peanut."

She disliked the name. "What?"

"You're kidding."

She shook her head. "No; I'm staying in Nanking. There'll be other Americans here."

"Only fourteen or fifteen. Why, infant, it's madness!"

"Please quit inventing names for me!"

He motioned the waiter to bring more drinks. "Look," he said. "It isn't going to be very pretty in Nanking after the Japs come. It—"

"Why not?" she asked passionately. "There will be no resistance. All the people want is peace, and they will accept it now at any price. They're beaten and frightened, and they want only to be left alone. *They* haven't done anything to the Japanese. They—"

She stopped, and her words echoed emptily. He was watching her intently, and it occurred to her with strange suddenness that in his young face there was incredible sadness.

"Why don't you speak?"

"Because," he said softly, "I'm afraid to."

She met his gaze, and when she tried to break away he held it. It was an intimate look that seemed to go as deeply as her soul, and she was disturbed; yet the intensity of his expression compelled her eyes.

"I'm staying in Nanking too," he said.

He spoke casually, but she knew, somehow, that he had just made up his mind.

WALTER WELLS was bent over a desk in his study, writing. His florid face was hot with sweat, and his eyes were feverish. Young Dr. Clinton sat behind him in a wicker chair, nursing a bottle of whisky. But it was neither Clinton nor the empty words that came from Clinton's lips that disturbed Walter. It was no tangible thing, yet his hands were shaking. It was as if he were smothering in the invisible cloak of a tomorrow yet to be born.

He glanced back at the papers, and he knew that he should go on. The mayor of Nanking had virtually turned over the administrative responsibilities of the Safety Zone to members of the International Committee ten days ago, and there were things it was imperative to do. Requests from Chinese who wanted to sleep in the protected ground of the university. Orders for rice and flour. Instructions to be dispatched to the zone police.

But, momentarily at least, Walter did not have the strength to continue. He put down the pen and turned around. He was a man adequate in frame, with prematurely white hair. He had a loose good-natured mouth, but stern intelligent blue eyes.

Dr. Clinton stirred in his chair and glanced up. He was a dark-complexioned young man. He wore a wrinkled linen suit and dirty white shoes. He had been drinking steadily for several days.

"Through, Walter?" he inquired. Walter Wells smiled bitterly.

"I know," Clinton went on. "You'll never be through. They give us a zone where we'll be safe when the Japs come. But we'll spend our days taking care of the Chinese. Rape cases and murder and looting."

"*We?*" Walter asked.

Clinton smiled faintly and looked at the bottle. He put it down. "Yes, *we*. I'll be over at the hospital pitching, if worst comes to worst. You know that. Only, I came to Nanking to forget I was a doctor, and I think it's a dirty shame the Japs can't go raise hell somewhere else!"

Walter Wells nodded. Through the door he saw streams of people, and the red dusk of evening sifting down into the daylight, so that shadows flickered against the cobblestone street. He looked at his watch and he wondered where Mayo was. He was worried about her.

BERT CLINTON continued: "You'll be sorry, Walter, that you didn't go. For the rest of us it isn't so bad. But you've got your art collections: your Oriental jade and those manuscripts. You've spent years collecting all that stuff and—"

"Don't you see?" Walter said desperately. "That's why I can't leave. I'd never get through with all of it."

"All right, professor. So you've spent your life studying here, and you've got quite a load of stuff. Some of it priceless. And for your pains the Japs are coming down to take it away from you."

"Don't be silly!"

"Silly?" Clinton jammed a cigarette between his lips. "Pal, when the war broke out you wrote six good hot articles. Anti-Japanese articles. They were published in America and—"

"I know, I know," Walter Wells said, and he tried to pass it off with a tone that indicated that it was not important. But in his heart he knew that Clinton had struck the nail on the head. It was this one fact that bothered him more than anything else. As a white foreigner he expected certain immunity, and he was willing to take whatever risk there was beyond that. But the articles he had written moons ago had infuriated the Japanese Bureau of Propaganda. They had been smuggled out of the country. Walter was an authority on China, he had lived here most of his life, and the things that he had had to say had created a sensation. He had been partly responsible for Americans demanding a Japanese boycott.

As he spoke now he realized that he was arguing not against Dr. Clinton but himself.

"I told you what Hiromi said last night. He said that—"

"That he understood your position," Clinton cut in. "He had a smooth and sleek face and charcoal eyes, and he smiled and bowed at you; but he was looking over your shoulder at Mayo. And besides, he was your friend. The issue was personal. Wait until *forty thousand* Japs swarm into this town—"

"They wouldn't dare touch me nor any of my collection!"

Clinton picked up the bottle again. "Walter, did you ever hear these words? Listen closely now, because they are preluded by a faint hissing sound: '*Unfortunate incident.*'" Clinton poured himself a drink. "Accidents happen in a war. . . . You should have gotten out. But that's the trouble with you, Walter. You think more of academic Oriental treasures, of giving to the world a few ancient manuscripts, than you do of your own life."

Walter got up and walked to the door. He held his hands behind his back and watched bleakly.

"Mayo arriving here three years ago to live with you. People said you changed. Your daughter was something in life for you besides just study. But—"

Walter turned suddenly. "Will you shut up!"

Clinton shrugged.

Walter moved across the room. "I'm sorry, Bert. I didn't mean to shout, but—but look! It's getting dark outside. Night is coming and—"

"And maybe morning won't come."

"That's it!"

"Take a drink with me," Clinton said, "'cause I'm scared too. I'm just as scared as any guy that ever lived!"

WALTER did not often drink, but he poured himself a whisky. He knew that he had to do something to calm his nerves. It was fear, really, and imagination. He told himself that it was not true that the Japanese had singled him out for their particular brand of revenge. He must look at it sensibly. The articles he had written had simply expressed an opinion. The words stung with bitterness, it was true, but the Japanese were not so angry, after all this time, that they would retaliate. It was all in his mind. But *was it?*

The door was opening now, and he looked up. His face broke into a smile. Mayo came in, and with her was Johnny Morrel. Mayo, fresh and young, with her reddish hair on her slim shoulders like an amber flame. Walter must not let her know that he was worried.

And looking at her he suddenly knew that, to him at least, she was worth more than preserving for posterity the art he had collected during his long life in China. Maybe it was better that he leave Nanking now—tonight, while there was still time. He was speaking even as he considered the idea.

"Come in—come in," he said. Then, when Mayo had kissed him, he clapped his hands for the number one boy. He turned to Johnny. "You'll stay for dinner?"

"I'd be—delighted." . . .

When dinner was finished, Mayo went to her room. She went ostensibly to change her clothes, but actually because she wanted for a few brief moments the sanctuary of her own thoughts. She stood back against the wall for a moment and stared through the dark room. She could not stop thinking of Johnny. The way he laughed, and his slow smile. The crazy little gestures. Making things disappear. His easy manner, and the bright mask with which he covered his grim thought.

There shivered through her a strain that was like the trill of a crying clarinet—and she was afraid. She did not want to fall in love. This was no time for that. There was a war being fought; and people that had to be helped. She had to lose Johnny somehow, and go to Hiromi. She had not once stopped thinking of the hospital in Soochow. When there was such misery and suffering in the world, she felt cheap and selfish to think at all of herself or love. . . .

STEVE FISHER

ran away from military school and joined the navy. When he left, at twenty, a service publication tagged him "Navy's Foremost Fiction Writer." He came to New York to make good—and did. Now, still in his twenties, he has several novels and more than three hundred published short stories to his credit.

She turned on the light and moved across the room. Young and pretty Lee Yuan entered at once.

"Mistress wants me?"

Mayo nodded toward the closet. She was already slipping out of the white linen.

"The green skirt and sweater," she said.

The amah helped her dress.

"Lee," Mayo said suddenly, "once Nanking has been taken, do you believe the Japanese will be kind?"

"I feel sure of it," Lee Yuan whispered.

Mayo put on the sweater and straightened it in front of the mirror. It was tight and accentuated the sharp firmness of her breasts. "Good little Lee!" she said. "You are more than my amah. You are my best friend."

"Then it is my humble pleasure!"

Mayo's throat was tight. Lee, with her straight black hair and the almonds that were her eyes. So pretty and sweet. She had gone to the university. Mayo touched her hand, then squeezed it. . . . A moment later she was dressed. She pulled on her gloves. She was thinking of the hospital in Soochow, and people like Lee Yuan in it, at the mercy of soldiers—or in a gutter, dying. Anger gripped her pulse, and the thing she would say to Hiromi tonight grew hot and impatient within her.

NANKING at night. A ricksha with Johnny. She wanted to tell him about Hiromi, but she could not. She had promised. Johnny would put the news on the wires. For a moment she was amused, that Hiromi's life was entrusted to her. But in the next second she knew that her life would soon be in his hands—whenever the Japanese came. She remembered Walter saying to her as she left the house, "Be careful. I'll meet you later."

She glanced up at Johnny now. They were on the Chang San Road, rolling in the direction of the Metropolitan Hotel. Dark figures still moved through the streets, but the city was hushed with an incredible quiet.

"I wish you wouldn't," Johnny said.

"*Wouldn't?*"

"See Kai Hiromi. Oh, you haven't fooled me! I saw it all in your eyes hours ago."

"Then why haven't you—"

He laughed. "Do you think I'd betray you? It's a secret. All right; I'm a lousy newspaperman."

"You aren't going to file the story?"

"No," he said. "It'd only get you in trouble later. What if the Chinese found Hiromi—and killed him? That wouldn't stop the sack of Nanking and it would only be worse for your father when it came."

"Worse for him?"

"I've heard he isn't liked in Japan."

"Oh, that's just—"

He looked down at her, and emotion seemed to surge through him. "Honey," he said, "your face looks so white and— Look. Why don't you sit closer? It's kind of cold, and it's a long journey."

HE put his arm about her, and she sat there, watching the sweating coolie trot ahead, listening to the wheels rumble on the street.

"I'm not afraid," she said. She remembered the bombs that had fallen over Nanking months ago. The Central Hospital had been partly wrecked, and a news agency. There had been people dying even then. Yet she had lived through it.

"But I wish you wouldn't see Hiromi. I don't like or trust him. If you see him, I'll wait for you outside."

"He's all right," she said. "Just because he's Japanese—" She paused, then went on: "He's really a very fine gentleman."

The conversation seemed to stop there; but she was conscious of being very close to Johnny, and of the crying clarinet that was trilling inside of her again. She saw the stars in the sky, and the moon, and the whole world was crazy and confused. She did not know whether she was in China or somewhere in heaven; and yet, just beyond this were the frayed edges of war.

"Mayo," Johnny said.

"Yes?"

He was looking down at his hand. "I'm as unworthy as hell. But—"

"Go on," she said.

He looked up and ahead of him. "Oh, it's—it's nothing. I'm just making talk. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, I'm merely a journalist. But if I ever write poetry, I'd like to write it for you."

She looked up, and her eyes were swimming with tears. "Johnny—"

He kissed her, and the ricksha clattered along. She laughed happily, and he disengaged her. "I haven't any right to kiss you like that. I—you're so lovely. Here we are in China, and people are fighting and dying and running away—"

"A paradise only for fools," she said.

He nodded. "That's it. But I want to take you out of it. If you stay here, you're going to see women raped and old men murdered. The streets will be filled with corpses, and dogs will get fat on them. I've been through it and—"

"No, Johnny. They can't be that cruel!"

"Honey," he said, "I—" But he stopped. He sat very still in the jogging ricksha, and his face was white and strained. "You're going to get out of Nanking, Mayo."

"You know that's impossible."

"No, it isn't. There's still time tonight." His voice was deadly serious. "I'm going back to see your father. No matter what he leaves behind, he must go. It will be nothing but suicide for him to remain. He can pack and take what stuff we can carry. I'll get a car and— I *know* he'll see it my way. This is no place for Americans. And—let's go back right now!"

"I've got to see Hiromi. It's important."

"Will you leave afterward?"

She looked up, searching his face. "I think that I want to—if you can persuade father—"

He called the coolie to halt, and then he was kissing her. He jumped down off the ricksha. He waved at her. "I'll pick you up in less than an hour. Darling, it's you and I to Shanghai!"

Her heart was crashing. "All right," she said.

The ricksha was going on then, and she was conscious that she breathed fresher air. Escape to Shanghai. With her father and Johnny. She knew now how terribly afraid she had been, because the relief and the excitement that surged through her were so sweet.

SHE reached the river at last. The ricksha stopped in front of a small tavern. Hiromi was staying here secretly. She paid the coolie and went inside. The clerk recognized her. The people here were in Hiromi's pay.

"You wish to see—"

She nodded.

She waited then, and at last the clerk came down from upstairs and ushered her out on a small screened porch. She sat at a table, drumming her fingers. A waiter arrived with a decanter of hot sake. She sipped some, and thought of Johnny and Shanghai.

Hiromi arrived presently. He was garbed in uniform and he looked very tall and impressive. His yellow face beamed and his eyes were warm.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said.

"I wanted to talk to you."

He sat down. His eyes were bright, and they seemed to feast on her. Mayo did not know Hiromi's age. His face bore evidence of fine and distinguished heritage. She and her father had met him before the war at the International Club, and he had often come over for dinner. She had regarded him as both charming and kind.

I'M delighted that you came," he said.

"It isn't exactly a social visit," she smiled, and watched him. "I have a request to make. It's urgent, Kai."

"Yes?"

"It's about a hospital in Soochow."

For a moment he seemed perturbed, and then a light broke on his face. "Oh, of course. I have heard news of that."

She was shocked.

He shrugged pleasantly. "An unfortunate incident, I assure you. The explanation is rather simple. We needed barracks in which to shelter battle-torn troops who for days had existed in trench muck. They came upon this hospital filled with soft and comfortable beds. It was a temptation, as you may well understand."

"But to throw out sick patients—and children!"

Hiromi poured himself a thimble of sake. "There was a large ward devoted to crippled youngsters. They were gently taken out and told to go home. They were told to report to the hospital for treatments but that it wasn't necessary for them to occupy the beds."

"But that's so unfair, so—"

"My dear Mayo, don't I know it? The moment higher officials heard of what was being done, they sent immediate orders to restore the hospital —in full—to its patients. Do you think *Japan* wanted publicity of that sort to get out?"

"Is publicity the only thing you consider?"

He was very patient. "Rather not. We are quite humane, Mayo, and I can honestly report to you that the hospital has been restored to normal peace and order."

She was silent for a moment. The softness of his tone was soothing, and she wondered about Nanking. She could not find it in herself to believe the stories of atrocity that took place in captured cities. She asked him about it now.

He smiled. "Propaganda. The natural stepchild of war. Those who hate Japan will tell you of its cruelty. But the facts dispute their lies."

"And there's no truth in it?"

"A few scattered incidents. It is only natural that after a hard victory soldiers think of celebration, and now and again they get out of control. But what if they do steal a chicken to offset a diet of rice? Or if the more romantically inclined flirt with lonely Chinese women? You must remember they are men far from home. But at heart, Mayo, the Japanese are a gentle people."

He went on talking to her. He told her little stories about Tokyo, and he recited mild jokes. She would not have thought that there was a war going on, to listen to him, but she was conscious of the intensity of night against the screen, of the crowded junks in the river, and the shadows of Chinese creeping along the streets, moving out of town. She was glad that she was going, too. She wondered how Johnny was making out with her father. She wanted to get up and leave, but for a few minutes she sat quietly, listening to Hiromi.

Hiromi's face seemed flushed and hot. Once she glanced away, and when she turned back she saw his hand retreat swiftly across the table. She shuddered. She was sure that he must have reached to touch her. She stared at him, and he went on talking. His words were coming faster and his breath was short.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

She smiled nervously. "I'm going to be leaving Nanking—tonight—"

"Oh—so?"

MAYO nodded, and he was pouring more sake for her. His hand trembled. She thought that she heard, from far off, a sound that was like thunder, but she couldn't be sure. Hiromi was chattering again. He lit a cigarette. His saffron skin glistened under the light.

Suddenly he leaned forward. His lips were thin.

"Mayo!"

His voice frightened her.

He smiled, and yet she could not be sure that it was a smile. He was shaking his head.

"I'm afraid you're wrong."

"Wrong?"

"You aren't going to be leaving Nanking."

"But of course I am!"

"No one will be leaving now," he said.

As he spoke the thunder she had heard became audible. She caught her breath. She had the terrifying feeling that she had been trapped. She stared at him. Then she pushed back her chair and got to her feet. The thunder had turned into a heavy drone. Hundreds of planes. She ran to the screen and looked out. She could see them coming. The lights. The pale milk of the sky was alive with shadows of them. She saw the first bombs begin to burst, raw red, hideous through the night. She heard the roar.

The planes kept coming and droning . . . droning. She turned around.

Kai Hiromi was no longer smiling.

Is it too late for Mayo to escape from Nanking? Will the infatuated Hiromi allow her to leave? And what of her father and Johnny? Drama crowds next week's installment, as Nanking is seized and terror haunts the city.

HAS Orson Welles GONE HOLLYWOOD?

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A close-up of an amazing young man who has movieland all upset

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

HOLLYWOOD is in a dither. It has long been the City of Fear. Actors fear directors, directors fear producers, writers fear all three. But since Orson Welles—actor, director, producer, *and* writer—hit the studios, Hollywood has become the City of Panic.

To speak frankly, it is scared to death for fear Orson will make good.

If he does, and he has the habit, he will upset one of movietown's oldest and dearest traditions. An upstart from Broadway direct a motion picture? Nuts!

"Well," the president of the company which hired Orson is quoted as saying, "we spend one hundred millions a year in Hollywood to prove directors are lousy. Why not spend half a million to prove Orson Welles is good?"

This added nothing to Orson's Hollywood popularity. So the boys and girls who make and break picture personalities—or think they do—ganged up on him. First they pulled the old stunt that Welles had "gone Hollywood," which is Coastese for getting a swelled head; they thought up the yarn that he had refused to call on Shirley Temple and insisted that Shirley should call upon him—which, they added, she refused to do.

They might have got by with their story if it hadn't been for that last item implying that America's Sweetheart was upstage, too. Hollywood knew better. The whole story was obviously a fabrication. Then, having failed in this clumsy attempt, the Broadway haters went to the other extreme and blamed him for not going Hollywood enough—at least, for not conforming to the hard-and-fast rules of Hollywood picture making.

"We now hear that Orson Welles is going to do his entire picture on disk records before he starts," sneered one trade-paper columnist, seeking to ridicule a sensible procedure which revolutionized the usual Hollywood custom of making the picture first—at huge cost—and then making it all over again when discovered to be no good.

Day by day the hymn of hate rose in what one listener called an "Orsonata." "Little Orson Annie" he was christened. Imitations and take-offs of O. W. were the high points of intellectual Hollywood parties. And all the while it became increasingly evident that the object of all this jealousy and fear did not give a damn.

Why should he? Times have changed since Orson Welles, then aged twenty-two, cabled George Bernard Shaw, aged eighty-one, for permission to produce Shaw's play, Heartbreak House, and Shaw cabled back: "Who are you?"

In the winter of 1937-38, that was a fair question. In the winter of 1938-39, Orson Welles was voted one of ten outstanding Americans.

Shaw, when his Pygmalion reached the screen, was voted by Hollywood's pontifical Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences the "best scenario writer of 1938." Whether these same judges will vote Orson Welles, after his first feature picture, the best actor of 1940 is not yet known. But one thing *is* known: He is the first human to wangle out of the cinematic all-wise a four-way contract as producer, director, actor, and writer.

The fact that the story chosen for his celluloid debut has already been written once by Joseph Conrad does not diminish by one inkdrop the importance of that writing clause in Orson's contract. Rewriting Conrad is routine stuff for a man who has not hesitated to rewrite Shakespeare.

Young Mr. Welles is a Shakespearean scholar. At seventeen he wrote a textbook, Everybody's Shakespeare, which sold nearly a hundred thousand copies. He respects the Bard, he loves him, but if you think he stands in awe of him, or of anybody else, you don't know your Welles. When a new member of the Mercury Theater company asked when they were going to rehearse the next scene of Julius Caesar, an old member replied:

"As soon as Orson has finished writing it."

Mr. Shaw may not know yet of the changed status of his transatlantic

He himself says, "I look like the dog-faced boy." That, of course, is not so.

correspondent—although he has received many a juicy royalty check from the Welles production of his play—but his friend the English Mr. Wells, who wrote The War of the Worlds, knows all about it, because it was the production of the latter's forty-year-old fantasy on the night before Halloween, 1938, which catapulted Orson Welles into radio fame.

He had been knocking around the broadcasting studios for a couple of years, doing odd jobs like Marching On with Time and muttering hoarsely, "The Shadow knows! Ha-ha-ha!" when his Mercury Theater success on Broadway brought an invitation from CBS to put his company on the air as a summer sustaining feature.

Hitherto the station bigwigs had regarded the burly moon-faced youngster who wore his hair like a mane as a mere "boy poet." But now that he had rocked Broadway with an all-Negro Macbeth and a store-clothes Julius Caesar, they graciously permitted him to develop without their help what has come to be known as his "persuasive microphone technique," a combination of personal narrative and play-acting.

Just how persuasive it could be was proved when he produced in news-bulletin form the other Mr. Wells' then almost forgotten story of the Martian invasion of England—substituting New Jersey for England as the locale, New York for London as the city destroyed, a radio announcer for the narrator in the book.

The Welles broadcast opened conventionally enough: "The Columbia Broadcasting System and its affiliated stations present Orson Welles and the Mercury Theater of the Air in The War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells." Nothing could be more explicit than that. And at the end, Orson himself, in true Halloween spirit, made assurance doubly sure:

"This is Orson Welles, ladies and gentlemen, out of character to assure you that The War of the Worlds has no further significance than as the holiday offering it was intended to be—the Mercury Theater's own radio version of dressing up in a sheet and jumping out of a bush and saying Boo! Starting now, we couldn't soap all your windows and steal all your garden gates by tomorrow night—so we did the next best thing. We annihilated the world before your very ears and utterly destroyed the Columbia Broadcasting System. You will be relieved, I hope, to learn that we didn't mean it, and that both institutions are still open for business. So good-by, everybody, and remember, please . . . if your doorbell rings and nobody's there, that was no Martian—it's Halloween."

What the studio didn't realize, and what Welles didn't, was that in between prologue and tag was an eyewitness news broadcast which, to those who missed the one and didn't wait for the other, was convincing. Dialers were not so stupid as they seemed. The listener who heard only the news bulletins themselves didn't necessarily think he was being attacked by bombers from another planet; he thought he was being attacked by bombers from another continent—a supposition which was quite understandable in view of the recent European war scare.

Well, you all know what happened. In Pittsburgh a woman grabbed a bottle of poison and, but for quick action by her husband, would have killed herself. "I'd rather die this way," she shouted, "than like that!"

In Macon, Georgia, a man recovering from an operation leaped out of bed so fast that he tore out all his stitches. A Dayton, Ohio, man long-distanced the New York Times to find out just when the world was coming to an end. A San Franciscan telephoned Fort Niles: "My God, where can I volunteer my services? We've got to stop this awful thing!"

In Providence, Rhode Island, indignant citizens bawled out the electric company for not blacking out the city. In Concrete, Washington, where the lights just happened to go out, frightened citizens were sure that the bombs had already dropped.

A pious old lady in Salt Lake City, on being informed by Station KSL that the broadcast was strictly fictional, murmured sweetly, "Well, if it didn't do anything else, it made a lot of people pray."

BUT it did do something else—many things, not the least of which was to precipitate a campaign for government censorship that might have wrecked broadcasting. The American Cliveden Set went into immediate action. "Monstrous," "cruel," "monumental piece of bad judgment," burbled the sacrosanct New York Herald Tribune. One of the few newspapers to go to the defense of their rival, radio, was the New York World-Telegram. "Better have American radio remain free to make occasional blunders," it editorialized, "than start on a course that might, in time, deprive it of freedom to broadcast uncensored truth."

In the end the long heads prevailed over the fat ones, and censorship was once more avoided.

Meanwhile the twenty-two-year-old boy who had caused all this rumpus believed that, for him, the end of the world had really come. "If I had planned to wreck my career," he told a friend, "I couldn't have gone about it better."

Which shows how little even a Wonder Boy knows. For, to the soup-making sponsors of radio's Hollywood Hotel, he had proved that he had a program that a good part of America was listening to *even when Charlie McCarthy was on the air.*

So they promptly closed their hotel and opened a playhouse. The hitherto unsponsored Mercury Theater program became, and still is, one of the best paid features on the sound waves. Orson was almost unanimously voted the outstanding new star of 1939 and Radio's Man of the Year.

Such celebrity hasn't changed him much. Neither has his new position among the world's great—or even Hollywood's—caused him to alter the engaging informality of his dress and manner. Six feet two, well over two hundred pounds, hatless head thrown nobly back, grimy pipe clenched firmly between rows of gleaming teeth, the Welles lad is one of the sights of New York as he strides about the town.

He is far from the romantic type. His face is almost adolescent in its roundness. His nose is too small, his lips too thick. He himself says, "I look like the dog-faced boy." That, of course, is not so. What he looks like is the youngest young man you ever saw having the best time a young man ever had.

How all this amplitude is going to photograph under the kliegs is a question. Orson isn't exactly fat, but he is indubitably curvy. If those Hollywood cameras enlarge those curves the least bit—and many a dieting starlet knows that it is their habit—he will be Sir John Falstaff, no matter what role he plays.

But Orson has something much more important than streamlines to give to the screen. He has a quality for which "dynamic" is too mild a term. He is in a continual state of internal excitement—and it spreads to his audiences. He also has something else which the movies very much need: the finest gift of characterization in the theater today.

Whatever happens to him or doesn't, he has already lived a life. It

Did you shiver at that broadcast of an invasion from Mars? These three camera shots show you the mouthpiece of doom as he appeared at the mike!

is like something out of Dumas, with some Jules Verne thrown in. And it all began in Kenosha, Wisconsin, May 6, 1915.

George Orson Welles—the George was for George Ade, the humorist, a friend of his father—inherited musical talent from his mother, inventiveness from his father, who invented a collapsible picnic set that was *intended* to collapse. In peacetimes, experienced picnickers avoided it sedulously. Come war, however, the government, which had never been on a picnic before, bought it in large quantities for the doughboys.

"It contributed greatly to the horrors of the war," explains Welles.

It contributed also to a very wonderful three-year trip around the world which he and his father took after his mother's death, which occurred when he was six. At that age he must have been as old as most are at twenty-six. Anyway, he seems to have acquired during these three years of wandering a useful backlog of information, atmosphere, and color for his future work.

Already, at the noble age of five, on a visit to Chicago, he had played Peter Rabbit in Marshall Field's toy-department presentation of Alice in Wonderland. But his serious training for the theater began at eleven, when the boy, now completely orphaned, matriculated at Todd, a progressive school for boys at Woodstock, Illinois.

The Todd School, we are told, had a fully equipped theater, and young Welles fairly wallowed in the opportunity. Within two years he was not only acting but producing and directing. At thirteen he was guiding the Todd Troupers in his own production of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, a forerunner of his Mercury Theater production of it. The school entered this production in the Chicago Drama League's contest for educational institutions and little-theater groups. In spite of Welles' highly original staging, it failed to capture the prize. The judges ruled that the two boys who played Mark Antony and Cassius "were obviously much too mature to be in high school." This was a great blow to Welles. He had cast himself in both parts.

Orson's last Todd play was a potpourri of Shakespearean historical plays, out of which has emerged his Five Kings production, sponsored for an out-of-town trial by the Theater Guild. Apropos of this early flair for the unusual in the theater and of his more recent disturbance of the air waves, the comment of Roger Hill, headmaster of Todd, is illuminating: "From the day young Orson landed at my school, looking uncommonly like a playful puppy, he was searching for some bizarre way to disturb people."

In 1931, hay fever sent him to Scotland and Ireland to convalesce. He fell in with an actor from the Gate Theater in Dublin, and several weeks later visited him backstage. What happened next may be slightly apocryphal, but Orson has never denied it: The manager "mistook" the sixteen-year-old boy for a star of the New York Theater Guild, and asked him to make a guest appearance with the company.

He remained at the Gate a year, appeared in forty-three plays, directed and designed sets at the Peacock, and made an occasional guest appearance at the famous Abbey Theater. Among his roles were the King in Hamlet, Svengali in Trilby, and the Grand Duke in Jew Süss.

Returning to New York, he found that no one had heard of his Irish triumphs. It was no dice for the world's youngest Svengali. So he set sail for Morocco, where he dropped in on an old Parisian acquaintance, an Arab chieftain called The Glaoui. With him Orson stayed long enough to write Everybody's Shakespeare.

Back in America again in the summer of 1933, he visited his former schoolmaster, Roger Hill. Through Hill he met Thornton Wilder. Through Wilder he met Alexander Woollcott. Through Woollcott he met Guthrie McClintic. Through McClintic he met Katharine Cornell. And through her he got his big chance.

THE Cornell troupe toured seventy-five cities with a repertory of plays before coming into New York in Romeo and Juliet. Orson played Tybalt. New York critics became suddenly Welles-conscious. But more important was the admiration kindled in the breast of a man who paid to see the show.

John Houseman was a converted grain merchant with advanced ideas about producing and directing, who had tired of hiding his light under a bushel. He was about to put on Archibald MacLeish's Panic. He offered Welles the principal part. The show ran three days. Houseman's pockets were empty but his heart was full: he had found a friend.

Between them the two young men rustled the job of producing plays for the Harlem unit of WPA's Federal Theater. Welles did the directing, Houseman the business managing; it has been so ever since. Their first effort, Macbeth, with eager colored lads and lassies instead of dour Scots, was an artistic knockout. Followed Dr. Faustus, which actually made money at a fifty-cent top.

Then came The Cradle Will Rock, a strike play, which some one from Washington—or Mars—banned as the curtain was about to go up. The strike on Little Steel was on, and Madam Perkins was apparently jittery. Now, Orson has no leftist ideas about the theater or about life. A show is a show to him. But, if it is an Orson Welles show, it must go on. So he borrowed another theater and invited the folks out front to move along with him. He couldn't use the scenery, because it belonged to the government. He couldn't give the performance on the stage, because Actors Equity wouldn't grant him permission. So he stuck his actors in the first four rows of the borrowed theater and went to it.

"Everything," wrote one critic, "was very young and informal and defiant, and the audience ate it up."

The next morning Orson Welles, now twenty-two, and John Houseman, thirty-five, were refugees from the WPA. Somehow they found the money to dig out the old Comedy Theater, rename it the Mercury, and put into rehearsal a scenery-less Julius Caesar, in which Caesar wore riding breeches and Brutus wore a blue serge suit. It looked as if the curtain wouldn't go up on Caesar, but at the last moment Archibald MacLeish got the pay-off sum from Clare Boothe and George Hexter.

At a theater farther uptown, a $100,000 production of Antony and Cleopatra had just folded after five performances—even though it had Tallulah Bankhead in a gilded brassière and cellophane pantalets. Orson's show cost $16,000 and had no diaphanous panties, but it would be running yet if Orson hadn't turned to other high adventures, such as Thomas Dekker's The Shoemakers' Holiday, Shaw's Heartbreak House, a second and highly successful try at rocking the verboten Cradle, and finally a Boston tryout of Five Kings, Orson's telescoped version of the Shakespearean historical plays, with his ample self as Falstaff.

By the season's end, the theatrical world knew that a new force had arrived in the American theater.

The Mercury Theater, when operating, has averaged a weekly net profit of $1,000. Welles and Houseman own 70 per cent of the stock. Orson, on his own in radio, averaged another $1,000 a week for nearly two years before the Martian upheaval. His stipend on the soup program is said to be $7,500 per broadcast, and his first Hollywood picture $100,000. What he will ultimately get in Hollywood depends probably on the success of the first production. Houseman is with him out there.

THE END

MORE SNAKES THAN

Communists, Fascists, Nazis—those enemies who are working subversively in this country to undermine the spirit of American democracy! Now, revealing things never told before, the head of the Dies Committee gives you his own inside story of a history-making investigation

BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Beginning this series in Liberty last week, Mr. Dies explained that he regards it as a duty to acquaint the American people with the facts about his committee's much-discussed investigation. Besides the testimony and the documents that are on public record, he has, he said, much confidential information. Alluding to threats to take his life or to kidnap his children, he said that in these articles he would not go into such purely personal matters, but would deal with attempts to "sabotage" the work of the Dies Committee.

He says the origin of his interest in the investigation of un-American activities was due to the defeat of bills he had introduced in the House to stop undesirable immigration and exclude alien Communists. Then, in March, 1937, Vice-President Garner asked him, he says, if he had the courage to speak in the House against the sit-down strike. He did so. His resolution to look into and condemn sit-down strikes was overwhelmingly defeated.

At the time, he says, he was also puzzled by the activities of Nazi and Fascist agents in certain organizations, and he had noticed a movement among a few reactionaries to make use of racial and religious bigotry for spreading the rumor the President was a Jew, and the New Deal a "Jew Deal."

All of which led him to introduce, on July 21, 1937, his resolution authorizing the appointment of a special committee to investigate. Not until the following May was the resolution reported favorably, and then it was so amended that the committee was to expire on January 3, 1939. Only $25,000 was provided for a Herculean rush job. All the committee's members agreed that they were starting with two strikes called on them.

Mr. Dies says he wrote to the heads of the appropriate executive departments, asking them to assist. Their replies, he says, were simple refusals. These and other developments began to show him what he was up against; and he realized how much the good will of a President means to a congressman of his party. Moreover, he knew President Roosevelt and admired him personally.

PART TWO—THE PROBE AND THE PRESIDENT

FINDING that it was impossible to secure any co-operation from the executive departments of the government, I proceeded to appoint four investigators. Much has been said by the critics of the committee with reference to the alleged unfitness of our investigators during 1938. Two of these investigators were employed by the committee as the result of the recommendations of three Democratic congressmen from New England, including John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, who was chairman of a Committee on Un-American Activities several years back. The other two were highly recommended by leading Democrats.

I merely mention this to show that the committee did the best that it could in view of its limited funds and its inexperience in work of this character. It must be remembered that no investigator would have been employed if the executive departments of the government had carried out the request of the House of Representatives as contained in the resolution creating the committee.

On June 28, 1938, I received a letter from one of the leaders of our administration, enclosing a memorandum expressing certain views as to the kind of investigation our committee should make. This memorandum, among other things, contained the following advice: "For the Committee to allow itself to be drawn into an investigation of a domestic organization simply because some Communists are in it, or actively engaged therein, such as the C. I. O., would be, in my opinion, a grave mistake." The administration leader stated that it was submitted to him in confidence and that he was passing it on to me in confidence. While I did not agree to treat the matter as confidential, I desire to do so unless it should become necessary for me to prove the truth of this statement.

Upon the receipt of this letter and memorandum, which merely confirmed verbal hints which I had previously received from leaders of my party, it became very clear to me that I could expect no aid or co-operation from the departments unless I gave assurance that I would not expose Communism in the C. I. O. In my reply to this letter I made it plain that we intended to conduct a thorough and fearless investigation into Communist activities.

As I have said, this letter merely confirmed my conviction that the administration was very anxious to prevent the involvement of the C. I. O. in our investigation. As a matter of fact, after my resolution passed the House, Mr. H. C. Freming, who was president of the Oil Field, Gasoline, and Refinery Workers Union, which was an affiliate of the C. I. O., got me to go with him to see John L. Lewis in his Washington office. Lee Pressman, Mr. Freming, Mr. Lewis, and I were present at this conference.

The conversation opened with a discussion of the incident which had occurred in the Speaker's office a short time before, when Mr. Lewis had sent for Democratic members of the Rules Committee to ask them to grant a rule on the amendments to the Walsh-Healey bill. From this topic the conversation drifted to Communism, and I made it plain to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Pressman that I had no sympathy for Communism and that I did not intend to pull any punches. Mr. Pressman followed me to the door as I left the building and assured me that there was no Communism in the C. I. O., and that its leaders were not Communists.

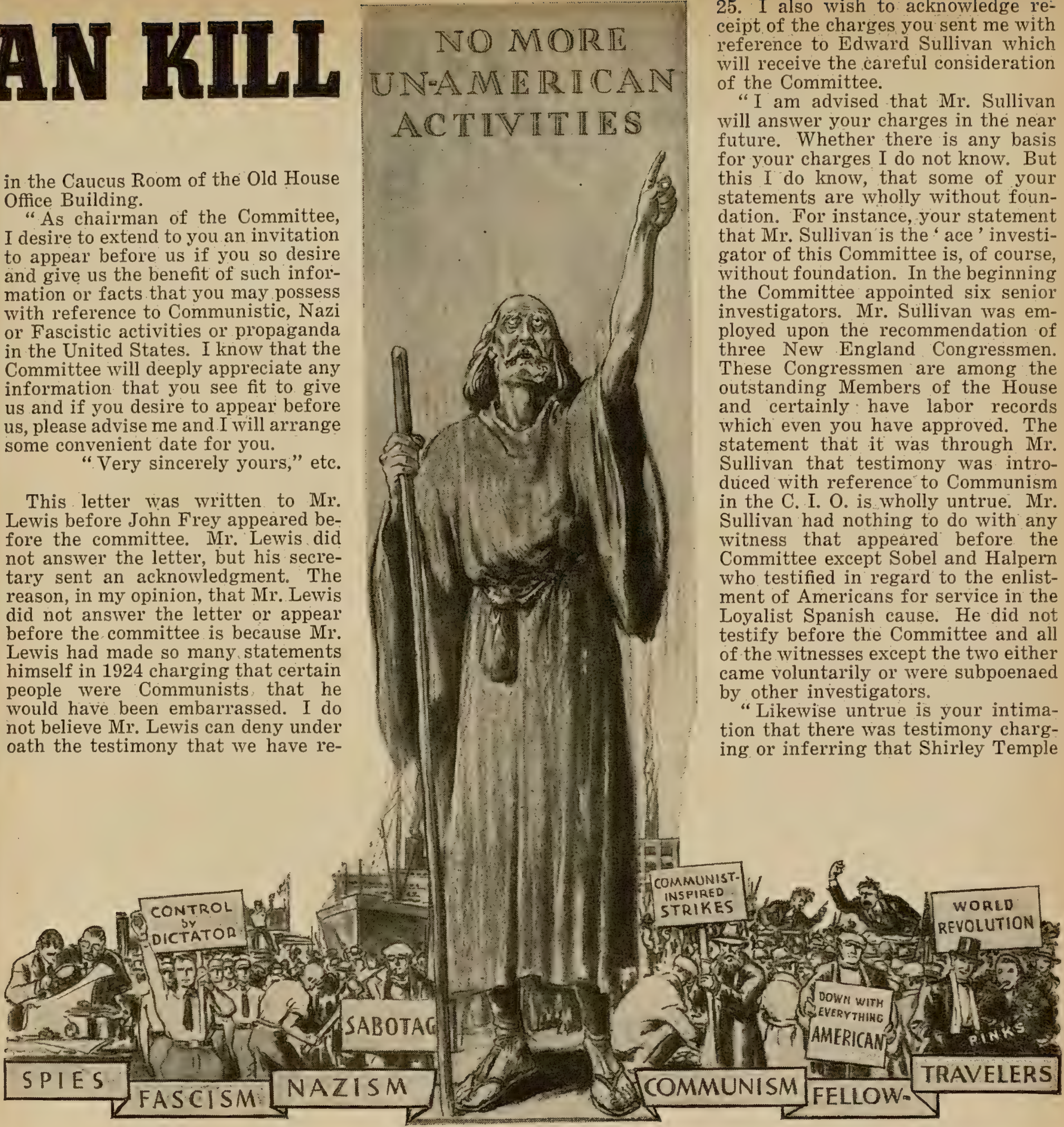
After this conversation I wrote Mr. Lewis the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Lewis:

"The Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities will open its hearings in Washington on August 11

BEHIND THE SCENES IN TH

AN KILL



in the Caucus Room of the Old House Office Building.

"As chairman of the Committee, I desire to extend to you an invitation to appear before us if you so desire and give us the benefit of such information or facts that you may possess with reference to Communistic, Nazi or Fascistic activities or propaganda in the United States. I know that the Committee will deeply appreciate any information that you see fit to give us and if you desire to appear before us, please advise me and I will arrange some convenient date for you.

"Very sincerely yours," etc.

This letter was written to Mr. Lewis before John Frey appeared before the committee. Mr. Lewis did not answer the letter, but his secretary sent an acknowledgment. The reason, in my opinion, that Mr. Lewis did not answer the letter or appear before the committee is because Mr. Lewis had made so many statements himself in 1924 charging that certain people were Communists that he would have been embarrassed. I do not believe Mr. Lewis can deny under oath the testimony that we have received with reference to the Communists in the C. I. O., and this also may account for his failure to appear. I likewise wrote to Labor's Non-Partisan League the following letter, which is self-explanatory:

"Mr. E. L. Oliver
"Labor Non-Partisan League
"Willard Hotel
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Mr. Oliver:

"This is to acknowledge receipt of your letters of August 23 and August 25. I also wish to acknowledge receipt of the charges you sent me with reference to Edward Sullivan which will receive the careful consideration of the Committee.

"I am advised that Mr. Sullivan will answer your charges in the near future. Whether there is any basis for your charges I do not know. But this I do know, that some of your statements are wholly without foundation. For instance, your statement that Mr. Sullivan is the 'ace' investigator of this Committee is, of course, without foundation. In the beginning the Committee appointed six senior investigators. Mr. Sullivan was employed upon the recommendation of three New England Congressmen. These Congressmen are among the outstanding Members of the House and certainly have labor records which even you have approved. The statement that it was through Mr. Sullivan that testimony was introduced with reference to Communism in the C. I. O. is wholly untrue. Mr. Sullivan had nothing to do with any witness that appeared before the Committee except Sobel and Halpern who testified in regard to the enlistment of Americans for service in the Loyalist Spanish cause. He did not testify before the Committee and all of the witnesses except the two either came voluntarily or were subpoenaed by other investigators.

"Likewise untrue is your intimation that there was testimony charging or inferring that Shirley Temple was a Communist. There was no such testimony, as the record will reveal. In view of these mis-statements on your part, I am naturally suspicious with regard to your other charges. But, notwithstanding this, a careful consideration of all the charges made by you will be given as we have no desire nor disposition to do anything except establish the truth.

"I note that you have gone to considerable trouble in investigating one of the investigators of this Committee, but I am at a loss to under-

All statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Dies in this series of articles are his own, and Liberty disclaims responsibility for any of them. For his statement of his case, it has allowed him the fullest latitude within the laws of libel. As always, it will be happy, in any instance, to present the other side too.

ROBE OF UN-AMERICANISM

stand why you have not devoted your time to the important question raised by the testimony before our Committee with reference to the charge that the C. I. O. had upon its payroll many organizers who were Communists. Mr. John P. Frey testified under oath that you have had upon your payroll numerous Communists as organizers. He gave the names of many of these persons. . . .

" Mr. Sullivan had nothing to do with these charges or with this testimony. The real issue is, therefore, whether this testimony is correct and not what the record of some investigator is who had absolutely nothing to do with the charges made against your organization.

BEFORE the hearings ever began, I invited Mr. John L. Lewis to appear before the Committee and give us such information and facts as he possessed with regard to subversive activities. He did not see fit to accept this invitation. Therefore, throughout the hearings I renewed my invitation to all individuals and organizations who had been attacked to appear before the Committee and refute such charges. Although grave and explicit charges were made against the C. I. O. in the form of sworn testimony from a responsible source, this organization did not see fit to appear and deny under oath this testimony and these charges. Instead, you have seen fit to attack an investigator who had absolutely nothing to do with the charges made against your organization.

" I think that perhaps an article written by Ted Le Berthon, which appeared in the Los Angeles Evening News on August 18, 1938, explains your tactics very clearly. Mr. Le Berthon was replying to the suggestion of Mr. W. R. Wilkerson, editor of the Hollywood Reporter, to the effect that Hollywood should investigate Sullivan. I am quoting from his article:

" ' After this high pitched beginning, Wilkerson forcefully suggests that Hollywood retaliate by investigating Sullivan, finding out how he gained his appointment, and what he expects to get out of it. With all due respect to Wilkerson, I think that what Hollywood needs is some far more intelligent counsel. His suggestion is the tack taken by every big corporation or wealthy individual who is ever accused of anything, and it is all too easy to see through. Always the idea is to put private detectives on the poor wretch who dared to lift his voice, find out if there ever has been any black mark on his record, or, if not on his, on his father's, mother's, sister's, brother's, son's, or daughter's. Always the idea is to find, somewhere, a skeleton in a closet, on the theory that few human beings prove to be without one if you can only delve far enough and long enough. Then the idea is to utterly break him, and while doing so throw up a dense enough smoke screen to obscure the original accusation against the wealthy individual or big corporation.

" ' It is well enough for Wilkerson to talk about " the government, cheap politicians, job seeking racketeers publicity bent," etc. It is all well enough to talk about investigating Sullivan, and finding out where he came from and how he got his appointment, " and what is in Sullivan's mind for a job for tomorrow." But it gets nowhere, and answers nothing. Because all Sullivan has to do then is to start a counter investigation towards finding out whether Wilkerson's motive is purely altruistic. . . .'

" Mr. Frey stated that the overwhelming majority of the members of your organization are opposed to Communism and are good loyal citizens. He did make specific charges and gave names with reference to certain Communists who, he said, acted as organizers for the C. I. O. The Committee is only interested in finding out the truth. I, therefore, suggest that you spend some of your time investigating these charges and, if they are untrue, submitting facts to the Committee to prove that they are untrue.

" Very truly yours,
(SIGNED) " MARTIN DIES."

The League did not take advantage of this invitation because, in my opinion, they could not deny the testimony.

If I had needed any further confirmation of my belief that the administration was opposed to the investigation of Communism, that confirmation was supplied by the President himself, as I shall here relate.

Our investigation began on August 12, 1938, in the City of Washington. On August 13, John P. Frey, president of the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, appeared before the committee to give us the benefit of information which he had gathered. I had gone over his material in advance and had satisfied myself that his sources of information were reliable and his material substantially accurate and authentic. In his first day's testimony he gave the names of Communists who were and are organizers and officials of the C. I. O. His testimony was carried on the front pages of most of the newspapers in America.

On the second day of his testimony I went to the White House with Senator Morris Sheppard to confer with the President in regard to the Rockland Dam project, in which my district was deeply interested and which had been pending for a long time. This project involved the expenditure of approximately $12,000,000 and had been previously approved by the Public Works Administration, but funds had not been allocated for it. I had a letter from the President, written before the new appropriation for public works, stating that the project was meritorious but that nothing could be done until additional funds were appropriated. Upon the occasion of the visit of Senator Sheppard and myself to the President's office, which was after the new public works appropriation, I showed the President his letter, and he promised to give the matter careful consideration.

At the conclusion of our conference on the Rockland Dam, Senator Sheppard withdrew and the President brought up the subject of the investigation and asked me what I thought of John Frey's testimony. I told him that I thought Mr. Frey was substantially correct in his statements and that I was convinced that the Communists exercised considerable control over the C. I. O.

This did not please Mr. Roosevelt and he entered into a denunciation of the American Federation of Labor leadership and a defense of the C. I. O. He said that he had known Mr. Green, Mr. Frey, and some of the other leaders for many years and that as far back as he remembered they had been reactionary. He said that while some Communists might have gotten in the C. I. O. ranks, due to its rapid growth, it was unimportant and insignificant, and that the charge of Communism that was hurled at the C. I. O. was inspired by selfish interests. In substance, he said that the thing I should investigate was Fascism and Nazism.

There was but one construction that I could place upon the President's conversation and that was that he expected me to lay off the C. I. O. and to devote most of the investigation to Fascism and Nazism. Let me make it plain that I am not accusing the President of being sympathetic with Communism; I am merely relating the facts to show that the administration did not appreciate the seriousness of the Communist threat to this country. After I got back to the Capitol I told John Frey exactly what the President had told me.

IT was now clear to me that if I persisted in my determination to expose Communism, especially as it existed in the C. I. O. and certain so-called liberal organizations, I would incur the wrath and displeasure of my own administration.

This was not long in manifesting itself. Administration spokesmen, such as Madam Secretary Perkins and Harold Ickes, began to ridicule the committee as " witch hunters " and " Red baiters." Newspaper columnists in Washington who are known to be close to the administration took the hint and joined in the campaign of ridicule and abuse which was largely directed at me. The whole radical press broke out in what appeared to be a concerted drive to destroy the investigation in the very beginning.

Because of the known opposition of the administration and the so-called liberal press and groups, we were unable at first to get many witnesses with firsthand information to testify. The Communists and their sympathizers, as well as certain public officials, had succeeded in discredit ing the committee in the eyes of many liberals. This frightened off many witnesses who would have testified but who were afraid that they would suffer a similar fate.

By sheer luck, the committee succeeded in getting J. B. Matthews to appear before it. In my judgment, Mr. Matthews is one of the best informed men in America on the theories and practices of the Communists. He had prepared for the committee a statement which was accurate but which was purposely conservative because he realized, as I did, that the country was not prepared to receive the whole truth. However, he did mention the fact, in illustrating the manner in which the Communist Party exploits the names of prominent people, that the Communists had succeeded in getting certain prominent movie stars, including Shirley Temple, to send congratulatory messages to the Communist newspaper, Ce Soir, in Paris.

THE mention of Shirley Temple's name was the break which Communists and their sympathizers and dupes had been impatiently waiting for. Many of the newspaper reporters fell over themselves with ill-concealed glee. The cry went out from all the radical camps that the Dies Committee had accused Shirley Temple of being a Communist. As a matter of fact, Matthews had carefully stated that he was not accusing any of the movie stars who signed the greetings to Ce Soir of being Communists, but a large section of the press was against the committee. This was due, in my judgment, to the fact that so many reporters and writers were affiliated with the Newspaper Guild, which is affiliated with the C. I. O.

As was discovered later by many editors, the Shirley Temple episode, as reported by some columnists and newspapermen, was a pure fabrication, but at the time it deceived many people and caused the committee a great deal of damage. What was so exasperating and unfair was the fact that administration spokesmen, like Madam Perkins and Ickes, repeated this distortion and thereby gave respectability to it.

What was very obvious to me was the fact that many so-called liberals were being led blindly by Communist leaders. It was a Communist who laid down the campaign strategy in every instance, and it became more and more obvious to me that the liberal movement in the United States, which is essential to orderly government and to a proper balance, was falling into the hands of members of the Communist Party.

I must frankly admit that the Shirley Temple episode knocked the breath out of me. For a time I thought that the situation was hopeless, but the thought came to me that it might be wise to speak to the people on the radio and to explain the facts. This I did, with the result that many people had their eyes opened for the first time to the clever strategy of the Communists in the United States.

While this investigation has disclosed many startling facts which no one suspected and which appeared fantastic a year ago, nevertheless there are many facts which I know to be true but which unfortunately we have been unable to prove to this date. There are many people who are in a position to tell some necessary facts but who for various reasons decline to do so.

For instance, a high official in the Labor Department came to my office at the time we were investigating the Harry Bridges case. He told me that he was troubled about the whole matter, but that if his name was mentioned in connection with what he was going to tell me, it would mean that he would lose his job, which he could not afford to do. He got me to promise that I would not divulge his name. He then told me that the whole Harry Bridges deportation case was a disgraceful situation. He said that the Labor Department had no intention of deporting Bridges and that every aid and assistance was being rendered Bridges. He said that Lee Pressman, acting as Bridges' attorney, was in constant conference with officials in the Labor Department.

Mr. Dies on the air makes plain his intention to expose all three isms.

I have even had government employees come to my home at night and tell me of Communistic activities in the government. But in only a few of these cases have I been able to persuade the employee to testify before the committee.

Every effort was made by Fascist representatives and organizations to confine this investigation to Communism. From time to time leaders of these so-called patriotic organizations, which were Fascist in spirit and underlying principle, would undertake to confer with me with regard to Communist activities in the United States. I saw through their purposes, and I declined to hold conferences with most of them, and those I saw I met in the presence of an associate. It was very apparent to me that they were merely using the Communist issue to promote their own Fascist activities and propaganda and to spread racial hatred under the guise of anti-Communism.

Some of these Fascist organizations undertook to get their stooges employed by the committee as investigators. They would send to the committee unsupported charges and allegations with reference to Communism, but in no instance did they ever send any information regarding Fascist activities. They should have known from the very beginning of the investigation that I was determined to expose Fascist and Nazi activities, the same as Communist activities. I made this very plain in radio speeches and public announcements, and their efforts to shield themselves from exposure only strengthened my determination to give the public an accurate and thorough picture of Fascism and Nazism in the United States.

What deceived so many people was the fact that these Fascist and Nazi organizations masqueraded under laudable objectives and high-sounding titles, the same as the Communist organizations did. Many people did not seem to understand that American Fascism would be patterned along different lines than European Fascism. Manifestly, American Fascists would not adopt the swastika and the external forms of Fascism as it exists in Europe. This very fact made the situation more serious because, under the guise of patriotism and nationalism, American Fascists would be able to make much greater progress in this country in the direction of a dictatorship.

WHAT alarmed me was that some of our people were beginning to choose sides between Communism and Fascism. I regarded this as a false issue. The important task, as I saw it, was to convince the people of this country that Fascism and Communism were fundamentally alike and that the real issue was between Americanism on the one hand and alienism on the other. I saw also that it was necessary to publicize the fact that Americanism had nothing to do with racism or extreme nationalism, and that every person, regardless of race, religion, or economic condition, is an American if he loves this country and the principles for which it stands.

The greatest proof that Fascist as well as Communist organizations have been fearlessly exposed is that every Communist or Fascist organization is bitterly opposing the committee and attacking me in the most violent and unrestrained manner.

Is there more definite proof than this that Fascist as well as Communist activities—the former, in some cases, appealing from behind a mask of patriotism to racial and religious bigotry—have been exposed by the Dies Committee? You will be able to judge for yourself from the amazing evidence that Mr. Dies will make public in Liberty next week. He will also give, in detail, his own explanations of President Roosevelt's "unprecedented blasts" at the committee.

Hollywood's WHITE HOPE

Romance or the ring? An exciting tale of a girl who helped a man make the right choice

BY BUDD WILSON SCHULBERG

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE one in the dirty sweat shirt and the baggy trousers was the director, Wild Bill Wilson. The mug he was talking to, a walrus figure painfully squeezed into a tight check suit sporty a couple of eras back, was Feet Conelly, an old landmark at the Main Street Gym.

"That's him over there," Wilson said, pointing across the set. "The big drink of water with the yellow hair and the football shoulders."

Wilson was one of those roughneck directors who had got his start in pictures the hard way, with nothing more glamorous than a broom, cleaning up the sets. Now that he was in the dough he was looking around for interesting ways to use it, and since owning race horses or baseball teams seemed to be the thing to do, he had made up his mind to discover a new heavyweight hope. When he was a kid he had picked up a few dollars scrapping at the old Hollywood Legion, and his one-punch victory over a consumptive English leading man at a night club several years ago had convinced him that he was still something of an expert on the manly art.

The prospect Wilson had his eye on was a rugged young extra boy working as one of the boxers in the gymnasium sequence of the college movie he was making.

"I've had him mix it with Sailor Murray"—Sailor Murray was the old heavyweight trial horse Wilson always managed to find a couple of days' work for—" and I'm just about ready to take a flyer on him. But before I break it to him I want you to get a load of him, Feet."

While Buddy and the derelict Sailor cuffed each other around in the background, Feet put the expert eye on him.

"I seen bigger shoulders," he announced, "on a gorilla. Them left hooks don' egzactly look like he wuz playin' patty-cake, either. An' for a big boy he sure keeps them dogs dancin'."

"Think he's got a prayer, Feet?"

It was difficult for Feet not to be influenced by the fact that he needed a meal ticket at the moment.

"Got a prayer! If dat ain't de nex' white hope my name ain't Feet Conelly."

Feet Conelly was several aliases removed from the original moniker his parents had struggled to hang on him.

"I've been thinking," Wilson mumbled, "What the fight game needs is a little more of our Hollywood showmanship. From now on he's Hollywood's white hope."

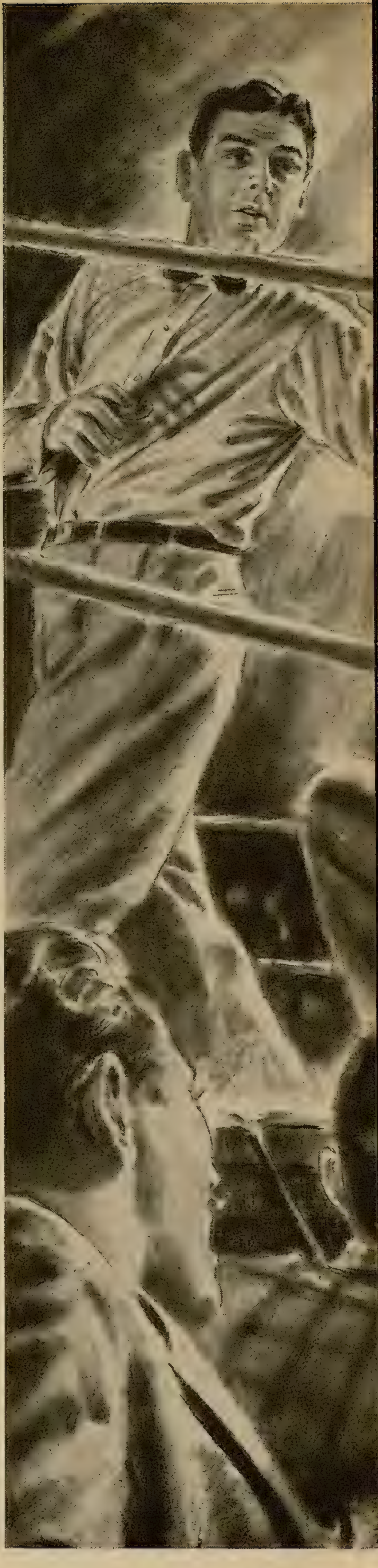
HE and Valerie were together, as usual, when Wilson's orders came through the megaphone: "Breaking for lunch. Everybody back on the set in an hour. And Mr. Wilson wants to see Buddy Carter before he leaves the stage."

"What d'ya think he wants with me?" Buddy wondered.

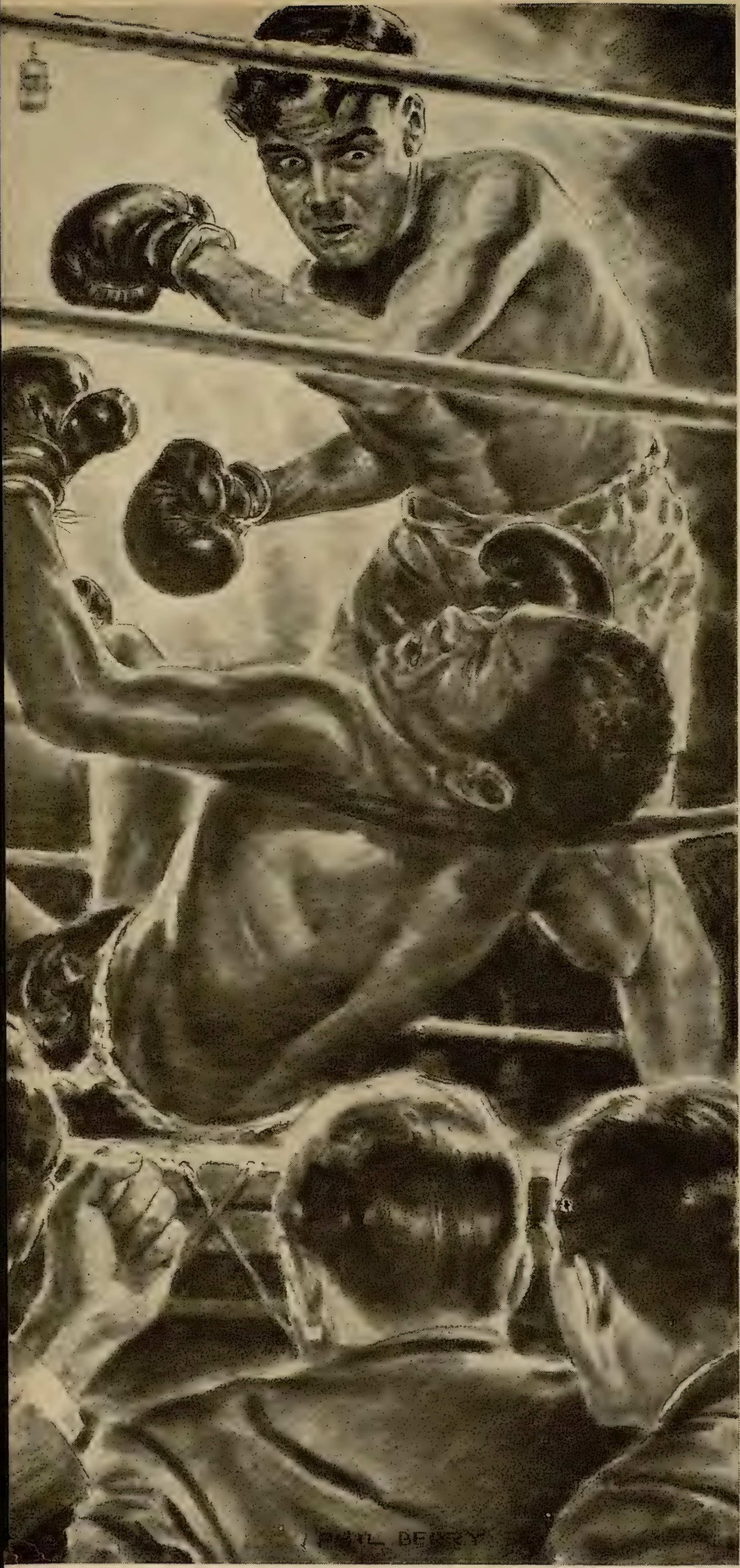
Valerie's quick mind was already racing down the track. "Darling, maybe this is it! Wilson's been giving you the eye all morning—I've watched him. Maybe he needs an extra assistant to handle the mob scenes."

Valerie Dixon didn't look like a veteran, with her curly chestnut hair brushed back from a handsome fresh face that never needed make-up. But she had spent three tough years at extra work, bits, and dancing jobs at every studio in the business, and she knew her way around.

She and Buddy had just started talking together that first morning on the set, without any of the usual fencing, and by dinnertime they were having onion soup together. He had gone home that night amazed at how much he had told her—how he was only taking extra work to mark time



ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY



Two minutes later Valerie's hope was taking the count. It had all happened so fast that nobody even saw the punch.

until he got that job as second assistant to a director who had liked the way he played football for the Bruins.

But that had been over two years ago now. The director who had promised him the job was having tough sledding himself now. Buddy's living continued to depend on the whims of central casting, maybe fifty dollars this week and nothing at all the next. Valerie had been swell about it, but Buddy was more and more convinced that the most ideal love in the world can stand just so much strain before the bottom drops out.

"Oh, baby, what if this is—pray for me—" His words came tumbling over each other in excitement. "And if it is, you and I . . ."

"I suggest you see him first and plan afterwards," she laughed.

"You're always so damned practical," he said, on the run.

SHE was waiting for him on the platform outside the stage door. He came leaping down the steps to her.

"Wilson's putting me on a regular salary," he yelled. "Fifty bucks a week!"

Valerie broke her own rule by kissing Buddy in public. "Oh, Buddy, I feel absolutely drunk. And just think how much you'll learn from Wilson. He may be a screwball, but he's still in a class with Ford and McCarey."

They started walking down the street.

"Val, you haven't heard the whole story. I'm going to get my training from a gentleman by the name of Mr. Feet Conelly. He trains prizefighters."

"Fighters! Buddy, you can't . . ."

"I know it sounds screwy, Val," he said. "It did to me, too. Until Wilson started talking money. Why, Conelly says a winning heavyweight today can . . ."

"But it's crazy. You haven't got that kind of fight in you. Look at those two newsboys fighting on the corner yesterday. You couldn't wait to get in and pull them apart."

"That's different. I don't like to see kids knocking the tar out of each other just for fun. But this is business, Val. Better business than waiting around to be a lousy second assistant until I'm too feeble to lift a script. Look at Gene Tunney. He made his pile without winding up telling funny stories to himself."

"I don't happen to know Mr. Tunney. The only fighter I ever saw is Sailor Murray. And every time I look at him I want to cry. Those horrible ears! And so many stitches over his eyes it . . . it looks like an extra set of eyebrows. And no matter what you ask him, the only answer is that crazy laugh."

"Sure, the Sailor may be a little

punchy," Buddy admitted. "But Mr. Conelly says he's the guy who taught Jack Johnson everything he knew about self-defense, and he says in two months . . ."

Valerie cut him off angrily: "I'm not interested in Mr. Conelly's plans."

"Aw, Val," he pleaded, "can't you see I'm doing this just for you?"

She knew, but she was too smart and tough-minded to weaken her case. All she said was, "I wonder who Sailor Murray was doing it for?"

THEY never had a chance to finish that argument, because Wilson packed Buddy off with Conelly and the Sailor to his ranch in the Sierras, to whip him into shape. Buddy kept inviting her up for week-ends but she wouldn't be appeased.

When he finally came to town she was shocked at the change. It wasn't only the sun-leathered face or the full inch he had added to his chest expansion. It was more in his walk, the way he carried his weight, even in the flex of his arms as they reached out for her.

They had supper alone in her flat, just the way they often used to. She had prepared his favorite salad. But he only sniffed at it and pushed it away.

"Afraid the dressing's too hot, darling," he said. "Guess I should've told you. Old Doc Sourpuss, the dietitian up at the camp, says all spicy stuff is out—if I ever want to go ten rounds."

Valerie rubbed out her cigarette. "Listen, Buddy. You better get in training for another kind of fight—with me in the other corner. And it's going to be a fight to the finish—either your finish as a prizefighter—or . . . our finish."

He had to smile at her fierceness, because it was that fierceness behind the childlike face that had always fascinated him. "They don't allow finish fights any more, darling," he said. "Anyway I couldn't turn back now if I wanted to. I've signed for my first fight—the four-round curtain raiser—a week from Friday."

There was a long strained silence, and then she said, "I hope you get licked. I really do. Because then maybe you'll come back where you belong."

"Don't count on it, darling," he answered, "because if I couldn't beat the big bum they dug up for my warm-up . . ."

Val swung around decisively. "You will quit! Is that a promise, Buddy?"

He nodded. "Where did a sweet little thing like you ever get so tough? O. K.; it's a promise."

NEXT morning Buddy was flabbergasted at the way the sports sections hailed his coming fight. It didn't seem to matter to them at all that he was an untried novice facing the badly battered Negro has-been Thunderbolt Jones. For Wilson's plan to wrap Buddy's magnificent physique in the gaudy confetti of showmanship was already clicking. He had hired one of the town's livest little press agents, George "Unbreakable" Glass. And Unbreakable had gone to town, plastering the papers with pictures of "Wild Bill Wilson's Glamour Boy of the Heavyweights, the 200-pound Hollywood matinee idol with oomph in both fists, who walks in the footsteps of such great California heavyweights as Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, Max Baer, and Lou Nova." His opponent, the stories read, was the murderous Thunderbolt Jones, who had once floored the invincible Joe Louis. Of course Thunderbolt had only faced Louis as a sparring partner, and his achievement was somewhat aided by Louis' tripping over a sponge. But this was carefully overlooked, as were Thunderbolt's downhill performances of the last five years.

VALERIE'S eyes followed Buddy like a panning camera shot as he came down the aisle and hopped through the ropes. The crowd gave him a good reception for a newcomer, though Val didn't know how to act when the olive-skinned actress next to her, with diamond bracelets up to her elbows, announced in a husky voice, "M'm-m-m-m—h'm-m-m-m-m, that's for me," while several rows behind her a cameraman seething with an inexplicable hatred began to scream, "Kill the pretty boy!"

Thunderbolt Jones was a thickset battle-scarred veteran, one of those professional shock absorbers who begin their careers with scant knowledge of the science of the game and end them with less. He fought the only way he knew, charging in wildly with his head down, telegraphing his punches. Buddy tried to keep him off by holding his left in Jones' face, dancing away, and then countering with his right, the way Conelly had taught him. But his timing was off and he seemed uneasy, and when Thunderbolt crowded him into the ropes and started hammering at his kidneys, Buddy began looking toward his corner in distress.

Buddy was beginning to get his bearings a little better in the second round. His jabs were stiffer and straighter, but he didn't seem to know how to follow up an advantage. Thunderbolt was able to brush his guard down and swarm all over him. By the end of the round, splotchy orange patches were spreading across his tan skin and his nose trickled a tiny stream of blood to his mouth.

As Buddy floundered through the third, Valerie watched with her nails digging deep into her palms. It was even worse than she had pictured it: his face strained and determined, his eyes wild and desperate or shutting a moment in pain as he ran into another of Jones' gloves, nervous and confused as the old-timer outmauled and outmaneuvered him. Just before the round ended, Buddy landed his first solid punch, a hard right to Jones' midsection, and the Negro fell back against the ropes. Buddy moved in excitedly, with his guard down; and as he did so, Jones pulled an old trick, shooting himself forward from the ropes like a shot from a sling, his fist carrying its momentum to Buddy's jaw. Valerie would always remember the way the crowd was on its feet, yelling for the kill. It seemed to her that the roaring went on for hours; but it was only nine seconds from the time Buddy went down until he climbed to his feet, glassy-eyed and wobblingly back-pedaling until a merciful bell sent him reeling toward his corner.

Val watched him, sprawled out on his stool, his arms hanging limp, his eyes staring up into the lights on the ceiling, while Feet and Sailor Murray waved smelling salts under his nose. There could only be three more minutes of punishment, and then she would be the one who had won, forcing from Buddy his reluctant "O. K.; it's a promise."

But two minutes later Valerie's hope was taking the count, along with the prostrate form of Thunderbolt Jones, who had suddenly gone down and out. Buddy waited triumphantly in a neutral corner. It had all happened so fast that nobody even saw the punch. Some were so dazed by the excitement that they thought Jones hadn't been hit at all.

Wild Bill Wilson was jumping up and down in the aisle, with all his friends swarming around to congratulate him on his find. As Val slowly left her seat she could hear a machine-gun-voiced sports writer rattling into his telephone, "Hollywood gave birth to a new kind of star tonight when handsome young Buddy Carter . . ."

She caught a glimpse of Wilson as she started up the aisle. "Come on down to the dressing room!" he yelled. "We might even grab a few pictures. Was that terrific?"

"Tell him I'll be waiting for him at home," she said in her cool, quiet way, and kept on going.

VAL had some chops and hot cocoa waiting for Buddy when he came in. Despite his puffed cheeks, he was grinning like a kid who's just received his Junior G-man badge.

"Here, Buddy," she said. "Drink this cocoa while it's still hot."

"You haven't even told me how you liked the fight."

"Well, I'm . . . glad you're not hurt . . . too much."

"I wasn't even hurt when I took that count," he said. He was trying to assume a professional tone, and she didn't like it. "Just caught me off balance, that's all. Must've given you a scare, though. Maybe you better stay away from my fights from now on, sweetheart."

He dug into the chops heartily. "You know what punch it was that put him away? A short hard right. Didn't travel half a foot. I guess I was more surprised than he was when he went down."

He waved his right fist in the air. Val looked away from him and stared into her empty cup. Buddy stopped clowning, slid his large hand over hers and held it.

"I know how you feel, baby. Maybe there are other things I'd rather do. But when it's your bread and butter you've got to be tough about it. And anyway it isn't as bad as it looks. Why, half a minute after Jones took the count he was shaking hands with me."

"Buddy," she said tonelessly, "finish your cocoa. And, darling, let's not talk fight any more tonight."

THE decline and fall of Thunderbolt Jones started Buddy Carter off on a knockout streak that made Maxie Baer's record seem mild as a game of post office. None of the fighters Buddy faced after that even got as far as the battered old Negro. By the time Buddy seemed ready for main events, Wilson decided to send him on an Eastern tour for the kind of march of triumph that yanked Primo Carnera out of the side shows into the charmed circle.

Val saw Buddy off at the station. They hadn't seen much of each other, because whenever he wasn't fighting Wilson kept him up at his ranch. And when they were together now it never seemed quite the same. She felt something in Buddy that was slipping away from her. It wasn't anything obvious yet, like success going to his head or trying to act the way he thought winning pugs should. It was just that their timing was off, as if the picture weren't quite synchronized with the words.

Buddy was sorry to leave her, of course, but he was eager for the trip, too. He left her almost too easily, she thought, with the usual warning about not to worry and the promises to write.

"There he goes," Wilson announced jubilantly. "Hollywood's white hope. If he isn't good for a hundred thousand clams a fight inside a year, I'm Shirley Temple!"

VALERIE skipped breakfast the next morning because she knew Wilson always doped out his angles for the day's shooting in his office, and she wanted to catch him before he left for the set.

When he saw her in the doorway he said, "Sorry, Dixon; you know I don't see anybody in the morning," but she came in and sat down.

He gave her the famous Wild Bill glare. "Now, listen, pal," he said. "You better get out. Because I don't like to lose my temper before lunchtime. My doctor says it ain't good for the indigestion."

"You're pretty famous around Hollywood as a roughneck, Mr. Wilson," she said. "I may not go around in a sweat shirt and I haven't got your vocabulary, but I can play just as rough. You've been trying to keep Buddy away from me for months. And I know why you're doing it—you're afraid I'll spoil your latest fad for you. So I just thought I'd let you know I'm not going to take it lying down."

"How does COOLNESS rate with you in pipe tobacco?"

we asked in a drafting room . . .

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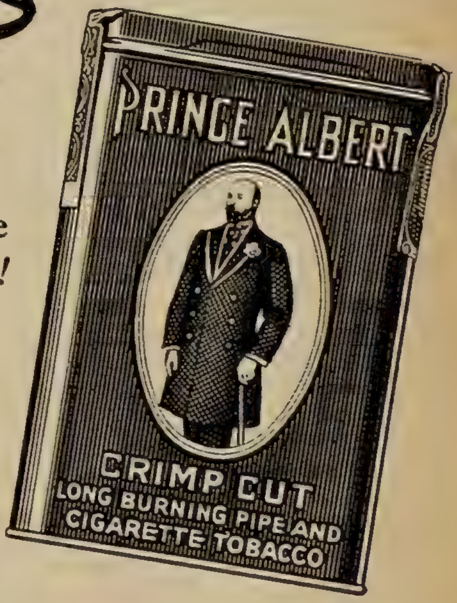

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Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Wilson rose, shook his head, and roared like the lion he liked to imitate. "You dames make me sick. The more we try to do for you, the louder you squawk. I have story conferences until three every morning, so my wife can buy more sables. But does she thank me? No; she thinks that's just the stall while I'm running around with other dames."

"Remember your indigestion," Valerie said.

"Shut up!" he yelled. "Overnight we're making your little Buddy one of the biggest stars in the fight racket. You're liable to come out of this sitting pretty for the rest of your life. So instead of thanking me for giving him the break of his life . . ."

"If you gave him a real break," she cut in, "that would be different."

"A real break!" he roared. "What do you call a real break—putting him in charge of M-G-M?"

"No," she said. "Giving him a chance as second assistant on your next picture."

"Second assistant! I can find hundreds of boys around town to be second assistants, but find me one more who looks like a coming heavyweight champ. So why should I make him a second assistant?"

"Because Buddy should be doing more with his head than using it for a chopping block!" she screamed back at him. Around the studio, they said the only way to win Wilson's respect was not to be afraid to yell louder than he did, and she was trying it.

APPARENTLY the theory was sound, for Wilson stopped glaring long enough to look amused at her, and when he spoke again his voice was more controlled:

"Now look, babe, a few knocks never hurt anybody, and five years from now . . ."

But Valerie was slugging now. "When he's all washed up and you've moved on to racing stables or football teams, then I've an old man in his late twenties on my hands. When you're finished with him I'm just starting. And I don't want to live with a Sailor Murray the rest of my life!"

"I'd quit worrying if I were you," he said, forgetting in the heat of the moment to use the bad grammar he liked to affect. "Because Buddy hasn't been hurt yet, and there isn't much chance he will be, the way things are."

"What do you mean, the way things are?"

He looked at her uneasily a moment and said, "You'll just have to take my word that he isn't in any danger, that's all."

She could feel him playing hide-and-go-seek with her. "But . . ."

"Now listen, Dixon," he said, raising his voice. "I've talked too much to you about it already, so scram out of here and let me get back to my art."

Something in Wilson's sudden blustering gave her an idea. "Well, thanks for the chat, Mr. Wilson," she said casually as she rose. "And by the way, I wouldn't dream about your glamour boy too much, because it's just a matter of time until you wake up to find I've made him quit this alleged sport of yours."

THUNDERBOLT JONES eased his big tired body through the ropes of a training ring at the Main Street Gym.

"You ain't kidding me, now? What would a lady want with me?"

"Dunno, Thunder," a weasel-faced little handler said. "But she ain't no everyday mouse, and she act like it's important."

Val was waiting for Thunderbolt in the dark grimy hallway outside the gym.

"What you want with me, madam?" Thunderbolt asked.

"I'm a friend of Buddy Carter's," she said, watching him closely.

"You mean you was sent by Mr. Feet?" Jones asked, suddenly eager.

"Yes," she said. "They wanted me to have a little talk with you about that fight."

"I done all the talking I'm gonna," Thunderbolt said. "From now on, it's Mr. Feet's turn to talk—with the bread."

"The bread?"

"Yes, ma'am, the sugar. Mr. Feet knows I got another twenty-five coming."

"The way we see it," Val said, "you're all paid up."

"Now listen, lady. I said I wasn't gonna do no more talking. That's the same talk they been giving me all along. But them fifty clams they give me before the fight was supposed to have another twenty-five riding with it after the fight was over. So I practically got to tie my hands behind my back to keep from knocking him out, and then I do the prettiest dive you ever seen, and then they take a powder with my twenty-five."

Valerie had never worked so hard at a part. "But fifty bucks is all we pay. Did anybody else get more than fifty?"

Thunderbolt eyed her with disgust. "You know better than that, lady. I may be on my heels but I ain't that punchy. Every one of them boys got seventy-five. And that last boy he fought, Eddie Moran, wouldn't climb through the ropes till he saw two hundred clams on the line."

"O. K., Thunderbolt," Valerie said. "This has straightened out a lot. I'll go back and tell them what you said."

She took the long steps two at a time.

BUDDY'S Eastern tour was littered with the fallen bodies of heavyweights. In Chicago it was Buster May in two rounds; in Minneapolis Chief Sampson in one; in New York Kingfish Katz went out in four. By the time Buddy was coming home, his fans were down at the station to give him a reception.

Valerie stood there in the crowd wondering how Buddy would seem; for a strange cocksureness had been creeping into the letters which had grown shorter and shorter until they were finally cryptic notes attached to newspaper clippings. All her little fears flamed up when she saw him swaggering up in a too dapper suit to lift her off the ground and kiss her—less for her benefit, she felt, than for the flashing cameras and the crowd.

Then he gave out a bellicose statement in which he said that Louis was just as big a bum as Galento, and Galento was just as big a bum as Nova, and that if anybody wanted to know how big a bum Nova was they should just throw him into the same ring with Buddy Carter.

When she finally got his attention, Val said, "Buddy, I have to talk with you. Let's go somewhere where we can be alone and . . . begin to know each other again."

"Better save it till tomorrow, baby," he said. "Bill's throwing a big blowout for us at his house in Bel Air tonight."

"Buddy, must we go?"

Buddy ran his fingers across the little ripples of her frown. "What's the matter with you, Val? It's gonna be a swell party."

IT was one of those Grand Central Station affairs that begin loud and increase in volume in direct proportion to the number of emptied bottles. One of those parties which Valerie had spent a considerable portion of her adult life avoiding.

When Buddy entered, his hand was shaken, his back was slapped, and his ego was flattered. One young lady in particular expressed her admiration in no uncertain terms. She was a platinum blonde with dark eyebrows and eyelashes and a flamboyant attractiveness that would not stand too much scrutiny. She was Feet's little niece, Sugar. Val discovered that Sugar had turned up coincidentally at several points along Buddy's tour. And she also discovered that she had only to look away a moment, to light a cigarette, for Sugar to be dragging him off toward one of the darker corners with a strangle hold she had perfected through years of experience.

Before Val could retrieve him she was cornered by Feet, who seemed to think she would be interested in a blow-by-blow account of every one of Buddy's fights from Hollywood to New York and back. When she finally escaped, she found Buddy with Sugar draped informally around him on the piano bench.

"Buddy, I think you'd better take me home."

He shook Sugar off. "But, honey, it's still early."

"It's late enough for me."

"But I'm the guest of honor. I can't leave yet."

"Then call me a cab."

Outside on the porch Buddy said, "What's happened to you since I've been gone, Val? You've changed a lot."

"I just can't stand seeing you

taken in by that bunch of freaks—and trying to act like them."

"I know what you're worried about. Sugar. Now listen, darling. Sugar doesn't mean . . ."

"No, Buddy," she interrupted. "Don't waste your time explaining. Because if you really think that's all I meant you're further gone than I thought."

"I know what's eating you." Buddy raised his voice. "You're jealous! I caught it as soon as I got off the train. You're turning out to be one of those women who don't like to see her husband so much more important than she is. Well, you better get used to that, Valerie, because Feet and Bill are willing to bet every cent they have that I'm the coming champ."

"I don't know what makes them so sure," Val said in a chilly voice. "Because they certainly can't bribe a world's champion to take a dive the way they can those straw men you've been knocking over."

"What you talking about?" Buddy yelled.

"I'm talking about Hollywood's white hope," she said. "The invincible Buddy Carter, who has knockout victims fed to him the way they throw fish to seals."

"You're crazy," Buddy said. "You're so sore you don't know what you're saying!"

"You don't have to act injured for me," Val said. "I'll keep your secret."

"You're making it up," he said. "I ought to know if my fights are framed or not."

She only answered, "I wish I could believe that," and then the door of the taxi slammed between them, an angry period to their battle.

HE went back determined to have a better time than ever, but it wasn't the same. Sugar had become tiresome and the jokes seemed to have lost their point and the flattery had begun to pall. Val's words buzzed in his head. Finally he singled Wilson out and told him he wanted to talk with him alone.

"Not now, kid," Wilson said. "Go back and have some fun."

But Buddy took his arm with a brusqueness which changed his mind.

"Bill," Buddy said as soon as they were inside the door, "have my fights been framed?"

"Don't be a chump, Buddy," Wilson said. "You must be drunk."

"My head's absolutely clear," he said. "Probably clearer than it's ever been since I got mixed up with you and Feet."

"Don't get so temperamental!" Wilson yelled. "Those fights of yours were O. K."

Buddy grabbed him by the collar and held him against the wall. "Are you sure?"

Wilson pulled himself away in crazy anger. "Listen, you little punk," he said. "Nobody puts his hands on Wilson that way." And then he swung. Buddy ducked under it, struck with his right, and Wilson slid to the floor.

Buddy pulled him to his feet and asked his question again, and this time Wilson talked. Buddy felt as if all the air were whistling out of him. "What a lousy trick!" he said miserably.

"Now listen, kid. I didn't do anything so wrong. I just picked you for a part, that's all, same as I would for a picture. You have what it takes to be a matinee idol of the fight game, and I just didn't want them to mess up that profile too soon."

"So all this time I've been thinking I'm a fighter," Buddy said bitterly, "I was just a lousy actor in another Wilson production."

Wilson was wiping the drop or two of blood from his lip. Buddy smiled apologetically. "I guess this is the first real fight I've had since I turned pro."

BUDDY kept trying to get Val on the phone all week, but her roommate always gave him the same old run-around that she was out and didn't say when she'd be back. He always left his number, but she never called.

Finally, when his plan was all set, he wrote her this letter:

Dear Val:

I've finally given up trying to see you, because apparently you don't want to hear me tell you how right you were that night at the Wilson party. And I

At last I've found a winning blade!
That Thin Gillette's the finest made.
Designed for close, clean, easy shaving,
It's also time and money saving!
New kind of edges on steel hard enough to cut glass!
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suppose I'll never convince you that I wasn't in on it, either.

But I have a little convincing to do for myself, so I've forced Wilson and Conelly to get me another match with the first man I fought—Thunderbolt Jones. Because I still think I was good enough to win all those fights on my own, and if I can't take a has-been like him, then I might as well make good that promise I made to you a long time ago. Which is only fair, because I'm really fighting my first fight all over again—this time on the level; for Wilson knows that any more funny business and I'll spill the whole thing to the Boxing Commission.

Believe me,
BUDDY.

The return bout with Thunderbolt Jones was alibied by saying it had just been disclosed that the Negro had broken his hand in the first round of that fight, and since he had been the only man to send Buddy to the canvas, it was a natural rematch.

Buddy went back to the training camp in the mountains and trained like a madman. There was no kidding around with his sparring partners any more. Nobody could figure out what had happened to him. Buddy had always taken his training sessions with a grin; but now he went through his workouts with a sullen conscientiousness, and at night, instead of sitting around and playing cards with the boys as he used to do, he would take a short walk alone and turn in an hour ahead of time.

The week of the fight Buddy sent Val a front-row ticket, "so you can be the jury." But the ticket came back in the return mail with a brief impersonal note.

HALF an hour before the fight was to go on, Buddy paid a surprise trip to Thunderbolt's dressing room and asked to speak to him alone. When Thunderbolt came out, Buddy flashed a hundred-dollar bill.

"What's the matter with you, Mr. Carter?" Thunderbolt asked. "Ain't this fight supposed to be on the level?"

"That's what this hundred is for," Buddy said. "To be sure you keep it that way. And if anybody offers you any more than that to change your mind, just remember there's more where this came from."

Thunderbolt's eyes shone with amazement as he pocketed the bill. "I've took lots of bribes in my time," he said in an awed voice, "but this is the first bribe I ever got to *not* to take a dive."

Buddy showed a lot of improvement over his first fight with Jones in the early rounds, easily dancing away from Jones' occasional haymakers and piling up a big lead on points with clean jabs and effective counterpunching.

He didn't really notice the difference between this fight and the others until near the end of the fifth round, when he let a real punch go for the first time—a short right that caught Thunderbolt flush on the button. Buddy almost stepped back and waited for him to drop. But Jones just shook his head, gave a noiseless laugh, and came wading in. As they clinched at the bell, Jones mumbled in his ear, "I ain't doin' no swan dive tonight, Mr. Carter. So if that's all the harder you c'n hit you better stay outa my way."

Jones started after him in the sixth. But Buddy was using everything he had learned now, wheeling out of corners, bicycling, clinching, jabbing, and side-stepping, so that he managed to hold him off, though he was breathing hard at the end of the round.

The seventh and eighth were all Jones. Buddy's punches didn't have enough steam to check Jones' attack any more, and the Negro was willing to take two to give one, for every time he hit Buddy he rocked him.

When Buddy went to his corner to rest for the ninth, he could feel his mouth filling up with warm blood from his split lip, and his left eye was slowly swelling and closing.

"Box him!" Feet pleaded. "Stay away from him and box. Don't let 'im slug with you."

AS the ninth opened, Thunderbolt, beginning to sense a kill, rushed across the ring before Buddy had his hands up and clouted him on the jaw with a wild right from the floor. Buddy felt the canvas spinning around under him and then his face pressing against it. For a moment he thought he was on the spinning floor at the amusement pier, whirling so fast he was glued to the surface by centrifugal force. Then he heard a voice droning in the distance . . . "six . . . seven . . . eight" . . . and he thought how queer it was, how much you could think of just in the time it took to call one number, how, fighter's heart or no fighter's heart, he had to throw everything he had into these last few minutes, all his strength, courage, his youth and will to prove he hadn't been just another Hollywood glamour boy playing the role of a prizefighter.

He sprawled across his stool after the ninth, vaguely conscious of people leaning over him, rubbing his legs, pouring cold water over his hair and down his throat, pulling his trunk band away from his belly to help him breathe, sopping blood from his face. And a voice rasping in his ear: "I thought you wuz never gonna get up. Think you c'n make da tenth O. K.?" And something answering inside him, faintly stirring: "Hell, yes. What round didja say?"

Everybody was on their feet yelling all through that last round. Buddy was finally standing toe to toe with Thunderbolt, slugging it out, dizzy with pain, fatigue, and loss of blood, flailing away instinctively, fighting with crazy determination to prove something to himself. Neither fighter heard the final bell. They kept pounding away at each other with oblivious fury, Buddy driving Jones back inch by inch, until the referee finally tore them apart and sent them to their corners, staggering and hardly conscious, to await the judges' decision.

NOW he remembered where he was. Lying on the rubbing table in his dressing room. The room was spinning in slow motion now. He was slowly coming to.

Valerie turned her head to dab the corners of her eyes with her handkerchief. She couldn't let him see her crying after that. She would have to wipe away her disappointment, too.

He looked up, stared, and tried to raise himself. "Val! I thought . . ."

"I know, darling." Her voice was sure and soothing. "I had to come. I sat way in back. And . . . and . . ." She didn't mean it, but this time she knew she had to say it. "If it means that much to you . . . I'm glad you won."

Her hand was cool on him. Now the sound of egging voices and smacking gloves was drifting off. She was only a little out of focus now. It was all coming clearer.

"I didn't win." His lips moved slowly. "Maybe the ref raised my hand, but it didn't mean anything." He paused a moment, getting his breath. "I gave it everything I had tonight. But if it isn't enough to do any more than nose out a poor old bum like Jones—well, I guess it just isn't my line."

"Oh, darling!" She never thought she would have been able to kiss that cut and swollen face, but she had been waiting for him to say that too long to flinch at anything like this. "Don't let anybody tell you you haven't won!"

When she looked up, Wilson had come in, sobered and looking a little sheepish.

"Nice going, kid," he said. "I like tough guys."

Buddy opened his eyes and closed them again. "Don't bother me now. I'll see you in your office first thing in the morning."

"Sorry," Wilson said. "You know I never see anybody before I start shooting."

Buddy struggled to a sitting position. "You won't know what toughness is till you try to turn me down for that job in the morning."

Val smiled at Wilson, remembering another time when toughness had done the trick. "He forgot to tell you he's going back to pictures," she explained. "He's your new second assistant."

"Well, for . . ." Wilson began, but Buddy stopped him. "I want quiet in here," Buddy said. "So take a powder and I'll see you in the morning."

"Darling," Valerie said, "I want you to lie down, so the doctor can put your face together again."

"Oh, you're always so damned practical," Buddy complained, but he did as he was told.

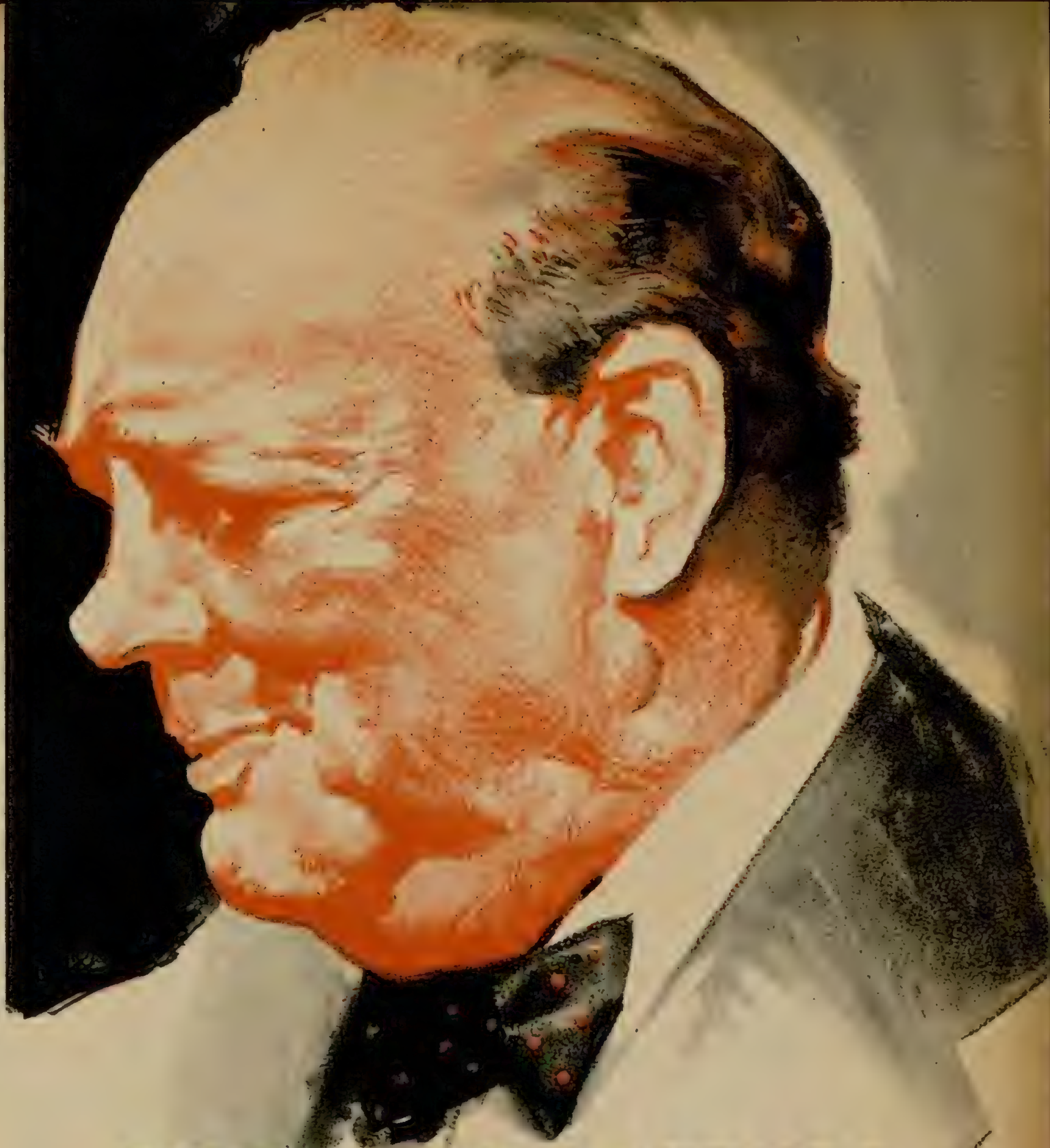
THE END

WILL CHURCHILL BE PRIME MINISTER?

Fighting patrician, Hitler's Enemy No. 1! Here's England's wartime man of the hour

BY BEVERLEY OWEN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



IF Adolf Hitler fancies himself the instrument of an exclusively German god to lead his people to world dominion, then Winston Churchill has every reason to regard himself as the high priest of some unidentified deity of the British Empire.

Hitler's god lays down the law with firing squads. It is grim, humorless, moody, roars paganistic dogma. It clanks and smells of concentration camps and lignite. Churchill's god grins. It is dashing, impetuous, fights like a tiger cat. It is sparkling, versatile, sardonic. In its younger days this god had red hair, played polo, and sported odd-looking hats.

Winston Churchill has been singled out by Hitler as the archfoe of the great Reich, the chief marshal of the "democratic warmongers." Churchill retorts, "That evil man over there—that cornered maniac." Each makes of the other an individual antagonist. Hitler personifies the German will to dominate; Churchill symbolizes the British fleet. In essence, the struggle is chiefly between these two. Everything else is a side line, a secondary phase—even the air.

Winston Churchill is, on his own account, a political institution. As such, he solidifies an Empire's confidence. That night of September 3, after Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain had quietly announced "we are now at war with Germany," and Churchill had taken possession of the Admiralty, a three-word message flashed out across the seven seas: "Winston is back." The glorious white ensign, with its blood-red Cross of St. George, at once stiffened hard against the breeze. Toasts were drunk in every wardroom. The creator of the modern British navy was back on the bridge, his familiar Admiralty cap squat on his ponderous head, his long cigar tilted like a fifteen-inch gun in the general direction of the North Sea.

It is a tribute to the elasticity and intangibles of the British political system that Churchill is where he is today, his big frame overfilling that high-backed chair at the head of the Board of Admiralty. He sat there once before, called to it in 1911 by Asquith, who had seen the rise of a German challenge to Britain's naval supremacy. Churchill then was thirty-six. Already he had lived the lives of half a dozen men: soldier, journalist, globe trotter, politician, something of an artist, and above all an individualist. Trained for the army, he had as a youth served in the Fourth Hussars on the Northwest Frontier and poked his nose into a war that was going on in Cuba.

Trouble broke out in the Sudan and Kitchener went out to suppress the dervishes. Churchill went too and nearly got spiked by a fishhook spear. Here he outraged convention two ways. He carried a Mauser pistol instead of a saber, which probably saved his life, and while serving as a cavalry officer he described the Omdurman proceedings for a London newspaper. This was his first taste of active journalism. He preferred it even to soldiering, but he combined the two again in the subsequent war in South Africa. Captured by the Boers, his sensational escape from Ladysmith, related in detail by himself, captivated England and won him a seat in the House of Commons.

Staid political quarters viewed him with alarm. Soon he kicked over the Tory traces, balking as only a Churchill can balk against Joseph Chamberlain's tariff-reform policy. Over he bounced to the Liberalism of Campbell-Bannerman, who had to take him whether he liked it or not. In the code of the times, Churchill "belonged" and nothing could be done about it. He was scion of a patrician line, precocious offspring of the picturesque Lord Randolph Churchill and the fascinating Jenny Jerome of New York.

He was just the type Asquith needed to put the fleet in shape. Covered with barnacles, rusted with patronage, smug, complacent, living on past glories, its tradition was meat for the modern formations the Kaiser was building behind the bastions of the Kiel Canal. The vim and enterprise Churchill put into the task of transformation are on the record of naval history. Churchillian spit and polish house-cleaned and tuned up the fleet, and admirals fell like ninepins. He went about it in his shirt sleeves, in the same roughshod and cavalier fashion that another brilliant Briton, Leslie Hore-Belisha, within the past couple of years, has taken the army apart and rebuilt it.

Churchill was the Kaiser's nemesis, as he is likely to be Adolf Hitler's. The audacity and characteristic self-reliance with which he secretly ordered the fleet to war stations in July, 1914, was the biggest factor in striking a balance with the German war machine as it rolled across Belgium. Through the fortune of war, Churchill himself was not in at the death of German sea pride in Scapa Flow. The failure of the Dardanelles adventure, largely his idea, was one of the major factors in bringing down the Asquith government, and Churchill went off to France to command the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Another thing debited against him was his abortive attempt to stem the drive of the Germans through Belgium by throwing the Royal Marines into Antwerp, even though he had backed the gamble with his own personal hide. Both enterprises were admittedly brilliant in their conception, and there are military experts who hold that they needn't have failed if he had had sufficient support.

But if Churchill, in body, was forced out of the Admiralty, his spirit remained. It was he who had created the naval staff, the first such coordination of all phases and angles of sea warfare in the history of the fleet. He had given the navy the fifteen-inch gun and the battleships of the Queen Elizabeth type. And it was a Churchill staff that carried on through the greatest test of all, the Battle of Jutland, after which the German squadrons fled to cover and interned themselves in their own bases for the remainder of the war. It was that same spirit of enterprise and initiative, infused by Churchill, and with his counsel from the side lines, that enabled the fleet to meet and defeat Germany's subsequent last throw, unrestricted attack by submarines. Now he is faced with the same task, magnified. This time he has the personal responsibility.

UP to the outbreak of this war, he who in a kaleidoscopic career has held almost every senior Cabinet post, including the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, had been in the political doghouse for more than a decade. He sat in a corner seat in the Commons, just below the famous gangway, but he rarely left his writing and his hobby of bricklaying at Chartwell Manor except when he had something particular to say. A whisper through the lobbies that "Winston is up" invariably set up a silk-hatted maelstrom, and most would get through the grill in time to hear his deceptively meek beginning. A childlike lisp would be the warning that rhetorical shells were about to crash in all quarters of the house. He spared nobody, especially if he was on the subject of Hitler and the menace of Goering's air force. Presently he would fall upon some rash interrupter and rend him limb from limb.

Now the sixty-five-year-old free-lance lion sits on the government front bench, side by side with the chief target of his taunts and criticism, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. It does not seem that in any other country in the world but England it could happen that a statesman who had been proved by events to have been right in perhaps the most momentous issue of all time should take office under another, who, if he hadn't been shown to be wrong in the policy he had followed, at least had allowed himself to be stamped as the victim of an illusion; and further, that the latter should continue, with prestige unimpaired, to lead the government and the nation. Yet that precisely is the position.

Those who recall the parliamentary strife and bitter atmosphere that prevailed over the so-called nonintervention policy during the "little world war" in Spain have reason to wonder. The answer is that the Spanish conflict was regarded as a fair field for party politics, but when Britain herself actually began to gird for war, the British genius for national unity against an emergency promptly asserted itself.

THE prewar conflict between Winston Churchill and Neville Chamberlain in essence turned on two radically different appraisals of Nazism, the Nazi psychology, and the Nazi intent. Nobody really knows the inner thoughts and conclusions of Mr. Chamberlain during all the stress and strain of his efforts to steer Europe into a path of peace. But publicly and as a basis of high policy he declared his belief that the Germany of Adolf Hitler could be appeased with honor to the appeaser. Against this doctrine Churchill rebelled. In the House, in print, and on the radio he warned the British people at home and abroad that the existence of the Empire was being gambled away with flimsy chips of maudlin idealism.

Actually, he was interested most in the effect of the Prime Minister's appeasement policy upon the size, efficiency, and equipment of the fighting services. The postwar decay of the navy had wounded the Churchillian soul. He set up his own intelligence service and supplied publications all over the Empire with detailed information on the Nazi production of aircraft in comparison to that of Britain and France. He reported on the German output of tanks and heavy artillery, and through channels which only a former First Lord of the Admiralty could explore, he learned what he could of the development of Nazi submarine construction and Nazi tactical wrinkles of undersea warfare. Again and again he repeated that Nazi Germany could never be appeased; she could only be opposed.

The argument between Chamberlain and Churchill was settled, of course, months before the outbreak of hostilities; it was resolved when Hitler marched his legions into Bohemia and Moravia in violation of the Munich accord. The Prime Minister frankly admitted then that he saw no solution except by war. Yet he did not even suggest that he should step down. And in the explanation of why he didn't is to be found the underlying reason why Winston Churchill is able, in spite of the public record of their conflict, to bring his prestige, talents, and remarkable inspirational traits to bear once again in the direction of the greatest of Britain's fighting services.

The chief factor was this: It had become apparent that, despite its utter futility as a war preventive, the appeasement policy of Neville Chamberlain had solidified the British people to face a war reality. At Munich, Chamberlain put Hitler to the supreme test of good faith, and it was the German Führer's cold-blooded violation that made the subsequent guaranty of the integrity of Poland a mere matter of parliamentary routine. The attempt to appease Hitler, abject failure though it was, had placed Britain in an unassailable moral position. It had to be made, else there would always have been speculation that it might have succeeded.

If he had been an ordinary politician, placing office above everything, Churchill, riding high on the wave of acclaim that marked his spectacular return to Admiralty House, might have seized the chance to overthrow the aged Prime Minister and overnight achieve a lifetime ambition. He has been likened to Danton, the French revolutionary, but Danton was a revolutionary first and a Frenchman second; Churchill is first and always a Briton. He may yet become Prime Minister, but if so, it will be by rightful inheritance, not by a political coup d'état staged while the Empire is fighting for its very existence. In the meantime he is carrying on where he "belongs."

GREAT changes have occurred since he last looked out from the Admiralty board room over the world-wide panorama of a war at sea. There will be surprises, setbacks, tragedies; none knows that better than Churchill himself; indeed, such things already are on the record of the second Great War. Also there will be mistakes, blunders, errors of judgment. Churchill knows that too. He lays no claim to infallibility. His chief virtue is that he is always willing to take a chance against fair odds, will listen to the counsel of the professional heads of the fleet and his expert staff advisers, and will give full play to the initiative and imaginations of others.

And finally the navy cheers for him because, when things go wrong, he will stand up in the House of Commons and take the blame. It was not his fault that there was a gap in the defenses of Scapa Flow through which a Nazi submarine slipped in to sink the Royal Oak. It lay with his predecessors. Yet he offered no excuse. He stated the facts and took it on the chin. That is why the Empire trusts him and roots for him and that redheaded Churchillian god.

THE END

A strange marriage, a black honeymoon ahead, a lover marked for death—New thrills in

I Spy!

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

UPON the suspicious death of her father, a military attaché of an American Embassy in middle Europe, Hester Dillon finds herself caught in a web of international intrigue. Arthur Forsythe, who loves her, is arrested, but before he is imprisoned, slips her a fountain pen, which she is warned to guard with her life. Then she meets Henri Croillard, a leader in espionage work, who makes love to her and slyly extracts the mysterious contents of the pen.

Bent herself on helping her own country in this spying and plotting, Hester comes back to the United States with the Baroness de Laume, an old friend of her father. To her utmost amazement, the first person she sees on her arrival is Arthur, who is supposed to be in a concentration camp abroad! Again he vows his love and enjoins her secrecy.

At Henri's behest, the girl, after working successfully on a case in Washington, D. C., manages to abstract important papers from a box for him. But before she can deliver them, Arthur steals them!

Hester hardly knows where to place her trust. Are both men simply making use of her?

Forgiving her fiasco with the papers, Henri dispatches her out West to watch one Otto von Albrich, a close friend of Eric Booth. Eric, a playwright-actor, is suspected of being head of a dangerous spy ring. He soon falls for Hester, and though she knows he is married, she leads him on. Disgusted, however, she returns to New York. There Henri outlines a startlingly cynical course for her to follow. Always she has felt herself in love with him. Now he proposes that they marry, but in the same breath he says she must take up her job again and go the limit with Eric to obtain his secrets!

PART SEVEN—THE POISON CAPSULE

I HATED myself for agreeing to an immediate and secret marriage. But I had always been infatuated with Henri. I needed to be loved, even for a little while, and forget the world around me. I knew that in a few days

And, even if I weren't dead, it would be the end of Hester Dillon.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

he would send his bride to another man. I didn't even feel disgust. I knew only a sense of fatality.

He dictated a wire for me to send to Eric—to the effect that I had been a fool and would look forward to seeing him soon in New York. Henri put through calls to various officials he knew who could help us expedite the legal proceedings of our wedding.

I met him at the airport. He was utterly charming. In Washington, we stayed in separate suites. Then on to Maryland, where we were married by a justice of the peace, and for the first time I saw Henri's real name. I had never dreamed his real identity, and I wondered what the baroness would say!

We drove back to Washington, where Henri could get whatever messages had accumulated. We were to drive on immediately toward New York, and he had arranged with friends for the week-end use of a lovely little place outside of Princeton for our brief honeymoon.

But waiting in the hotel lobby was Alec Dodson, never suspecting, of course, that this was our bridal night. We didn't want to give him the impression that it was important to us to be alone.

So we invited Alec to dine with us! He and Henri talked privately while I went to my own suite and packed. When I rejoined them, I sensed that something serious was afoot. Several times during the dinner Dodson was called to the phone. He left us abruptly at coffee time.

"What's up, Henri?" I asked, when we were alone.

"Devilish situation in Mexico."

I frowned. The oil agreement with the United States petroleum companies had been abrogated by Cardenas, and I had heard plenty of talk of what the result might be.

Henri pressed his hands over his eyes.

"Husband," I said, "drink up your coffee."

He smiled at me and then said softly: "Say it again."

"Husband. It sounds — funny, doesn't it?"

"It sounds beautiful," he corrected, and raised his coffee cup. "To us! Until the day I die."

I drank the toast, telling myself it wasn't ominous.

WHEN Dodson came back, he talked more openly. I knew, before Henri made the decision, what the result would be.

He left for Mexico within the next hour by private plane. Dodson and I drove to the airfield to see him off. I didn't even want to cry when he kissed me good-by and held me so close that I couldn't get my breath. I didn't want to cry. I didn't care.

I waited in the hotel suite in Washington for over a week. Henri's phone calls were tender and affectionate—but couldn't touch me emotionally.

Then I received word from him to go to New York and to pick up my regular life.

At home I found a long letter from Eric. He was feverishly at work on his play. I started a long-distance flirtation with him, writing letters, sending wires, and phoning!—groundwork for an eventual affair with him.

Meanwhile I was given a difficult assignment. I suppose it was Henri's clever way of distracting me from whatever reaction I might have to our thwarted honeymoon. He telephoned me himself from Texas late in the month, and I could well understand, from what co-workers had told me, why he felt compelled to go directly back to Europe. The whole situation was black and hollow—and laughable.

SO I plunged into my new work. Within fifteen days a United States bombing plane with seven navy men was lost in the Pacific; a son of the President of Argentina was among nine killed in a plane crash in Montana — and a Pan American hydroplane sprang a leak fifty miles from Pago Pago and was lost. How much of this and innumerable minor accidents was due to spy work and sabotage was anybody's guess. But we felt we had proof.

Eric talked daily over the long-distance. He sounded irritably passionate yet increasingly determined to arrange a meeting. When, however, he hit New York early in February, I was traveling incognito in the South on my assignment. I left him as plausible a note as possible, explaining my absence.

When my secret job was done I considered my next step haplessly. I cabled Henri, who wired me warm and loving congratulations, and urged me to lose no time with Eric! The answer seemed monstrous! The night I received his message, all feeling I had ever had for Henri died. My absurd, hurried, and secret marriage to him ceased to mean anything. I would never put him through the machinery of an annulment because I had enough respect for him to guard his secrets. But as far as I was concerned, the ceremony might as well never have been. Somewhere my heart clung to the early love I had felt for Arthur, but where he was, what he was doing, seemed to be a mystery. For all I might know, he could be dead.

Yet I was scared! Just plain scared of going to Eric, and sought Alec Dodson for encouragement, without, of course, telling him my plans. It was opportune. The whole world knew something of the ominous chess game in Europe, with the sudden moves of Schuschnigg, Hitler, and Seyss-Inquart. But Dodson frightened me into believing that a general war was imminent.

At any rate, the situation steeled me to face, with no further hesitation, my black honeymoon. By phone I made arrangements with Eric and took the train to meet him.

To my amazement, Otto von Albrich was waiting at the station gate! That upset me. He pretended with bad grace to welcome me, and told me Eric was with his producer, and would probably be held up until fairly late.

"You *have* got an appointment with him, haven't you?"

"Yes," I laughed, and thought of a glib excuse. "Between you and me, Otto, I hope to get the lead in his play."

That idea seemed to appease him. His eyes lost some of their bitterness.

"Hester," he grasped my arm, his fingers moving in agitation, "I don't mean to butt in on any private party, but I came because—well, because I thought maybe you could let me have . . ." He stopped and wet his lips. "I haven't been able to contact my usual supply."

"I'm fresh out myself," I said. "But I can get some in an hour."

"Thanks. I'll meet you at Eric's—in an hour."

"But that's not fair," I protested. "Why don't you give me a chance alone with him to land the part?"

"All right." He laughed shortly. "But I'll still meet you at Eric's apartment. I assure you he won't be home until late."

"O. K.," I shrugged.

I left him and, in my own apartment, I called the agent who could fill my requirement.

AS soon as I got the necessary supplies I went down to Eric's. It was a strange world that I stepped into; a weird, surrealistic apartment filled with distorted figures, trick lighting, and shabby stage props.

The Japanese manservant who welcomed me seemed put out because of Otto's presence.

Otto tried to persuade me to see Eric another time. Eric wasn't well, he urged. Perhaps I would come back. Perhaps we would leave together. Each of us was stalling for time. Each of us felt that Eric would come in a little while. Each of us was oddly frightened of the other. The Japanese had retreated beyond call. I had rung the bell twice and there had been no answer.

It was quarter to midnight when we heard the key in the lock, and the front door opened. I don't think I ever welcomed any man as I turned to welcome Eric. But as I hurried toward the door, I gasped, my hand to my mouth, to stifle a scream.

It was Arthur Forsythe who walked in! Not the Arthur I once knew. But a black-haired man with a small mustache and no sign of a scar—whatever miracle operation had been performed. He was dapper, prosperous, and well dressed, and walked into the apartment as if he owned it.

He barely glanced at me, as he snapped at Otto: "What the devil are you doing here?"

I thought for a moment—for one silly, fragmentary moment — that Otto might come to salute. But he merely stood behind his chair and cleared his throat.

"They were orders," he said, obviously lying.

"Orders, hell!" said Arthur sharply. "You know where you should be. Now get going."

He turned on me then with slow deliberation.

"And what are you doing here, Mme. Croillard?"

I caught my breath, speechless. I felt Otto's eyes boring on me before he turned to leave, but I could think only that Arthur knew I was married to Henri!

He waited only a moment for the answer I couldn't speak. Then, with a contemptuous shrug, he took off his coat and threw it on the chair that Otto had vacated.

"Leave from the back," Arthur snapped at Otto, "and be quick about it."

Otto became unreasonably panicstricken. He gazed around the room as if to be sure he had left nothing incriminating behind, and then he disappeared toward the back.

Again the key was heard in the lock.

"Arthur!" I whispered frantically. "Arthur!"

He showed no sign of recognition, but instead I saw an incredible change in him. He who had given orders to Otto now seemed to shrink as he moved toward the door.

Eric came in, shouting endearing greetings to me. He stopped short at the sight of Arthur, enraged.

"What are you doing here?" he barked, talking in German.

I hardly dared glance at Arthur as I heard him subservient, almost servile, answering:

"I would hardly have come if it wasn't important."

"You idiot," Eric grumbled. "I told you never to come here."

Arthur gave a horrible sound—a sort of prolonged belch. I glanced at him and flushed. Was he drunk? Or was he pretending to be drunk?

His act, if it was an act, steadied Eric.

"So you've been drinking again," he said with exasperation. Then he shrugged apologetically to me. He walked over, took up my fur coat, and walked me through to the back of his apartment.

"Darling, I'll explain later. But this is important. I'm sorry, but you can see he's been drinking and he might become unmanageable. I'll call you as soon as I can."

He leaned over and kissed me, fervently pleading for my understanding.

"It's all right, Eric," I assured him. I leaned over and pressed my cheek against his. He squeezed my hand and threw open the kitchen door.

"Koto," he called. "So long, sweet; see you soon." And he hurried back to the living room.

From a door beyond the kitchen, evidently his bedroom, Koto entered the kitchen.

"Can I go out this way?" I asked.

He nodded and swung open the delivery door. I slammed the door after me, and when the Jap opened it again, I had already rung for the elevator. He saw me into it.

Once outside the building, I waited until the elevator was called again. Then I slipped inside and climbed the endless flights back to Eric's floor.

Quietly I used one of my master keys and opened the kitchen door. The kitchen was empty. I tiptoed to Koto's door. His room was empty.

So Koto was listening too! I went to the little hallway and moused my way. I was arrested by Arthur's voice, tense and urgent, saying:

"German tanks and planes are rolling into Vienna right now."

There was a moment's silence, with only the sound of their breathing.

"The message came by radio beam," Arthur's voice continued, "and the orders."

"Yes." Eric's voice. "Yes, I understand it. Are you sure you don't."

"I think I can guess at it."

"Guessing isn't your business," Eric snapped.

"I do pretty well at it."

"God help you if you were too successful at it." Eric's tone was a threat. "Come, you must leave now. You understand about sailing? The freighter leaves around five in the morning."

"It's quite clear," Arthur answered.

I turned quickly to tiptoe back. I would be in danger if they broke up. Besides, I had heard more than I wanted to hear. . . .

— what have you got against paying less for fine whiskey?

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NOT ALWAYS, MR. MATTINGLY... TAKE OUR OWN M & M, SUH. IT'S ONE OF THE FINEST WHISKIES IN THE LAND—YET ITS PRICE IS SURPRISINGLY LOW!
THAT'S WHY MEN WHO JUDGE THEIR WHISKEY BY TASTE INSTEAD OF BY PRICE, FLOCK TO M & M.
MATTINGLY & MOORE

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I don't know how long it took me to get back to my apartment. I walked in a daze. I was trying to accommodate myself to the full proof that Arthur was a traitor.

Back in my apartment I put through a call to Dodson and asked him to get me a government report on Arthur Forsythe as soon as he could. I didn't sleep all night. Not that it mattered. I sat by the telephone and three times I talked to Eric. It was very simple to handle and manage him. I was no longer afraid of him, because my heart was dead. But I could sit by the telephone forever, and Arthur would never call. I could pace up and down my two and a half rooms, and Arthur would never come to the door. Arthur could come to my apartment in my absence and rob me. But Arthur couldn't come and reassure me. I wasn't even important enough to throw the bone of an explanation to.

I MET Eric for a late breakfast. I'll hand it to myself that I was very gay, very well dressed, very understanding. I had drunken friends myself, I reassured him. Before the luncheon was over he invited me that night for dinner—a very special dinner.

We met and were very gay. We worked ourselves into a fine state of hilarity. We were in the midst of a rumba, when Eric was paged and given a message that annoyed him.

“My wife,” he complained. “I had her set for months in a British picture. Believe it or not, she's here. She's not only here but she's on the dock in a big argument with the customs men.”

“Now, really, Eric,” I grinned, “don't tell me that Désirée sailed with no publicity.”

“Of course she did.” He winked. “She was getting out of a contract. Smart girl, Désirée, but a pain in the neck, Hester.”

So we broke up our party, because I was hardly the right companion to go to the dock and help Désirée with her customs problems.

At home I found Dodson's report on Arthur Forsythe. He had died in prison in 1936 of chronic cardiac trouble. His death had been fully investigated, and he had been duly buried in an American cemetery. His mother had died here in the States two months later, and his father had committed suicide shortly thereafter. Evidently Arthur had offered them up to whatever he had considered necessary work. Whether that work was for good or bad, I couldn't figure out, but one thing was plain enough now—he was officially dead. That meant he was not connected with any government agency. And it meant, as far as I could see, that all Henri's suspicions of him were justified.

If Arthur had sacrificed his own parents, why should I expect better treatment, however much I might believe he loved me? Besides, that love could never again be claimed. He had called me Mme. Croillard and knew of my marriage. No doubt he was now on the freighter that Eric had ordered him to take. He was out of my life. I might never see him again.

Meanwhile I had my job to do on Eric at any cost, and in the back of my mind I felt that through Eric I might meet up with Arthur once more.

But my well planned strategy with Eric was now wrecked. The wide-open door to Eric's private chambers was closed in my face by his wife. Désirée and I settled down to a little game of spying on each other.

Late in June I received a message that Henri was about to land. When I met him I told him the whole scene at Eric's apartment, and how I had returned to overhear Arthur convict himself on the night before Hitler took over Vienna. Henri didn't say anything. He didn't have to. He knew how I felt about Arthur. But, smart as he was, he didn't seem to realize that my attitude toward our marriage had also changed. I tried to show him in every possible way, but I had to say to him finally:

“It's no go, Henri. It was a mistake, our marriage.”

“Hester! You're not serious!”

“Oh, yes,” I spoke a little feverishly, embarrassed by those sorrowful green eyes. “I think, Henri, some guardian angel watched over us and kept us apart the night of our marriage. I love you and respect you in many ways. And tonight, through no doing of my own, I am the same as the night you married me. But I want no longer to be your wife.”

He stood up with an odd, defeated gesture and started toward me—and I was glad! But at that moment the phone rang. He turned to answer it, and I laughed. I laughed uncontrollably. He looked at me angrily, bitterly.

He was caught up with the message given him on the phone, and a moment later so was I. I was taking notes for him, listening in on an extension. And where was our romance? Where was my beautiful renunciation?

THANK heaven we were big enough to recognize the situation and laugh, unabashed. In that quiet acceptance of our status, we could reach out, touch hands, and again be companions—co-workers.

It became an obsession with him to trace Arthur, and he pressed into service agencies that I never dreamed he could tap.

Three days later he still was unsuccessful. He was leaving again for Mexico and intended to return within a week.

“Hester, you've got to find out where Arthur Forsythe is.”

“I can't. I have tried,” I insisted.

“Everybody's trying,” he fumed. “For three years the man has dodged us. He's a genius. He's greater than I am.”

I looked at him aghast. I had never heard him talk like that, and it grated on me.

“He has thwarted practically everything I have tried to do in this country, and you know it.”

He broke off, and pressed his palms against his eyes.

“Night after night,” he continued, “I wake up with a horrible sweating nightmare, dreaming that I am Samson trying to hold up a ceiling crashing around me.”

“Henri—*darling!*”

“They don't see it,” he muttered. “None of them see it. There will be a Russian-German alliance. There will be more than that. They laugh at us now when we talk of Hitler and Stalin. They laugh, the fools!”

HENRI was close to the breaking point. I went to him swiftly. I might not wish to be married to him, but I loved him and always had. Even as I pressed my cheek against his, I wondered vagrantly if there was such a thing as spiritual rigor mortis. He shook me off, irritated perhaps that I had suspected his futility.

“It's up to you,” he repeated sharply, “to find him.”

“Arthur?” I said stupidly. “What do you mean it's up to me to find him? You know I have tried, don't you?”

“Yes, I know you have tried,” he answered bitterly. “I can believe—loving him as you do—that you have tried everything you can think of.”

I looked at him. He was jealous!

“In all this time,” Henri went on, “the only person who has had contact with him is you. He loves you. You're the one person in the world who can get rid of him, and our work can't go on until you do.”

For a while there was such silence that I could hear the clock tick. Henri left the room. I had been unconsciously twisting Arthur's ring that he had given me for Christmas. My eyes rested on it now, and now I slowly pulled it off and laid it on the table. I had the feeling that I was breaking my last tie with Arthur.

Henri came back. He stood in front of me and put out his hand. I looked at it, squinting, focusing on a little capsule. I looked up at him, but his eyes didn't meet mine. They were on the capsule, as he held it toward me. Again I looked at it. Poison, I knew. That's what he meant. When next I met Arthur.

I picked it up. It was almost transparent. I could put it under my long fingernail and hold it between the nail and the flesh, quite unobserved.

“It must be, Hester.”

“Oh, yes.” My voice sounded far away, even to myself. I stood up, anxious to go. I rolled the pellet with one finger pad out from behind my thumbnail into my purse. I put my cheek weakly against his shoulder.

“Henri, please be close when it happens.”

He caught me to him, and for one little second I yielded to tenderness.

I pushed him away abruptly, but he ignored the gesture. He asked me to come to the airfield with him. He seldom took the risk of our being seen together publicly, but now he insisted. I saw him off within the next two hours for Mexico, and Alec Dodson was there to take me home.

At my apartment, I turned to Alec and said:

"Dear Alec, for once I don't need your courage."

But he came in and he took off my hat and pulled off my gloves and chafed my hands. He went out to my tiny kitchen and made coffee. We drank it together and talked somberly of Henri's predictions. A little wildly, perhaps, we talked, speaking not only of Czechoslovakia, but of the Ukraine.

And Alec said, as he was about to take leave:

"I think, Hester, the game is up, and we have lost."

I punched him gently on the back.

"Alec, I have lived to see the day when you need encouragement!"

"Yes," he said, "you have lived to see the day."

He went to the door.

"Alec," I said, "if you were I, would you go through with it?"

He looked over and smiled at me.

"You are not asking *me* that question—you're asking yourself, aren't you, Hester?"

"Yes, Alec," I said. "Oh, yes."

Eric's play had a late summer opening, the first bid for a fall success. Désirée had already contracted for the part in the movie through a firm that was backing the play. It had all been engineered by Eric. His attentions to me redoubled, and he suggested that as soon as his play opened in New York we go abroad together. I could tell that the trip was imperative—and that he suggested it as a romantic adventure only because it served him as an excuse.

The arrangement infuriated Otto, who had been my champion as long as Désirée was around. Eric talked to me more freely in those days, and even Otto, in his unbalanced bursts of jealousy, was an easy source of information. I became convinced that they expected to meet Arthur in Europe. That point alone made the idea of traveling with Eric bearable. It gave me a fixed purpose. I would pace my room at night, wondering why I had ever thought that sex was the greatest sin. I was contemplating murder quite calculatingly.

At the last moment Eric had trouble with Otto, who was about on his last legs, almost fit for a sanatorium but obstreperous. Evidently he had enough on Eric to have to be placated. When we sailed—much to my articulate displeasure—Otto was with us.

Quite to my expectations, Otto asked the first night out, a few hours after we had sailed, for a shot, and Eric urged me to take the old man aside and give him the works. Primed to playing the game, I brought Otto to my suite, which was loaded with flowers and gifts from Eric.

We were hurried and secretive. He played all gratitude and left my suite almost immediately. Relieved and sure that I could handle the problem of Otto throughout the voyage, I turned to see which cards were from Eric. I think I was hunting for one from Henri, or Arthur . . .

When — all of a sudden — I was stricken. The room turned around—I was reeling. Pain—and blindness—shot through me. I caught hold of a piece of furniture which felt magnified in my grasp, and I said aloud:

"God, I am done for!"

I tried desperately to see again. I knew that any second I would drop. Otto had switched needles on me! Otto had suspected! Otto, suspecting that my needle was not loaded, had given me his own dose. . . .

I think I tried, in the moment before I went down, to figure out how large a dose Otto took. Was it a quarter of a grain or three quarters? How often did he take it? Otto was an old hand. . . . A certain amount of the stuff and I would be dead. . . .

And, even if I weren't dead, I would be done for. It would be the end of Hester Dillon. I was on an alien ship in the hands of alien people, suspected by at least one. . . .

"Arthur," I said. I could hear my voice echoing all around me, pressing in my ears, before I dropped.

Does Otto wish to kill Hester, or is it his way of getting her in his power? What will Eric's reaction be? Are these two men playing the same game? Is their game also Arthur's? There is a new gleam of light in this deep and devious mystery in next week's Liberty. It might be wise to order your copy now.

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To the Ladies

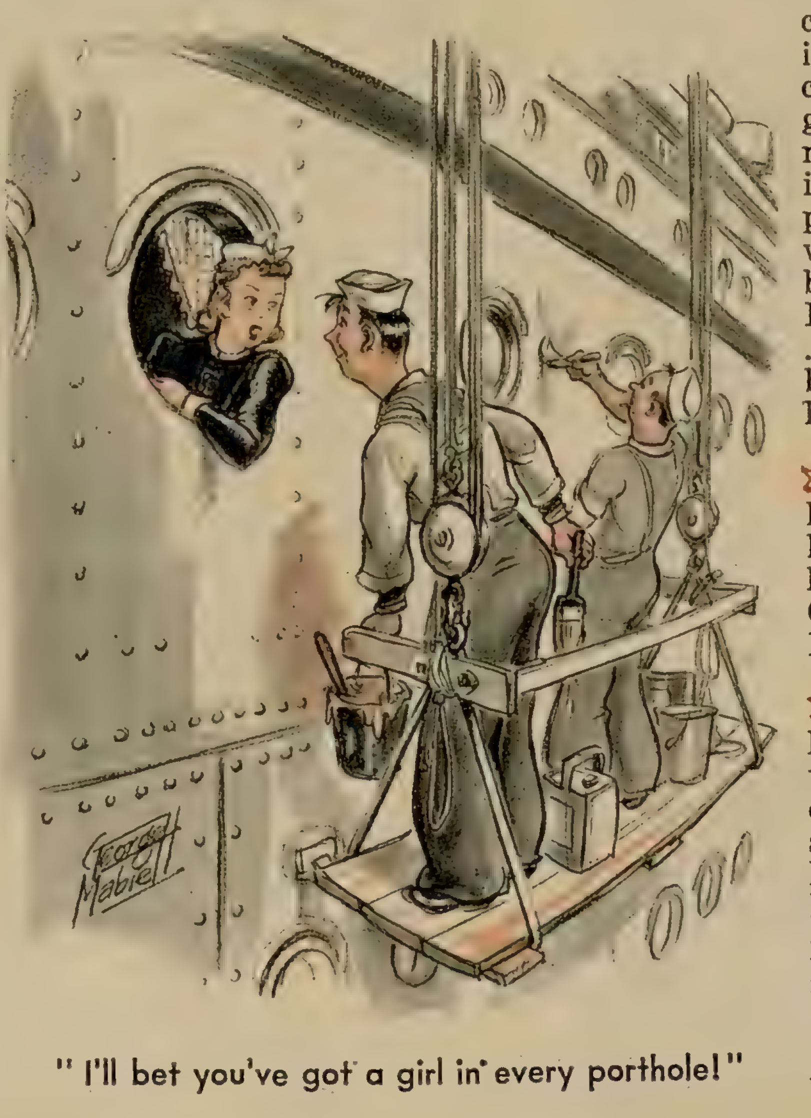
BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN you go to the movies and the music stirs you, Boris Morros is more likely than not to be the man behind the music. He has written the musical scores for 370 pictures—a world record. Worked sixteen years with Paramount; holds a unique educational post as professor of Motion-Picture Music at the University of California; now controls his own company. Outstanding successes of his include Stagecoach, and The General Died at Dawn, his latest being the Laurel and Hardy extravaganza, Flying Deuces. . . . Apart, however, from his many contributions to our movie enjoyment, what makes Mr. Morros particularly interesting, I think, is the fact that he entertains a private American dream. Of all his ambitions, it is perhaps the dearest to his heart. At tea the other day he told me about it. He said: "I'd like to organize a national United States orchestra, with each of the forty-eight states responsible for two chairs. Best musicians of every state would compete for places. The orchestra would play one concert a year in each state, under the sponsorship of the governor and a committee of a hundred leading citizens. The remainder of the year it would stay in Washington, available for official functions. It would support itself, I feel sure, and would represent the music lovers of America in a way they deserve." . . . State music comes natural to Boris Morros. Through seven generations, members of his family were directors of Russia's imperial court orchestra. . . . One of his hobbies is the melody of spoken language. If we were trained to it, he says, we could read all our friends' characters from the lilt of their talk. Years ago the "black monk," Rasputin, gave him a string of amber beads. He still carries them everywhere. Certain Hollywood stars—Miriam Hopkins and Ronald Colman for two—always try to touch his Rasputin beads for luck.

☆ Would you term it luck, or fate, or subconscious premonition if you should meet with an adventure such as the following, which once befell Mr. Morros? . . . In 1918 he sailed, aboard a French boat, from Syria for Constantinople. Had a grand time; there was plenty of good food and wine, and the captain was a former opera singer. Congenial company. At sea they encountered an Italian ship. Received radio instructions to transfer certain passengers and freight. The Italian was neither as comfortable nor as friendly as the French boat, yet, for no reason he could fathom, Boris felt impelled to change ships in mid-ocean. He changed ships. Shortly afterward the French boat struck a floating mine; sank, with all lives lost. . . . What would you think of fate, or luck, or whatever you care to name it, if you had been saved by such a strange experience?



"I'll bet you've got a girl in every porthole!"

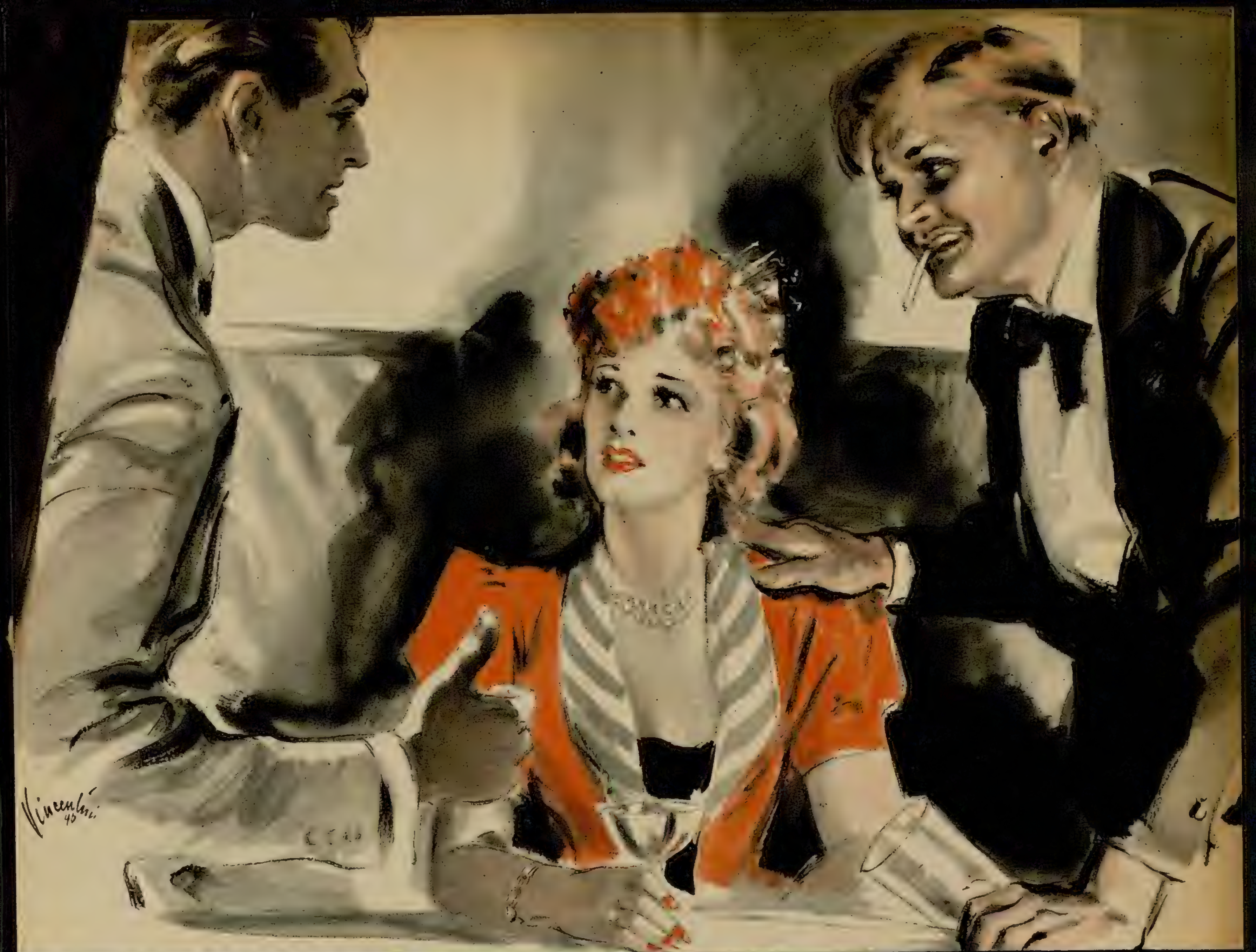
☆ Here on a recent Clipper hop from Paris, fashionist Dora Miller brought me news concerning our stylish big patch pockets and the way smart French girls use them. The *chic* trick, said Dora, is to really carry things in your pockets, same as men do, and learn how to reach in and out of them in a swagger, military manner. Wartime stuff, of course.

☆ A lady from Richmond, Virginia, gave me this recipe for *Hurry-up Sausage Pie.* It's quick, easy, and delicious. Try it the next time you need to feed supper guests in a hurry. . . . Season 2 pounds sausage meat with 1 teaspoon thyme and divide into two equal portions. Place half the meat in bottom of deep casserole dish, patting down quite firmly. Now a layer of 2 cups apples fried in quarters and sprinkled with 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Spread rest of sausage on top; brown 20 minutes in quick oven. Have ready a biscuit dough made with milk. Cover sausage-and-apple casserole with the dough; replace in oven about 15 minutes, until biscuit crust is done. Serve with a green salad.

☆ Some girl may find herself in desperate kitchen trouble when a certain bachelor about town decides to marry. He is now thinking of doing so, and by his own confession he's an eat-and-run gourmet. He says: "I keep myself informed as to the opening of all new restaurants. I patronize them for a week or so, while they're still putting their best fork forward. After that I move on. I seldom go back." . . . Shrewd stratagem for a bachelor—but *what* a peril for his bride-to-be!

☆ For home tinkering, household repairs, etc., a very useful handbook called Make and Mend has just been issued by the Chemical Publishing Company, New York. Costs $2.

☆ Don't get excited when you learn it has at last been scientifically shown that falling stars contain *diamonds!* By falling stars I mean meteorites such as land often on earth. Scientists long suspected these of having diamonds in them, and now know it's true. Sad to report, however, the diamonds are tiny, black, and worthless as adornment.



When the big guy put a hand on her arm, Chick stepped up.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

Can't help LOVIN'

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A warm, human tale of a girl and a tangled romance, and a little man with a big heart

WIMP would talk your arm off about Chick. They said if Chick knocked the hide off a knuckle, Wimp's fist would bleed. They were hammering up foundation forms for that apartment house on Portola Street when Wimp got something else to talk about besides Chick. When the concrete was set, they bolted on the redwood mudsills and threw a house up on top of them. The place had two stories, with six little flashy apartments for the young-couple trade to a floor, and there were a lot of nooks and inbuilt cabinetwork and cute crannies that ate up work-hours. Add the strike for another five weeks, and the summer was gone, and Wimp was still talking about this new interest besides Chick. He'd talk your arm off about this girl he'd got. The boys used to squint at the runt, spit carefully, and observe, "She must be a humdinger."

The painters moved in. The carpenters checked over tool kits, put on their coats, and stood around a few minutes sizing the place up. Somebody said, "Well, that's that," and they picked up tool kits.

"Why don't you come along and meet Patricia tonight?" Wimp said to Chick. "Say, there's a girl for you!"

"Sure," Chick said; "but I got something else on tonight."

The boys grinned. One of them muttered, "She must be a humdinger." Somebody said, "Chick sure has busted his neck to meet her."

"Well," somebody else said, "Chick wouldn't want to take his pal's girl away from him."

That made them laugh.

After getting something to eat, Chick and Wimp went to their apartment and changed their duds. Wimp always wore the same kind of clothes

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as Chick. The results weren't always happy, because what a big man can tote with a certain careless dash makes a runt look sloppy.

"When you get a chance, I'd like you to meet her," Wimp said as he was going out. "You'd like her. Well, so long." He made a little half salute he'd copied from Chick, and went out trying to walk like Chick, instead of from the hips as if he were navigating a plowed field.

Chick drifted around the spots looking for what might turn up, a little restless like all healthy young males. Girls would look sidewise out of their eyes at him when he came into a place or passed them on the street. He wasn't any shirt ad, either. His sun-bleached hair always stuck up straight on the crown of his head, and he didn't grease it down, and anything he wore was always stretched a bit out of shape across the chest.

He came into the Domino about ten o'clock or so, still roving and not consciously knowing he was looking for anything until he saw it. Then he saw it, and he knew this was it and it was what he'd been looking for. The Domino was an upstairs spot on Eddy Street. There was a three-piece band and a master of ceremonies, and for a dollar and a half a couple could have a sandwich and a drink and a couple of dances. She was sitting at a table near the left wall. She had some sort of hair and some kind of eyes and there evidently was something between her neck and the floor. But a healthy young male doesn't itemize. She was it.

She was at a table trying to be alone, and a big red-faced guy with a lot of teeth and a drink too many was trying to be chummy. When the big guy put a hand on her arm, Chick stepped up and said easily, "So long, pal." The big red-faced guy took one squint at Chick, and maybe he saw the heft and the build. Anyway, he mumbled something and beat it.

She said, "Thank you," or something. Chick was eating her up with a casual glance, and she was nonchalantly being eaten. It can come like that, and each knows it and knows the other knows it; and while subsequently they may make the conventional gestures in the conventional way for the benefit of their reasoning minds, they have an utter secret understanding from that first instant.

As he stood looking down at her in that casual voracious way, somebody said, "Why—*Chick!*" Wimp was there with her coat from the check stand.

They decided to stay awhile. Chick and Patricia sat there saying nothing, and Wimp like to have talked their arms off, telling Patricia about Chick and Chick about Patricia, and saying how glad he was they'd got together. He was ready to bust.

THE crew started a new job next morning, putting up forms for a big supergarage on Van Ness. Wimp talked all morning about how glad he was that Chick met up with Patricia. A little before noon Chick came to the water tap for a drink, and one of the crew there said, "I hear you met Patricia last night."

"Yeah. What's funny about that?"

"How was she?"

"What you laughing at?"

"Oh. I didn't know it was like that."

"Like what?"

"Let's drop it," the fellow said, and moved away. Chick bent to the tap, muttering.

ON Saturday night Chick went with Wimp to see Patricia, and then on Wednesday; and the following Sunday the three of them went to Big Basin and spent the day among the redwoods. Then Chick quit seeing her. After that Sunday he'd tell Wimp, "No; I got something else on," or, "You go ahead and I might drop over later," which he never did.

Wimp felt pretty bad about it. Chick was everything to him in one way, and Patricia was everything in another. It was hard to understand how such wonderful people couldn't see how wonderful each other was.

They put up the forms for the first story, and inside the forms went the reinforcement iron and the water pipes and the drain pipes and the electrical conduit pipes and the vent pipes, with each gang mumbling at the others for more room. Then the mixer began grinding below and the cement gang covered up everything but the stubs of the steel sticking up for the next story. And meanwhile Chick didn't see Patricia any more.

Then one night he ran into her again at the Domino. She was at the same table by the left wall. Chick drifted over and said hello. She said hello. She asked him to sit down, and he did. She said it was a wet winter, and he said it sure was lousy. The three-piece band began playing, and he said, "Who you with? Can I have a dance without a fight?"

"I just dropped in alone," she said.

They had a dance and he said he'd run her home. So he started driving, and after a while they were going along the Esplanade. They didn't say anything. Chick parked, and they watched the surf for a while and didn't look at each other.

Finally he said, "You were there waiting for me to show up."

She didn't say anything.

He said, "Well, I'm going to take you home." Then her eyes came around and they looked at each other and something happened. They were pulled together.

"Chick," she said in a small tight way after a while. "Oh, Chick!"

Later they were watching the crawling white lines of the surf, and he said, "What about Wimp?"

"I'm not married to Wimp."

"You know what I mean."

"All right—what do you mean?"

"I'm not taking his girl away from him, is all."

"I don't want to hurt Wimp," she said. "He can't be happy through himself. He gets happiness through others, like a dog. He's a funny little guy in a way, but he's awfully sweet."

"You're in love with him."

"I don't think so."

"Yes, you are."

"What about you, Chick?"

He shrugged, looking at the lines of the surf. "I've had a hundred girls. It's easy for me to get a girl. I can take them or leave them alone."

"I know," she said.

He said, "I'll take you home."

"We'd better not see each other any more," she said.

A week later they were parked in the same place, and she was asking the question: "What about Wimp?"

He said, "Hell, I don't know. We'd better not see each other any more."

They kept saying that every night they were together, for a while; then they quit talking about Wimp. They must have known they'd run into Wimp sometime. San Francisco isn't such a big place. But it happened at the unlikeliest spot in town. Patricia wanted to go to the symphony concert, and Chick said, sure, he'd try anything once. So they got seats in the second balcony.

"Wasn't it wonderful?" Patricia asked as they came down the stone stairs.

"Been better if they'd broke into a tune," Chick said. Then he laughed, making a joke of that, as he noticed how the music had put a certain glow in her face. He added, "Sure, it was O. K."

AS they came around the curve onto the lobby she took hold of his arm. "Chick, there's Wimp. Over on the other stairs."

Chick looked over the crowded lobby to the opposite stairs. "I don't see him."

"He was looking at us. He ducked his head when I caught his eye, and hurried outside."

When Chick got to the apartment Wimp was in bed. He was curled in a ball, with his face to the wall.

"Asleep, Wimp?"

"No." Wimp didn't turn over.

"I saw you at the symphony."

"Yeah. I sneak in there once in a while. Hell of a taste in music, for a workingman."

"I took Pat."

Wimp didn't say anything for a bit. Then he asked, "Why not?"

Chick said, "I'm not cutting in on your girl."

"She's too good for a runt like me."

"Shut your face," Chick said. "I'm not cutting in."

He undressed and went to bed. He didn't do much sleeping. Wimp didn't turn over all night.

Chick called Patricia up next afternoon and said, "I'm not coming over tonight. Wimp ain't been worth a thing all day on the job."

"I'm terribly sorry about Wimp. But what about us? Should we both be miserable because of him? I can't marry him, Chick. Not after knowing you. I can never marry him or anybody else. And what about you?"

"That all don't cut no ice. I'm not taking his girl."

"Darling, let's talk it over tonight. Let's try to see things clearly."

"All right," he said. "We'll settle it."

A couple of hours later he knocked at her apartment, and the miracle of her ever-increasing loveliness melted him a bit as she opened the door. He kissed her—and there had never been any casual kisses between them.

Then a voice was crying, "Sure! You won't take my girl!"

Wimp was slamming the door at the end of the hallway and his feet were sounding on the outside steps. Chick ran down the hall. He couldn't see the little man on the night street. When he came home later, Wimp's stuff had been moved out of the apartment.

WIMP showed up for work the next day, but he wasn't much good. He didn't talk at all, and Chick didn't say anything. They worked together by habit, taking down the forms and scaffolds of the top story. The top story of the supergarage was up now, including the roof deck. The concrete was hard and the carpenters were stripping off the forms. Chick and Wimp were right up under the roof deck knocking out the form braces, and about three in the afternoon they were on the edge of the light well. There was a square hole in the roof deck and one below it in the third floor, and one below that in the second floor, and another below that in the first, so that all in all there was a nice hunk of air from one end to the other.

The scaffolding ended, of course, around this light well, except for a few stray stubs of two-by-fours sticking out. But a man never thinks about the air under him, especially when he's right on the edge of it. He keeps his eyes up on his business. Chick was reaching up and out a bit, putting a little pry on his pinch bar; and just as he eased up on the bar and took it out for a new hold, he got bumped.

There was the sound of a squealing nail, and then Wimp hit him a good bump, knocking Chick off balance. Chick took a swipe at a hunk of projecting two-by-four and barely grazed it. He didn't have time for a second grab, because he was off balance. He was tipping off the edge of the light well into that hunk of air that stretched down into the basement.

He could only go one way, so he jumped. Maybe he saw the piece of spare vent pipe the plumbers had lying across the top of the skylight hole, and again he might have moved by reflex. It wasn't so much of a jump, at that, except that he did it so quickly. He was on the scaffold right up under the roof deck and at the edge of the skylight hole, and this length of spare vent pipe was lying across the hole about in the center. Figure the extension of his body by the pinch bar, and he didn't have much to jump.

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At any rate, he did jump, and he caught that pipe with the curved end of the pinch bar, and then his feet made a great big swing like a pendulum. He was hanging by his hands on the vertical shank of the three-quarter-inch pinch bar, and the shank went up and made a little hook over the spare vent pipe lying across the skylight hole. He came to the end of the first swing, and then on the backswing the bar hook rode up on the pipe a little and jolted back, and kept riding up and jolting down as he swung back, shaking his hands on the smooth steel shank. Then, as he reached the end of the backswing, Wimp grabbed a leg.

"Let go, you damned fool!" Chick growled. Wimp was behind him and he couldn't see what position the little man was in on the scaffold to be holding him. "Let go of me!"

"Hold it, Chick! Don't let go!"

"I'm O. K. Let go of me and I'll go hand over hand up this bar."

"Chick! Take it easy!" Wimp was almost blubbering. "Chick, I'll ease you over here to this upright. I'll tie my belt—"

"Let go!"

"Take it easy, Chick. I didn't do that apurpose!"

"Let go of me. This bar's getting slick!"

"Take it easy, Chick! Just a minute! Honest, I didn't do it apurpose. I was sort of sore at you, but I didn't do it! I was heaving on a nail, and it come out all of a sudden and I bumped you. But I never done it apurpose. Take it easy, Chick!"

CHICK was gripping the hanging bar, and behind him on the scaffold Wimp was holding one foot. Chick's hands didn't slip, but there was a vein along his forehead and he had broken out in sweat. There was no possibility of getting back on that scaffold. He'd jumped to hook the end of the bar over the pipe. He couldn't jump back.

"Let go, Wimp!"

"Easy, Chick. As soon as I work you over to this here upright you can—"

Chick jerked his foot, and kicked with the other, and then he was swinging the arc at the end of the pinch bar again. But now the cords of his neck stood out like cables and his great arms were quivering with strain. He'd pulled the little man off the scaffold, and now Wimp was hanging to his foot and making that arc below him.

"G'by, Chick," Wimp grunted from below. "I'm gonna let loose."

"Don't be a damned fool. I can hang on here a couple hours."

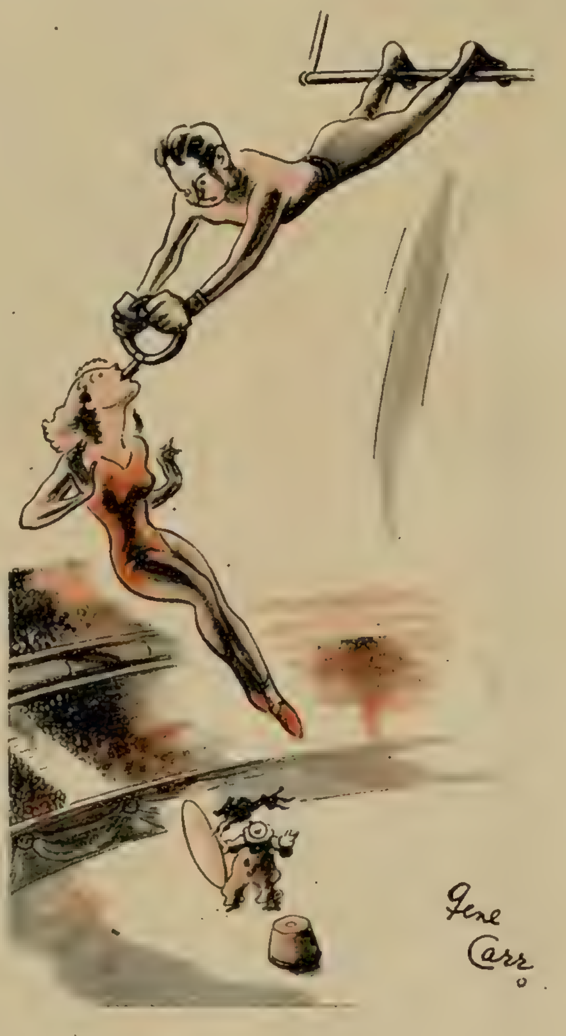
"No, you can't. I'm gonna let loose."

"Shut up or I'll hit you over the head with this pinch bar," Chick said. His voice was jerky because they were starting the backswing, and the hook was riding up the pipe and jolting back. What he said was an old joke among men who work high, and Wimp knew the answer.

"Sure; I'll hang on forever," Wimp said. "Just as soon as I spit on my hands."

And he let go as the backswing reached its zenith.

The release of pressure was a tremendous thing. As he swung forward again, Chick got his bottom hand up over the other, and he hung like that until he stopped swinging. Then he went up the bar, putting one hand atop the other, until he reached the pipe. He swung his legs with a smooth motion and brought them up over the pipe, then straddled it, and for the first time looked down.



"Will you marry me?"

It was a long way down, and shadows hit the bottom in the basement.

"I didn't think you could do it," Wimp said. He was among the scaffold uprights on the first floor below. "Reckon I let loose at just the right time," he said. He was clinging to an upright until the wood was oozing water, but he did get the offhand manner in his voice. "The swing tossed me past the edge of the hole."

"You got a hell of a looking nose," Chick said.

"I grabbed for a two-by-four with it," Wimp said. "Saved by a nose."

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★★★★ J. PIERPONT MORGAN

An Intimate Portrait by Herbert L. Satterlee. The Macmillan Company.

A great biography of a great American. A "must" for those who take pride in the honesty and stark courage of American success. Read it—and let the heathen Nazi or Bolo rage.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

Chick hitched along the pipe and got on to the roof deck.

Somebody looked around, blinked, and said, "I can think of easier ways to get up here."

"Just up for a spot of air," Chick said. He took a couple of steps, and then sat down, hard.

The boys say that when they went in for Wimp they found him looking at his hands. Of course they always make a good story out of it. Chick had been the one gripping that sweat-slick bar, but the boys swear blisters were rising on Wimp's hands.

WIMP disappeared. Nobody knew where he was. On Friday evening of the next week Patricia called around at Chick's apartment.

"I wondered if you were all right," she said.

"I've been a little busy," he said. "Wimp sent me an air-mail letter enclosing a clipping. He was married in Reno to a girl named Ruby Volz."

"Ye-ah. He sent me one. For a hundred and fifty bucks you can hire some girls to do anything. A hundred for the girl, and fifty for the divorce lawyer. He can't get away with that stuff. Not with me."

"It's awfully sweet of him," she said. "He's that way. He can only be happy if we are."

"You're his girl, and he'll have you. He can't get away with that stuff. Not with me."

"Chick, he's the type who loves through others. He wants us to be happy. When he thought you were going to drop off the end of that bar he realized what you meant to him."

"He gets you," Chick said. "You're his girl."

"You're perfectly right," she said, "except for one thing. I don't happen to be something you can pass back and forth between you."

Her voice brought his eyes up. She was standing stiffly, and there was plenty of air between her chin and the floor.

"Oh," he said.

The day after Chick and Patricia moved into the stucco house, Wimp showed up with a battered yellow suitcase hanging from his arm.

"How's Ruby?" Chick asked.

"Oh—that."

"You haven't been getting enough to eat," Patricia said.

"This place has got two bedrooms," Chick said. He jerked his thumb at a door. "Put your bag in that one."

SOME of the boys said, "It ain't natural. It won't work." Others would say. "Sure it will. A bleeder is that way."

In a way, both sides were right. There came a day when Wimp quit talking about Chick and Patricia. He didn't say a thing about them any more.

"Is he a cute little rascal!" he'd say. He couldn't talk about anything else. He'd talk your arm off. "Say, listen. You ought to see our kid!"

THE END

A musician-author gives you a rich, revealing portrait of one of the most remarkably gifted songbirds of our time

Marian Anderson

Dark NIGHTINGALE

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT is now five years since Marian Anderson took by storm the musical world of Europe and America. She had been singing from childhood, but it was at Salzburg, in August, 1935, that she won full recognition of her extraordinary gifts and her noble art. In December of the same year the New York connoisseurs waited to see whether they agreed with the European verdict. Before that famous Town Hall concert was over, they agreed—and added some extra enthusiasm of their own.

She had been singing since she was six years old. At that tender age she took part in a duet with another little girl at the Union Baptist Church in Philadelphia, where she was born. Her father sold ice and coal; her mother, who had taught school in Lynchburg, Virginia, helped the family budget by taking in washing.

When Marian Anderson was eight years old she was already known as the "baby contralto," and the phenomenal range of her voice began to disclose itself. In the church choir she sang, of course, the contralto parts, but she also substituted on occasion for a soprano, a tenor, or a bass.

Her musical education was started by the people of her church, who contributed their nickels and dimes to a fund for "Marian Anderson's Future." For nearly a year she studied with Mrs. Mary Saunders Patterson, who generously awarded her a scholarship. Under the auspices of the Philadelphia Choral Society she gave a very successful recital, the proceeds of which enabled her to study for two years with Miss Agnes Reifsneider. Her admirers then made it possible for her to study with Giuseppe Boghetti. She won a competition which led to appearances with the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

In 1926 she spent a year coaching with Frank La Farge, and having won a Julius Rosenwald scholarship, she gave more concerts in her own country and traveled abroad for further study and recitals. Her fame grew with her art, until the Salzburg success in 1935 and the triumphant home-coming.

Since then she has made another Continental tour, including the Soviet Union. She has sung in Africa and South America, and she has found such a warm reception in her own country that her recitals in the United States during this last year numbered seventy-five in more than sixty cities. We now take it for granted that when she sings the house will be sold out. If this success were local or temporary we might explain it in a dozen ways, but its continuance through the world over a period of five years means only one thing: that Marian Anderson is a singer of the first rank, that her art has something to say to people everywhere, and that her art is growing.

It's high time we in the United States knew more than we do about her. Millions of us are familiar with her astounding voice over the radio or on the records, if not in the concert hall, but the intelligence and the spiritual aspiration with which she uses her talents are more important even than the voice.

Immediately after her New York concert in Carnegie Hall in November, I asked her some questions, all of which she answered with such keenness and imagination as only the greatest artists have. I asked her not only about her own career, but about music in America, and her replies suggested an entirely unselfish attitude, an absence of egotism which is said to be rare in singers.

Her appearance, as we talked, was unforgettable. She is a tall woman, remarkably graceful when she walks, completely relaxed as she sits listening, at once natural and dignified. When she speaks, her wonderful contralto voice almost distracts your attention, or perhaps you are fascinated by the perfect enunciation. Afterward you recall the common sense of her opinions, the fine artistic ideals she implies, her interest in all music at home and abroad, and her good humor.

A piano stood in the corner of the hotel room, and the sight of the instrument and the music reminded me of her Carnegie Hall program, which had somewhat surprised the critics by branching into fields to which they weren't accustomed.

"Why did you give us," I asked, "so few of the great lieder—nothing of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, or Wolf; no Bach and no Handel? Of course your Spanish and French songs were lovely, and we liked the aria from Tchaikovsky. I personally enjoyed the Horatio Parker songs, the songs by Samuel Barber and the other Americans, and of course there were the spirituals. But you must have a reason for so unconventional an offering."

She smiled quickly. "I have. I must learn new songs and try them out. Since there is so much great music in the world, why should concerts always repeat a little of it?"

I wished the pianists and the conductors could be inoculated with that idea.

"But even if you don't wish to repeat, for example, the Schubert songs you have sung, there are still many other songs by Schubert. What was your reason for going this time to quite different sources?"

"Perhaps I needed to," she said. "I find I must always sing what means a great deal to me; unless I feel deeply about it I can't convince the audience. Don't you think most musicians at certain times need the experience of performing certain works?"

"Then you are conscious of change in your taste, perhaps in your abilities?"

She laughed. "Either I improve or the audience does. I hope both. But I am sure the concertgoers in this country have a better judgment about songs than they had five years ago. They appreciate good singing now, because they hear so much of it in concerts and over the radio. Americans haven't sung enough, not until recently, and American composers haven't written enough songs, but now I think they'll begin."

THIS remark about American composers caught my attention, but I postponed for a moment the obvious questions it prompted; I was still occupied with that New York program.

"If I'm not mistaken," I said, "you are more at home in German than in French."

"When I began my studies in Germany," she answered, her face lighting with pleasant memories, "I lived in a family where no word of English was spoken. After a few months I spoke German fluently—because I had to. French I studied in school, and I worked harder at it later, but I still get at it from the outside. I've been hoping to find an interval in concert touring to settle for a while in France and learn the people and their ways. You really don't know a language until you know the country which produced it."

I was struck by the zest with which she described life in Germany, and her wish for an intimate knowledge, not a mere touring acquaintance, with the people in other lands.

"Then you don't study the languages just to master the words of foreign songs?"

She almost resented the question. "I should want to know those people even if I didn't sing."

She paused, then continued with a sudden earnestness.

"Even if we were never again to travel abroad," she said, "or even if all songs, all books, all plays, were to be written in English, I'd still wish that every American boy and girl could learn at least one language besides English. You really don't know your own language till you can speak at least one other. Perhaps you don't know yourself until you can take the viewpoint of a foreigner."

"Miss Anderson," I said, "why aren't the American composers writing enough songs?"

"I didn't say that very well," she answered. "An enormous number of songs are written, both of the popular kind and the more academic. But most songs are written too fast nowadays. If they are fairly good, they are sung everywhere in a short time, then they are forgotten. Even the serious composers of twenty-five years ago are now neglected, and perhaps there's a reason for it. They didn't put enough into the songs. They don't"—she hesitated for the right way to say it—"they don't put ourselves into them. How can I make a song say anything to other people unless it first says something to me? And how can it say anything to me unless it has my life in it somewhere?"

"Suppose you could command the kind of song you'd like—something which, as you said, has yourself in it—what kind of song would it be?"

She thought a second. "I can answer crudely—I'd like a good deal of meat in it. Most American songs today are not only hastily written, they're far too short; they're skimpy. No sooner do they begin than they're finished and you have no chance to say anything. A song ought to be long enough to get going and keep on going till it has reached somewhere. If you are really an American, you would express America, no matter what you composed—provided the composition were long enough to get a little of America in."

SO far in our talk Marian Anderson had conveyed an impression which I hadn't expected. In spite of her poise of manner, I began to think of her as an unresting spirit, searching for something. I asked bluntly what she was trying to do with her life. This incessant touring obviously will not long satisfy her. Truly creative musicians are never content with performance alone, even though their success is phenomenal.

"I don't know what I'm looking for," Marian Anderson said, "but I'm looking for something. It doesn't worry me not to find it—I just keep right on. Maybe I *am* finding it along the way."

The impression of a spiritual quest and a certain—shall I call it missionary note?—in some of Miss Anderson's remarks made me wonder if she would not eventually do a great work for us all in musical education. Having written these words, I am immediately ashamed of myself for implying that she hasn't already educated us to an astonishing degree. Her concerts have impressed our people chiefly, of course, by the beauty of her voice and by her challenging personality, but the quality of the music which she has sung has been of the highest, and after her programs anything less fine seems cheap indeed. To help raise the taste of a whole people in any one field of art is a privilege only the most fortunate educators enjoy. I rank Marian Anderson among the most fortunate.

In more specific matters I found Miss Anderson full of ideas about vocal study. Marian Anderson believes the arts are learned rather than taught, but the student can learn something from every competent artist, and she herself has evidently knocked at all promising doors. Her eagerness to know those who sing well, and to make their wisdom her own, is quite thrilling.

"Having heard you sing, we all know," I said, "that you've had excellent teachers. Was that a matter of luck?"

"No. I went to good teachers."

"But how did you know in advance they were good? Singing is the one department of music in which there is no agreement about teaching methods. Do you think there is any essential singing method which all singers should have?"

"If you sing, you must know how to breathe," she reflected, "and of course there's the placing of the voice, the management of tones—and there's the deeper musical side, the phrasing, the interpretation. But it's all very personal."

"Even the breathing?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Every singing teacher must teach you to breathe, and if he's a good teacher you'll breathe correctly. But all singers who breathe correctly don't breathe alike. If the teachers are a little too proud of their special method, they will condemn all other methods. Even when they mean to be broad-minded, they may try to teach all their pupils to breathe exactly as they do. That's why their success isn't uniform."

"When we have good voices," I asked, "and when they are correctly trained, do we misuse them nowadays?"

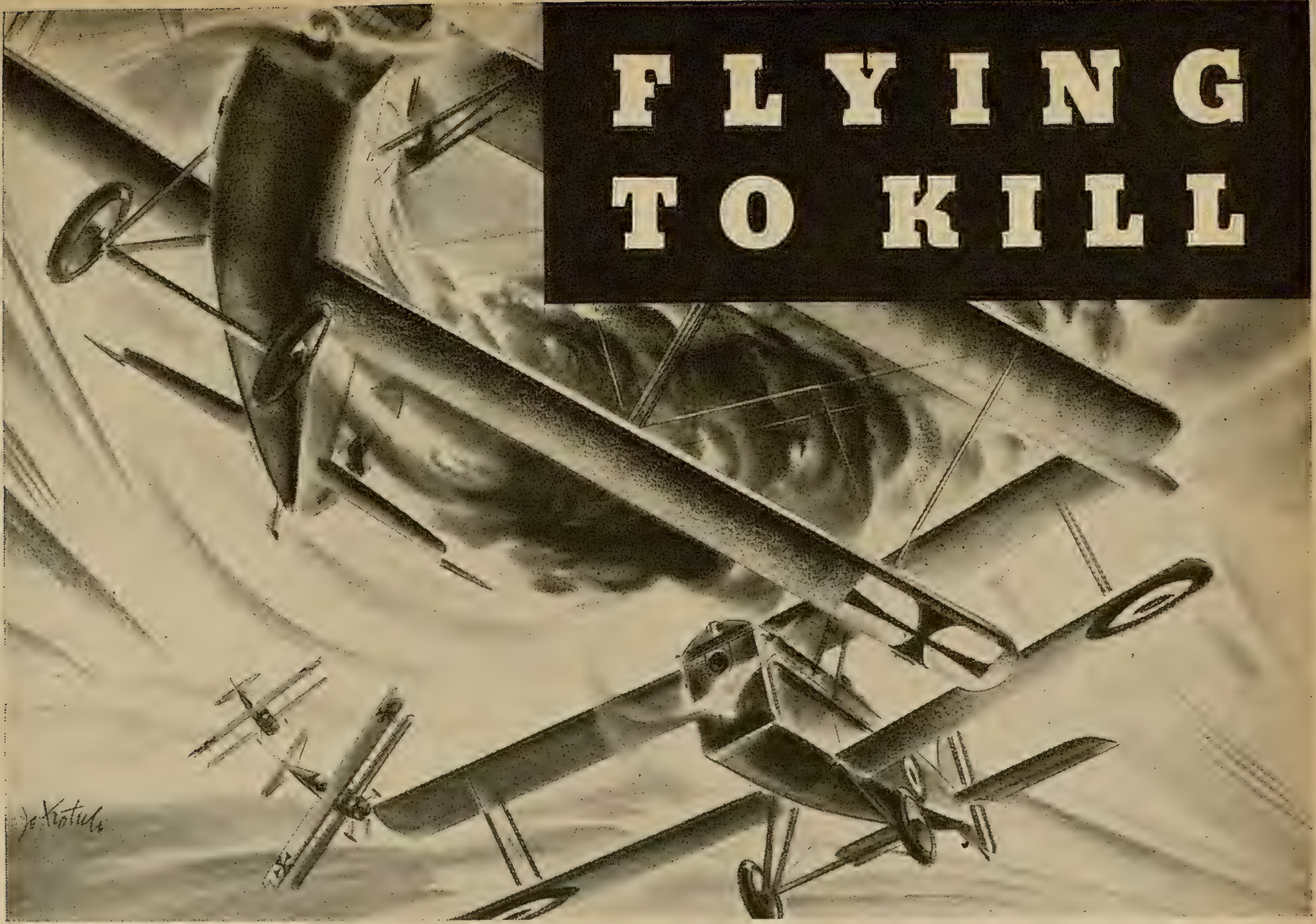
She thought a moment. "A great many young singers come along every year and show promise, but they don't last. They disappear as quickly as the songs we compose. The trouble is the same—we try to get things done too fast. You can't become a singer in a year, even in five years."

I'VE only one more question, Miss Anderson. Everywhere you sing you fill the largest concert halls. Since you do, will you think me indiscreet if I ask whether our concert halls are too large?"

She laughed. "For pure singing, yes. But there's the other side too." Her face broke into a winning smile. "You do like to sing to as many people as wish to hear you. I don't think that kind of pleasure is ignoble, do you? Of course you feel happy when the hall is filled, and it doesn't make you less happy to know the hall seats four thousand."

I carried away with me a certain amazement at the simplicity of her manner and the honesty of her thinking. She is, I believe, a benefaction in our national life, a promise of an advance in civilization for all of us. She illustrates how far talent can lift noble character—and how far an artist can lift the audience.

THE END



FLYING TO KILL

The Story of BISHOP, the White Knight of Canada

Why is Goering alive today?—Here, in a saga of high adventure, is the answer!

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

"There were four and I just had to try my guns on them. Sure enough, down they went—and one in flames."

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

BISHOP arrived at Buckingham Palace next morning at ten ten. The investiture was to be at ten thirty. He was trembling. Any fears he had known in the air had been mild compared to this. His heart had raced when he had found himself trapped by the Head Hunters, but his hand had been ever steady. Now he held his right arm out before him and saw it shaking.

He had his instructions down to the letter. When he entered the room where King George was, he was to walk ten paces to the center of the room, turn left for thirty paces, and then bow before the monarch.

The doors were opened and an official nodded to him. He pulled himself together for the supreme test of his courage—this airman who had shot down forty-seven of his enemies—and in he went. He made the middle of the room all right, but when he turned for the thirty paces, his boots began to squeak.

"I was more frightened, actually, at that moment," he told me, "than at any time during the entire war."

The King smiled understandingly. Bishop stood at attention after he bowed, his face flushed. "Then some one started to read a long list of things I had done in the air," he told me. "It seemed like years until the reading stopped."

Then His Majesty was handed a plush pillow on which reposed the medals—the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, and the Military Cross. Solemnly he hung them on the slight young man. "This," he said, "marks the first occasion on which I have bestowed all three of these honors on any one subject."

The King extended his right hand and shook Bishop's. The Canadian had been trying to think of something to say. He backed away—thirty squeaky paces—before he found his tongue. "Yes . . . sir," he gulped.

He had occasion later, when he met the King less formally, to tell him how nervous he had been. The King replied that he had been glad that he himself wasn't in Bishop's squeaky boots!

"A strange thing happened when I got out of the room after the investiture," the White Knight of Canada told me. "A man rushed up to me and plucked from my uniform the three decorations that His Majesty had just pinned on me. Honestly, I thought I had been attacked by a robber right there in Buckingham Palace. He ran down the corridor, and I started after him. Then he stopped at a table. There were three boxes there. He put the medals in them and handed them to me, greatly astonished at my anxious behavior."

While waiting around London for further orders, Bishop was awarded a Bar to the D. S. O. and promoted to the rank of major. As he wondered if he was going to get back to the front, orders came to proceed to Canada. The stimulus of his presence was needed there.

It was a somewhat downhearted young major who took the boat train to Liverpool. Maybe the scrap would be over before he got a chance to hunt again. . . . But Margaret Burden waited in Toronto.

THERE were joyous times in the Dominion when public hero number one returned. He visited the Burden home in Toronto, he visited his family in Owen Sound. He went back to the Royal Military College at Kingston and laughed with instructors who had once been stern with him about his pranks. He attended public gatherings, against his will, because he knew that the ordeal that he went through would prove a tremendous stimulus to recruiting. He appeared on the platform of Massey Hall in Toronto with Lord Northcliffe, the great English publisher, and made a speech to a throng that packed the place, and a great new Red Cross drive was under way.

That was on October 14, 1917. Three days later Margaret Burden became Mrs. William Avery Bishop.

Back to England in January, 1918. He was attached to the School of Aircraft Gunnery in an instructional capacity, and hated it—although it wouldn't have been politic for him to say as much. His bride was with him, but he knew in his heart that he still had one last rendezvous to keep in the air. Mrs. Bishop knew it, too, and she uttered not one word against the plans he had in mind.

In the spring of 1918 the last great German offensives were under way. The British were driven back from Kemmel and the Somme. Sky combat became more vital than ever, observation more important; and both the Allies and the Germans had by this time developed still faster machines and produced them in still greater numbers. More than ever this was the place for Billy Bishop!

He got to the front again on May 22, in command of 85 Squadron. But the War Office kept him grounded. They simply couldn't afford to risk his getting into the air. Why, even the well protected Baron von Richthofen had been killed, on April 21, by Roy Brown, a chap from Carleton Place in Bishop's home province of Ontario. If the R. F. C. boys had got through that ring of protection and shot down the Red Knight—indeed a fabulous hero in the earlier days of his career—it would certainly be possible for the enemy to get Bishop.

There was a boy from Royal Military College back in Kingston who had come up to 85 Squadron—a strikingly courageous boy of twenty. Bishop took a great liking to him and taught him a lot of tricks—how to fight in-and-out, how to fall through a cloud as if you were done for, how to keep clear of traps.

The Flying Circus was playing as much havoc as ever with lame ducks and loners. The young man in command of it—Richthofen's successor—seemed extraordinarily fond of such one-sided fighting. His name was Hermann Goering.

HOME SWEET HOME

"You look lousy, granny. Been out on a bender?"

Well, one day Goering and his pals got the kid from R. M. C. Bishop didn't see red. He didn't see at all. He was blind with rage. He went to a superior officer and announced quietly, "*Mister, I am flying again.*"

His ship took to the skies and sped to the German lines. He dropped a note to Goering. He doesn't care to discuss its contents today, but we can draw on our imaginations. Goering didn't answer. That only made Bishop more furious—and he set out on a lone carnival of destruction that even to this day remains without a parallel in the history of aerial combat.

Billy Bishop winged through the blue like a thing possessed, flouting the Grim Reaper not once but a dozen times an hour, flying and fighting from dawn almost uninterruptedly until darkness. Witnesses to what he did in those ten days—witnesses on both sides of the lines—thought their eyes were deceiving them.

He began operations by plunging from above into a formation of six Head Hunters, flying in layers of two, three thousand feet apart. He knocked off one of the top pair and sent the other one away, scared and riddled, then roared down and repeated on the second pair.

His blue eyes narrowed as he plunged down farther. The two remaining Head Hunters were now streaking for the German lines. A sixty-mile gale was blowing in that direction. He would have to buck it to get back. Well, what of that? He caught one of the fleeing ships and shot its tail off.

The figure alongside of his name on the blackboard jumped from 47 to 50 when he came in.

He writes to his wife, back in London:

> I feel like a picture I once saw, "On the eve of battle." We rather expect a good push from the Hun sometime tomorrow, and I've just been stirring the squadron into a suitable state of readiness. . . . I intended writing you . . . but I'm ashamed to say I forgot all about it until too late. . . . Margaret, my machine, my new one is a wonder. It fairly tears through the air. Tonight just to celebrate it I shot down a Pfalz in flames from 17,500 ft. There were four of them and I was so pleased to see a Hun again . . . that I just had to try my guns on them. Sure enough down they went and one of them in flames. 'Twas a merry sight withal. I'm so glad you're taking painting lessons . . .

He searched the skies for Goering. The newspapers of today bear witness to the fact that he never found him. But he found others—51, 52, 53, 54. And others—55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61.

Still others—62, 63, 64, 65, and 66.

He wouldn't eat. He fought sleep. Time was fleeting. He knew this wouldn't last forever. Afraid for himself? Hell, no! Afraid of the War Office. They'd crack down on him before long now.

67.

HE doesn't remember the details himself. Anyway, one scrap's much like another. The other fellow gets you—or you get him.

He denies this tale today because he's a good soldier and believes in discipline. But men who knew him tell me that when he got the bad news—orders to return to England and a post in the Air Ministry, where he'd be safe and an inspiration to others—he clenched his teeth and said, "Oh, for one more fight in the air!"

Whether or not he had those official orders in his pocket, the fact remains that he went up, that last day at the front, and bagged five. He came in disappointed.

"I really didn't get five," he told me. "I really got three. Two crashed into each other."

The greatest flyer of them all stepped out of his combat ship for the last time. Twenty-five machines in ten days—five of them in one day. And a living legend left the front.

When the war ended, William

Avery Bishop of Owen Sound was the possessor of virtually every medal for valor within the gift of the British and French governments. Even the Germans sought him out after the war. In 1928 a flyers' association in Berlin, of which Hermann Goering was a member, feted him and made him an honorary member.

He went into business after the war. He is now vice-president of the McColl Frontenac Oil Company. Marshal and Mrs. Bishop have two children—Arthur, aged sixteen, the only Canadian godson of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, and Marise, fourteen goddaughter of Princess Mari Louise.

The Ministry of National Defense made him Honorary Air Marshal. And then the new war this last September. I happened to be in Montreal when the Four Horsemen rode again in Europe. And so, when Billy Bishop was appointed Marshal of the Royal Canadian Air Force, I heard with my own ears and felt the meaning of the words that echoed throughout the Dominion: *"Bishop flies again!"*

THE END

PATRIOTIC CARTOON CONTEST—$1,800 IN CASH AWARDS

Sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York

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3. Cartoons must be approximately 14 x 16 inches and should not exceed this size. They should be drawn on white Bristol board, in India ink, pencil, or charcoal, suitable for published reproduction and exhibition.
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8. Winners will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty Magazine and announced by broadcast over America's Town Meeting of the Air.
9. The judges will be Bernarr Macfadden and Fulton Oursler for Liberty, George V. Denny, Jr., and Arthur E. Bestor for the Town Hall, and a nationally recognized personality to be announced later. By entering the contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.

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Liberty's $2,000 Funny Fill-Ins Contest

(Continued from December 23 issue)

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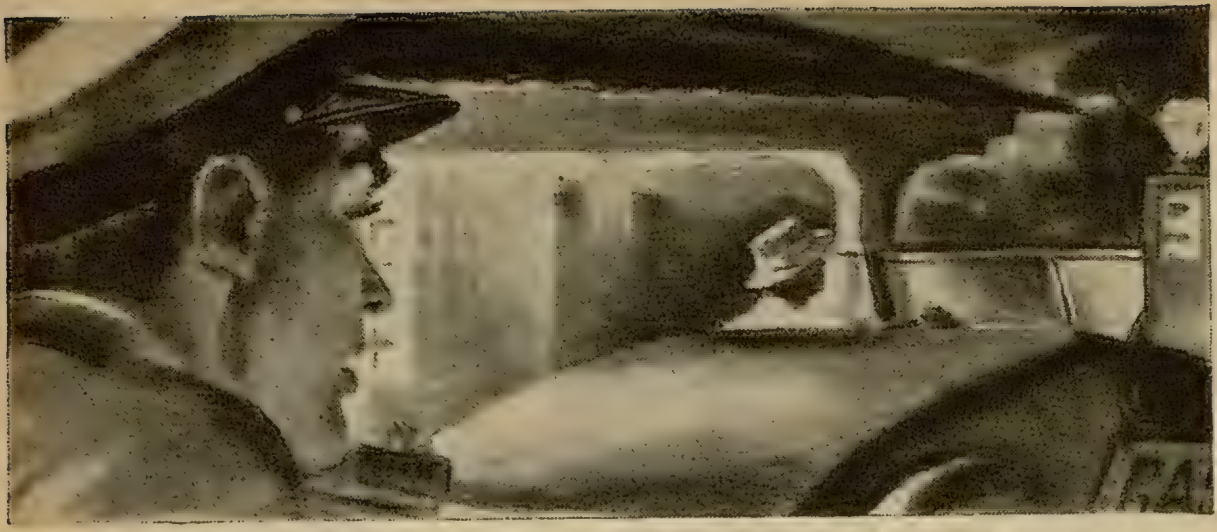


MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

Liberty's Short Short

BY JAMES ASWELL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

TRYING to make up his mind, Ned walked out into the driveway and the hot still dusk. He stood in the red gas glow of the sign that said EAT—CABINS. He was a plump young man with a round quick-smiling face. The light from the sign made his kinky blond hair look green.

He frowned deeply, in a fierce effort at decision. Marriage was such an enormous step. And after the flop he had made in New York—

Then he noticed the car. It was a big car, long, sleek, and sporty. He appraised it critically as it drove in to a stop under the gas-pump shed. Now he saw its occupant. He was looking at B. J. Funnelman, vice-president of the chemical company for which he had worked three toboggan months in New York. The same B. J. Funnelman who, from the deep-rugged, dark-paneled safety of his office, had fired him. For no reason. For no *good* reason, that was. Over a little thing—not being able to make up his mind, right off the bat, about a product on which he was asked to prepare a report.

And he remembered taking the train out of New York that rainy Sunday to come home whipped. Not even the gradual but surely mounting prosperity of his filling station, built on money borrowed from Uncle Nero, would ever wipe out what this man here had done to him and his dreams.

B. J. Funnelman got out of his car and stretched. He looked at Ned and grinned. He was a big man with a thick neck and hard blue eyes. Successful, self-confident, selfish—even handsome in a beefy way.

"How far's Miami, boy?"

Ned told him, flushing when their eyes met. His humiliation increased when he realized B. J. didn't know him from Adam, wasn't even seeing him now.

B. J. said: "Made pretty good time. Eighty-six miles in an hour and ten minutes. Not bad, huh, boy?"

"That's pretty fast, mister." And Ned added: "Been a lot of accidents on this road lately. Couple killed night before last. Ran head on into a truck." Ned thought: It might have been you instead of that nice couple.

B. J.'s hard blue stare took in the little room; took in Jennifer, all cool and shining and young, sitting at the counter over by herself, sitting as she sat every night for an hour or so before supper—with an odd, puzzled expression of waiting for something on her round small face.

"I always drive fast," B. J. said absently, and stretched again. "The slowpokes get it in the neck just as often as the fast drivers, men who go eighty, ninety miles an hour the way I do. More often. Say, what you got to eat, boy?"

Ned muttered something about a T-bone steak, took the order somehow. Because B. J. was staring at Jennifer now, deliberately, as if he were looking at a doll in a window display. Ned loved her so, and hated this man so right now, that he could almost make up his mind about taking the big plunge, asking her right this minute.

HE went behind the partition to instruct the Negro cook. When he came out, a party of four had come in and wanted soft drinks. B. J. had seated himself beside Jennifer and was talking in his great booming voice.

"I can't get it," B. J. was shouting—"why a beautiful kid like you wants to hang around a jook joint."

And then B. J. was talking to Ned. He had to turn, face him.

"Say, boy. Hey, you! Fill her up out there. Check the oil and water too."

Ned went out through the screen door, fighting for control. He raised the long, glittering hood of B. J.'s car.

He tried to get his mind off B. J., sitting inside next to Jennifer. He tried to concentrate on the problem of building the extra tourist cottage: there was a demand for them, he was often full up—and yet, that was a big problem, like the problem of Jennifer and him. You couldn't pass snap judgments, you couldn't make up your mind too suddenly—

For some reason his interest flicked back to the innards of the car.

The thought occurred to him first like a little malevolent tapping at the back of his brain. And then it burst all over him.

He stared fascinated at the machinery he was leaning over.

If he reached down, he could get hold of a little cotter pin at the base of the steering post. If he loosened that pin a little, straightened the ends, so that in a few miles it would shake out—B. J. drove eighty, eighty-five miles an hour . . .

Ned thought again of B. J. inside, showing off before Jennifer, maybe getting fresh with her, contemptuously. Jennifer might compare that big, blustering, vulgar but decisive man with him, Ned—who couldn't decide about anything, not even—

He knew he'd have to make a decision now, the biggest in his life—a decision about another man's fate, the kind he had been thinking was easy. It wasn't easy. But he couldn't duck now. Whatever, whichever he did—the decision would be made.

Presently he slammed down the hood and strode in to the stand, his face white and set with decision.

B. J. was alone now.

"Another bottle of beer, boy," he ordered. "Whatdya know? The little dame slapped me. You see the fun, boy? These cracker gals are something, aren't they? Oh, hell, a little adventure to pass the time!"

Ned stepped behind B. J., caught him, pants and collar. He rushed him out the door and piled him into the big sleek car. It was a magnificent sensation.

Five minutes later he was still glowing. The big sleek car was out of sight on the road.

Two other customers had arrived, but Ned paid them no attention. He had Jennifer by the arm, talking rapturously and fast:

"We're building two more cabins, starting tomorrow. And I'm fixing up the shack and getting the lab outfit on time. We're getting the electric beverage cooler. And we're getting married tomorrow."

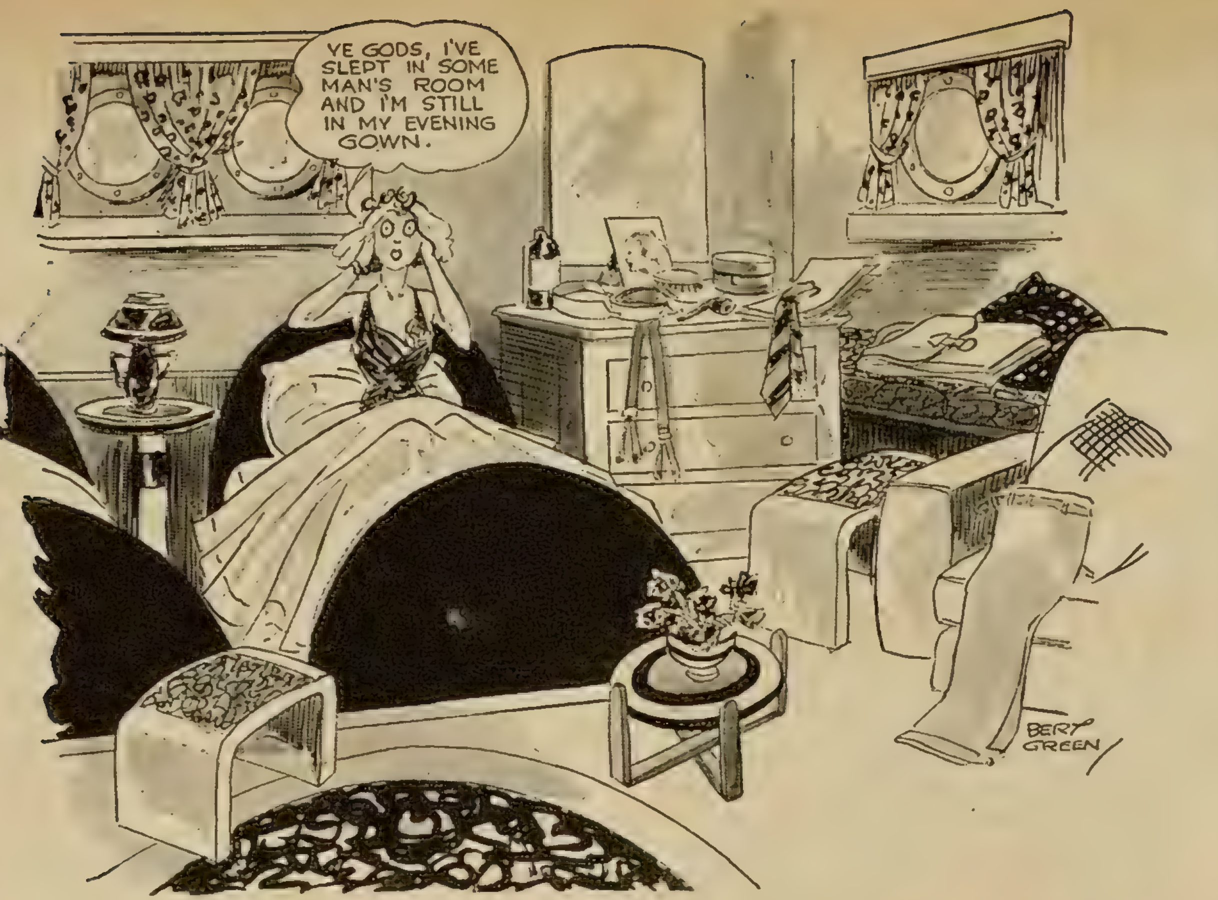
Jennifer grinned. "You're making a lot of decisions all at once, aren't you, mister?"

"Decisions!" Ned snorted. "After you make one, the rest come easy."

"Yeah, but you better get that lab outfit and be a chemist. You're a flop in the restaurant business. You let that big fourflusher get away without paying for his steak."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.


YE GODS, I'VE SLEPT IN SOME MAN'S ROOM AND I'M STILL IN MY EVENING GOWN.
BERT GREEN

THE GOLD RUSHERS

Extra! Damsel has rude awakening! A gay whirl of mystery and romance

Words and Picture

BY BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WELL, boys and girls, I sure am out on a limb now. Here I blow my beautiful girl friend to a *free trip* to Europe on one of Mr. Cunard's glorified outboards, when in mid-Atlantic we have a tiff and *part company*. It all happened by my trying to shield her from a phony Count she fell in love with.

Our misunderstanding was bad enough, but when she stormed out of our suite and had the *crust* to tell Robert Barrington Grosvenor — *my* handsome heartthrob — that *I* had made love to *her Count*, that got me redheaded.

Well, while she was busy panning me to my boy friend, I decided to beat her to the punch and vacate the suite myself. Just as I'm in the midst of packing, in she blows.

"What's the big idea of *you* moving?" she asks, sitting on the edge of the bed and displaying a pair of beautiful gams that would give George White astigmatism.

"Rather than put *you* to the trouble," I said sarcastically, "*I'm* leaving! I hope you feel better now that you have denounced me to Mr. Grosvenor."

"*Me* denounce *you?*" she exclaimed, with a snooty laugh. "*You* denounced *yourself!* Here you profess to *love* Mr. Grosvenor, and when my back is turned you deliberately *kiss* my fiancé. You're not satisfied with taking *one* man away from me, but you try to grab the *other*."

"It so happens, dearie," I interrupts, "that your illustrious boy friend *kissed me by force* when he was drinking. Good grief, I wouldn't have him as a gift! He's about as popular with me as a double order of hives."

"Oh, you're just jealous," she says, reaching for one of my favorite cigarettes.

"Now you listen to me, Lenora," I said, with an icicle on every word. "When we started on this trip you told me you were going to win yourself a big yes-and-no exec. A person of *culture*. A man with ample sugar who could bury you in yachts and get you out in front. Instead, you pick some foreign *fruit polisher*, thinking he comes from nobility. I laugh! To make matters worse, you kid him into believing you're a *rich society gal*, and the crackpot is following you around for your money. For crying out loud, get hep to yourself!"

"Listen," she sneers. "When I want information, I'll consult a library!"

"It's O. K. by me," I said carelessly. "I'm just trying to save you from going overboard."

"The trouble with you is, Beverly, you're too blasé. You don't believe *anything's* on the level."

"You're wrong," I corrected her.

"What, for instance?"

"A bowling alley," I mused, adding a dash of rouge to my rosy cheeks.

Just as I was about to slip the precious "papers" in my bag—the ones I had lifted from the Count—the door quietly opened and in walked Mr. Grosvenor. Greeting me like a frosted chocolate, he asked Lenora if he could help her pack.

"No, thanks," she replied. "I'm staying. Miss West is leaving."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, looking after me as I closed the door behind me.

While the room steward was busy rearranging my new suite, I decided to go to the sun deck and quietly think things over. As soon as I parked myself in the steamer chair I couldn't help but ponder over Mr. Grosvenor's indifference to me. It didn't seem possible that such a fine chap could ignore me after what we had been to each other. When I reflect upon the wonderful moonlight nights we spent together I just can't believe our romance has ended. No. No matter what Lenora may have told him, he can't condemn me without a hearing.

My meditation was disturbed by some one flopping in the seat beside me. It was One-Round Regan.

"Hiya, kid?" he tees off, like he had won me in a raffle.

Being eager to hear what he had to say, I made him a present of a forced smile and asked him how he was enjoying the voyage.

"Fine," he says. "But this idea of climbin' into the tin shirt every night is gettin' me down. I never had to do that on the Boston night boats."

"Oh, but think how *grand* you look in your evening clothes," I said sweetly.

"Sure. Grand. I feel like a cheer leader in a funeral parlor."

Honest, he's a card.

"What time does the Mendelssohn come off?" he asks pointedly.

"What Mendelssohn?" I inquired, knotting my brows.

"The weddin' between your girl friend an' the Count?"

Honestly, I was amazed at the news. Not wishing to display my ignorance, or let on that Lenora and I had split, I said nothing.

"I understand the captain's goin' to splice 'em tonight."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. From what I hear, that dame must be richer than a caramel custard."

"Oh, sure," I said flippantly.

"I heard her tellin' about her Park Avenoo shattoe at the bar the other night. She said she nails it up every year and spends the winters in the Mediterranean on her yacht."

Now I ask you, boys and girls, can you feature a five-and-dime dame living on a yacht? The yell is, she can't even row a boat.

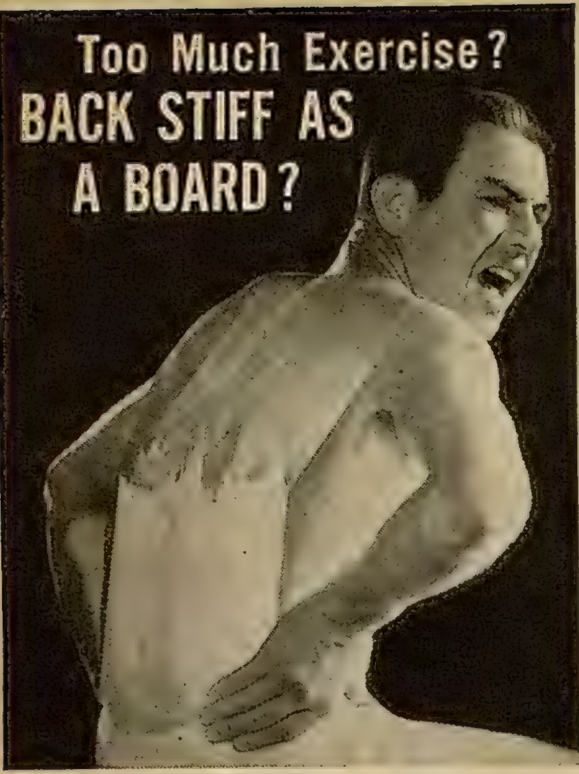
"Is the wedding going to be public or private?" I asked anxiously.

"Private," he laughs. "The skipper's goin' to weld 'em on the bridge after the supper."

"Supper? What supper?"

"Why, the Count is throwin' her a big fancy chow. After that, they go for the rice."

Wishing to change the subject, I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asked him if he knew Count Félix de Theigh.

"Who, me?" he inquired, turning a rosy red. "No, I don't know him from nothin'. I ain't never even seen the guy."

Little did he know I had caught them in conference many times.

"I understand he's quite an important personage in Europe," I reminded him, by way of drawing him out.

"Yeah, so I hear. They tell me he's got a big diplomatical job in France."

"France?"

"Yeah, somewheres near the Eyefull Tower in Paris."

When he said that, I made a mental note of it.

Later, as I was on my way to my cabin, I happened to pass the purser's office and heard a terrible commotion. On looking over, I saw a crowd of curious passengers all milling around.

"What's the excitement?" I asked a man standing next to me.

"Somebody's been *robbed,*" he replied. "That tall thin man claims some one stole his valuable papers."

As I moved closer, I saw it was the *Count* making the squawk. He was standing beside the purser's desk gesticulating and yapping in broken English.

"Where did you have these papers?" asked a man in uniform who, I later learned, was the master-at-arms.

"Een my coat pocket," wailed the Count.

"Don't get excited," pleaded the purser. "I'll send a radiogram to the Southampton police. When the ship docks tomorrow, I'll have her searched."

"The *police—*" Count de Theigh broke off.

Well, you can imagine *my* feelings? Here *I* had his missing papers safely hidden in my stateroom. Some were concealed under the carpet and the others were thumbtacked to the back of a bureau drawer. "What if they *search* me?" I asked myself. "*How* am *I* going to get them *off the ship?*" I was worried, honestly.

ALL afternoon a heavy cross sea had been running and by dinnertime the Atlantic looked like the Alps. Between the ship doing the jitterbug, me worrying about the papers, and Lenora's secret marriage, I felt terrible. Then, too, I couldn't get over Robert's attitude toward me. That was the *worst* blow of all.

Being too ill to dine, I remained in my cabin until ten thirty and then beat it down to the main lounge where I wouldn't feel the motion of the boat so much. I had hardly been seated, when once again comes the inveterate pest, One-Round Regan.

"The weddin' is all off," he tells me, with a disappointed look on his pan.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Well," he says, "here's what happened: The Count ordered a swell feed for his intended. The private dinin' room was all dooded up with flags, favors, ribbons an' everythin'. The table happened to be placed under one of them big portholes. One minute you was lookin' at the bottom of the ocean and the next minute you was lookin' at the moon. Well, just as the Count was tellin' his cutie how much he loved her, three waitors laid a big nickel-plated dish on the table. When they lifted the bathtub they's a *roasted pig* layin' under it with a lemon in its mouth. Well, just as the Count was about to cut his sweetie a hunk of pork, the ship gave a barrel roll, the pig turned over and let out a terrible grunt. The cutie gave a look and did the 'bee' for the big outdoors. An' that's what ruined the weddin'."

"Thank heaven!" I said to myself.

Is the handsome Mr. Grosvenor a phony, as well as Lenora's Count? Why did he search Beverly's room? Get aboard the Elegantia next week for more surprises and more laughs.

"I think you'll have to excuse me, Mr. Regan," I gulped. "I have a splitting headache."

Somehow I managed to reach my stateroom. I flopped on the bed and fell fast asleep. When I awoke, the sun was shining and my diamond wrist watch said seven forty-five. As I glanced up, I was surprised to see I was in a strange room. What was worse, I was still in my evening gown. Some one had been thoughtful enough to throw a feather quilt over me during the night. As I jumped up, I noticed the other twin bed had been slept in, but nobody was present.

"Where am I?" I almost yelled. The occupant was evidently a *man,* as the dresser was littered with ties, collars, studs, pipes, etc. On the table was an expensive briefcase and a gold lipstick laid beside it—I wondered whose. Under the table was some snooty Bond Street luggage. From the numerous baggage labels, I figured the occupant was Howard Hughes, as he had done enough traveling to make Columbus look like a bum.

As I was about to slip out of the room, I noticed several radiograms and letters lying on the writing desk. To my utter astonishment, they were addressed to *Robert Barrington Grosvenor*—of all people!

In a flash, a million thoughts shot through my mind: What did he *think* when he found *me* in *his* room? Did I snore? Was my hair mussed? Whose lipstick was that? Where is he now? What will Lenora say when she learns *I slept* in *Robert's room all night?*

Not wishing to be discovered, I quietly closed the door and tiptoed down the passageway. As I stepped into my own cabin, I was *horrified.* The contents of my bureau drawers were scattered all over the room. On entering the sitting room I nearly fainted, for out of the closet I surprised a *man.* It was *Robert Barrington Grosvenor.*

"You crook!" I screamed. "Why are *you rifling my room?*"

THE END

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WHY HAM and EGGS WERE BEATEN

The political view . . It proved quite a number of things, says Washington

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IT is a rare if not a unique election that tickles the Democrats and Republicans equally, and such was the joyful effect upon the parties' leadership in Washington when the voters of California beat "Ham and Eggs" by a clear two-to-one majority.

Of course none of the leaders rushed into print with quotation marks. There is a national election next year in which 1,000,000 Ham and Eggers' votes will be precious to the Presidential candidates, no matter what economic theories the voters espouse. No practical politician wants to make them downright sore at his party by kicking the ham and eggs right out of the dining room. No, sir!

But the politicians were elated, however anonymously. The New Dealers said that the results in California proved that the voters there had confidence in President Roosevelt's economics, while the Republicans were equally positive that California exhibited a sample of the healthy public reaction against all funny-money schemes stemming from the parent plant of the New Deal's fiscal schemes.

The New Dealers said that the election proved that recovery was here, and that the people believed it was here, and that in their conviction they turned against all the desperate monetary expedients born of the depression — the Hoover depression, they still call it.

The Republicans asserted that California showed in dramatic fashion the trend back to conservatism that began in the elections of 1938 and was less gaudily reflected in the G. O. P. successes in Ohio, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania in 1939.

When political leaders assert positive opinions which they cannot capitalize in the newspapers, you can generally accept them as positive opinions. When the Republicans and Democrats both believe that Ham and Eggs' defeat is a victory, but do not use that belief to make public prestige, then it is a safe bet that they are not kidding anybody, themselves included.

Both parties can't be right, of course. However, the answer seems to be that both are correct as to their major premises, but the reasoning from there on is colored by the hopes of each. Here are the apparent facts:

The United States has either outgrown or become numbed to the psychology of depression. The nation's business is on the upgrade, and appears to be progressing without the explosive boost of a war boom. The Townsend Plan, EPIC and Utopia, and all the other queer schemes for supplementing good United States currency with temporary money were depression's children, born of desperation and ignorance. It is human nature to hope for miracles when all other hope seems gone, but it is also human nature to welcome the realities when their familiar old faces reappear. When dollars were scarcer in California than Florida oranges, the people were tempted to demand a substitute. When real dollar bills began to circulate, and their more welcome brothers of larger denominations, the people's confidence in George Washington's engraved visage began to increase.

Thus the basic belief of both Democrats and Republicans is confirmed by neutral analysis. The party leaders are both welcome and entitled to the opinions they draw from the facts.

Yet the answer is not complete without trying to establish the reasons why Ham and Eggs and kindred schemes arose in California, and why they have now been repudiated by a recovery-conscious majority.

Depression hit California more devastatingly than most places because that state has become the haven of the elderly with small but normally adequate capital. Dr. Townsend himself was a retired Dakota practitioner, remember. Thousands of Middle Western elderly couples retired to California where a small income bought ample food in a climate that demanded no expenditures for coal, woolens, or pneumonia serum. In the booming 1920s more and more retired oldsters moved to California, and their predecessors sold them their homes at boom prices for small cash equities, and built themselves better houses with bigger mortgages. In a way, it was very like the disastrous Florida boom, with the promoters and customers uniformly gray of hair.

Then came the 1929 collapse, which wiped out the investments on which California's elderly immigrants from the East were living, and the pyramided mortgages went down with a shocking crash. That is why pension schemes for the elderly found such fertile soil in California.

National recovery since 1937, spread out pretty thin all over the United States today, has likewise bloomed more quickly and lushly in California. Not only have dividends been resumed but California's great aviation industry has boomed as a more solvent America has taken to the air for pleasure, for travel, and for defense. War orders from Europe helped. California's fruits and vegetables were consumed in greater and greater quantities. It takes only a few more persons in each American community (Florida excepted) buying California's oranges and canned asparagus and grapes to pour a lot of money into that one favored state.

Of course the New Deal Democrats

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RELIEF WITH ECONOMY!

claim credit for this returning prosperity, but in so doing they must allow the inflexible rule of political science, that prosperity begets conservatism, which leads right up to the Republican assertion that conservatism and not prosperity produced Ham and Eggs' defeat.

Politics does not end there. The pension-seeking oldsters, and the hard-pressed youngsters who were willing to try anything to shift some of the burden of supporting their elders to the public, have also become more tax-conscious.

Now a transaction tax, even if disguised as stamps which had to be affixed to a ham-rind dollar each time it changed hands, is still a tax. That meant more damage to the scheme than any argument of unconstitutionality because the right to issue money and declare its value belongs to Congress.

Boil it down to the essence, and the answer to Ham and Eggs' defeat is that fundamental common horse sense of the hardheaded American brand has not vanished from the United States. "You can fool some of the people—" but it is harder to fool them about the value of money than anything else.

THE END

A California View: Foolish Plan, Says Famed Liberal

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

I AM told that a California roadside restaurant put up a sign: "Ham and Eggs—Last Week $30, This Week 30¢." That was after the "Thirty Every Thursday" old-age-pension movement was beaten at the polls by a majority of not quite two million to not quite one million. The editor of Liberty has asked me to explain how this was done.

I notice that nobody in California is claiming the honor of having done it. The politicians are still trembling before that solid block of near a million immovable votes. The merchants who had the temerity to refuse to post window signs reading, "We will accept pension warrants," are watching the front doors of their fellow merchants to see if the oldsters are still carrying out their threat of boycotts. I, who felt it my duty to make two state-wide radio broadcasts against this incredible scheme, still find it a painful experience to open my mail. Some people send me back my autographed photos torn into quarters, others return my books. One old-time admirer wrote me he had burned nine books of mine—and that is too much like what happened to my books when Hitler took power by promising his people the German equivalent of ham and eggs!

The California Life Retirement Plan was not defeated by any one group or class of people. It is a proof of the soundness of the democratic process, in which I earnestly believe. This pension scheme was defeated because people of all classes, rich and poor alike, put their minds on the matter, studied it, and went to the polls and voted it down as unsound and unworkable. It is not true, as the professional promoters of the scheme claimed, that bankers and monopolists defeated it. These took part, of course; but the two million voters who said "no" with their ballots were rank-and-file Californians who had been hearing about the plan for two years and had had ample chance to understand it.

What they have said to the California oldsters is: "You just didn't have the right scheme this time." The pensions were to be paid in warrants which had no backing; twenty or twenty-five million every week pouring from the printing presses, and no provision to match this alleged money with goods to be purchased. Everybody was to take the warrants and stick a two-cent stamp on each one every week—some sixty-five billion stamps a year, as I figured for the readers of Liberty more than a year ago, when the scheme had its first run. For this second run the promoters had tried to patch matters with a state bank which was to take the warrants—a bank which, so I told the voters over the air, would have been a junk room, a dumping place for waste paper. All state bodies had to take the warrants—which meant, of course, outright certain bankruptcy for towns, cities, counties, and state, and for publicly owned light and water plants.

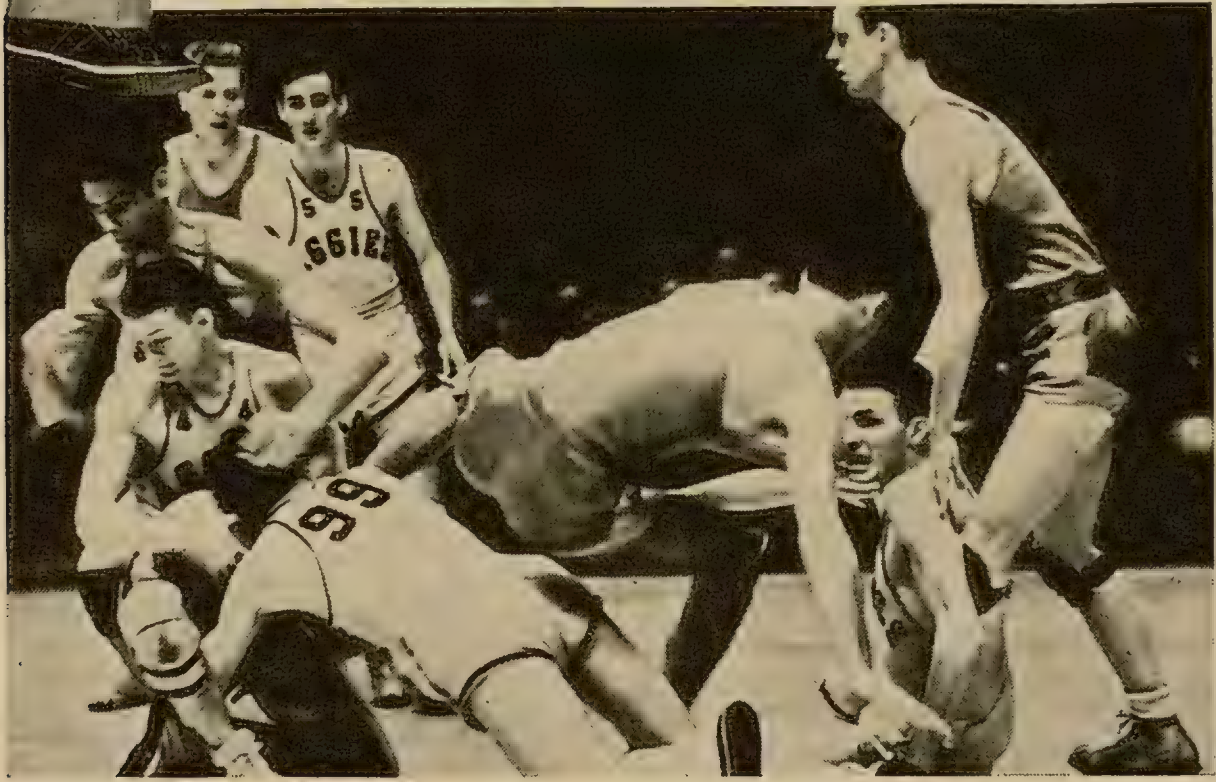
Near the end the promoters lost their nerve and brought forth a new proposal, which was a confession of defeat. The state bank might redeem the warrants after thirty days—in other words, after only ten cents' worth of stamps had been stuck on, instead of $1.04. Who would wait to stick fifty-two stamps when he could get the same money after sticking only five stamps? What a chaos of graft, with the state administrator having the option to redeem or not to redeem for ten cents! The fellow who sold you the Brooklyn Bridge was a piker compared with the man who invented that one!

What defeated the Ham and Eggs delusion was an educated electorate in a state which has good schools and many people who can think straight. They do not yet know enough to devise a wise plan, but they did know too much to fall for a foolish one. And they are not through looking for the wise one, I'm happy to say!

THE END

BUGHOUSE BASKETBALL

Why referees get gray hair: One of the game's best known officials tells a tale of trials and errors



Mad scrambles like this make life miserable for referee Kennedy (above). Right or wrong, he gets the Bronx cheer.

BY PAT KENNEDY

as told to TED SHANE

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I WAS whistling a University of Pennsylvania game in the Palestra at Philadelphia. During the play a small but violent-minded group of citizens kept yelling at some of my decisions, and I might say they were far from complimentary.

Just as I blew my whistle for a crash under the basket, one of my critics rushed at me, anxious to corn my six feet one of good Hoboken Irish beef. "You're blind!" he yelled.

I kept my temper. I always do, even if I have to yell a little. Long ago I found out, too, in time a boiling kettle boils out. "Buddy," I said, "you're absolutely right. So here's the whistle. You and I are going to change places."

He pushed the whistle back at me. "No, thanks," he said, turning into a little lamb. "I wouldn't take that job of yours for a million dollars."

To tell the truth, I was scared to death that steamed-up young man would take me up on my offer. I was afraid if I sat in the stands I'd have been tempted to boo myself.

For there is something about basketball which turns the eyewitnesses into a group of raving, yelling maniacs with a highly established set of prejudices. Maybe it's the coziness of the game and the intimacy of player and spectator, and the heat and lightning it generates as it's played—but out of 18,000 spectators at a Madison Square Garden doubleheader 18,000 of them are officials with the firm idea that their favorite team can do no wrong, up to and including murder. And that the two genuine officials present can do no right—unless they call everything in their favor. This is true of no other sport I know. Football fans will boo their own team for unnecessary roughness; and I have even heard the Boston fans bestow Joe Cronin with the berry for beefing against a decision which was obviously fair.

Why, then, do the fans boo so often and generously in basketball? I shall attempt to answer.

First of all, basketball is not football. It was invented in 1891 by Dr. Naismith, who had a simple and peaceful idea in mind: to provide a noncontact game you could play indoors winters in your underwear, reasonably certain you wouldn't have any portions of your anatomy mashed, maimed, frozen, or broken. The rules, which I am paid to uphold, are designed to support this idea.

Unfortunately, you cannot play any action game without some sort of contact. Even track men bump each other rudely, smacking each other on their delicate beezers. And basketball can grow very rough at times. Modern teams often play the game like so much football.

Now, I will not put myself on the spot about the rules of basketball. Fans, players, and coaches may disagree with the basketball fathers and claim the rules are far too sissy. But according to Dr. Naismith's dream game they are perfect. When I blow a whistle for a rough, crashing, and entirely premeditated block, or when I blow it after detecting a player throw in a block so foxily it looked like the other fellow's fault—I am only tending to my business.

Often my reward for thus preserving life and limb is greeted with one long loud juicy raspberry. Not that I always call them right. Every once in a while I am blocked out of a play by a fast moving attack or a larcenous player, lose sight of the ball and miss a foul, and I join in with the Bronx cheer I get.

I am showered with tons of abuse because the spectators disagree with me over something we both have seen, but which I, being in a position directly over the play, have been able to see better. For instance, two men jumping to regain a rebound off the backboards often slam into each other, and one of them will go sprawling. If both men have made an honest attempt to snag that ball, naturally I don't whistle, no matter how hard the player hit the floor. Result? One big solid boo.

THERE are thousands of indelicate little situations like this coming up constantly in a fast game, requiring split-second judgments. To the best of my ability and experience I make this judgment neither too severe nor too lax. I try to hug the middle of the road. But when I whistle, I whistle.

Players, I have discovered, are sensitive to that whistle. Not that they are forever trying to foul, but the game is so fast, rough, and hotfoot at times, accidental fouling can breed unaccidental retaliation. Should a player foul and mean it—and get away with it unless I pounce on it like a hawk—he'll repeat it and repeat it; his pals will catch the disease; in no time the other team will follow suit; and the referee has a dandy little free-for-all on his hands. So I have adopted the plan of Uncle Bill Klem, the greatest judge in blue I ever knew: "When they're in there, call 'em!" Only I call them faster than Klem.

One night not long ago I was refereeing in a small oil-city gym in Pennsylvania. The place was so crowded some of the fans had to line the walls at each end. They were the out-of-bounds line. During the play, which was rough, a man slammed toward the basket, dribbling like a crashing fullback. Ordinarily he would have shot, then caromed off the spectators. But as he approached the door, one of the spectators jerked the door open, and the poor fellow, before he had a chance to cease momentum, crashed through the door and down a small flight of steps, disappearing from view, ball and all.

I rushed over and locked the door. But some one opened the lock and swiped the key. I solved it by announcing double penalties if it happened again. Though against the rules, it worked!

Small gyms with low-hanging beams have offered problems. High lofting shots made over the beams were beautiful to watch, but when the ball hit the beams and rebounded, the collision in midcourt during the scramble was just so much And Sudden Death. No matter who got the ball, I was almost certain to be wrong—and booed.

Posts set on the court in dark gyms can be headaches. In one game I remember the players had a habit of racing downcourt full speed, grabbing a post along the way, and suddenly swinging full around, letting their pursuers shoot onward. Nothing in the rules forbids this where this situation prevails.

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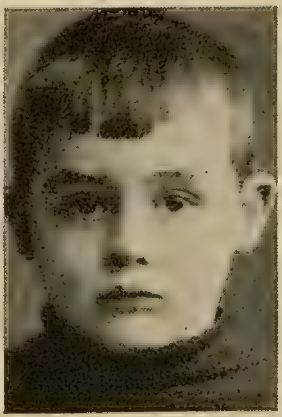
20 QUESTIONS



1—Born in Bristol, England, this little boy grew up to be a Hollywood star, more noted for his flair for comedy than for the pensiveness he displays in this picture. Topper, The Awful Truth, and Bringing Up Baby, pictures in which he starred, have made millions howl with glee. Who is he?

2—What is the order of the colors in a rainbow?

3—According to United States bushel-weight standards, how many pounds of grain would you have if you owned a bushel of wheat and a bushel of barley?

4—What are the sports that it is compulsory to run off in the winter Olympics?

5—When Justices Oliver W. Holmes and Louis D. Brandeis were together in the Supreme Court, what phrase attached to majority opinions became famous?

6—How many battalions are there in an infantry regiment?

7—What has the United States granted to a possession that is the subject of controversy in a British dependency?

8—If the Pitcairn Islanders were compelled to seek shelter on the nearest mainland, which way would they travel?

9—Old Scratch, Old Harry, and Old Gooseberry are more or less polite names for what?

10—When is a flock of geese a gaggle of geese?

11—What are the four general sections of a symphony orchestra?

12—If an orangutan and a gorilla had a fight, which would have the disadvantage in size?

13—What is squaw winter and when does it sometimes occur?

14—What common kitchen herb is also an ancient symbol of honor?

15—Who led the first general walk-out on a construction job?

16—What can a five-gaited horse do besides walk?

17—Why was the Roman deity Janus called the porter of the gods?

18—What metals are associated with the following place names: Sutter's Mill, California; Virginia City, Nevada; Anaconda, Montana?

19—If we had a destroyer for every mile of United States coast line, not counting possessions, how many would we have?

20—Who is the author of Human Nature and Conduct?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

Just as pro basketball is often hotter than college basketball, pro booing is also more professional. The honest workingman, out for the evening to see his local prides outdunk some one else's local prides, is not a calm thinker.

Pro basketball fans of Brooklyn are tough, but they have never been quite as hard on me as the Trentons. During the American League games there I always stayed away from the side lines. Otherwise, when I wandered too close, I'd receive a severe puncture in the taillight. The first time it happened I thought it had been an accident. But the next time I caught a woman putting a hatpin back in her hat, and I kept as close to a spot in the exact center of the court as Einstein himself could draw.

A few years back, the Cleveland Rosenblooms were meeting the Fort Waynes in a championship game. (The Rosies had been made over from the old Celtics, and included such greats as Nat Holman, Horse Haggerty, and others.) The night before, I had been forced to put Fort Wayne's manager, Ralph Miller, out of the game with Chicago at Chicago, because Miller had been inconsiderate enough to poke a Chicago player on the beezer. The Fort Wayne papers had printed special extras about my dictatorial methods, and the fans were ready for me.

The game went along fine until I found myself in the embarrassing predicament of having to remove Ralph Miller for personal fouls.

MILLER'S exit was something like Custer's last stand. Unable to express himself, and therefore nicknamed the Lion, Miller let loose a low ominous growl which had the police blanching. But he went, while the crowd yelled for the letting of my blood.

Then, to cap it all, the Fort Waynes lost by three points, and only by the grace of God, the police, and the players forming a hollow square, did I make the dressing room safely. As I heaved a sigh of relief I heard that ominous growl again. I turned and ducked just in time. Miller had sighted me.

They pulled Miller off and cooled him out, and I sat in that dressing room for three hours before returning to my hotel.

A few nights later Fort Wayne played again, and Miller personally asked me to referee. I called the game as I saw it, and Fort Wayne, fortunately, won. I don't know what would have happened otherwise.

In a game in Brooklyn last year a pro rushed up behind me after a foul and ripped my shirt to shreds. As I whirled around, he ripped the front too, yelling: "If I had a gun I'd blow your brains out, you big so-and-so."

For once I got a little fussed and said, "Call me that again—and out you go!"

"O. K.," he yelled. "You're two so-and-sos!"

"All right, then—one so-and-so is out of the game," I yelled back. For once, I was glad for the boos. They drowned out the imbroglio.

Not that college teams and spectators are so many Lord Chesterfields at a game. Up in Hanover two years ago a game between Dartmouth and Providence was going along nicely, when some one threw a punch from nowhere, and in due time there was taking place as pretty a Donnybrook as you'd meet this side of a grudge hockey fight. It took a riot call and a speech by the college president to quiet it down.

Last year in Philadelphia, La Salle was trying to stall a victory over the L. I. U. Blackbirds. Suddenly some one hit Bromberg, of L. I. U., on the nose for a naughty word, and broke it. Convention Hall flamed; Coach Bee himself was in there swinging, another L. I. U. named Seewich had broken his hand, and the police had come. The point is that the officials took the rap for these fights. They could have forestalled the murder by whistling judiciously, popular opinion had it. But, after all, we're not detectives or policemen.

Occasionally a college coach will get mad at a referee, as when one rushed out at Ernie Quigley, who tootles them in the West. "As many steps as it takes you to get back to that bench," yelled Quigley, "that number of fouls I assess your team." The coach made it in two long hops. Clair Bee got annoyed with my partner in crime in a game a year or so ago, thinking my pal's decisions on the raw side. In the second overtime period Clair got really fussed at the whistle, rushed out, yanked the money from his trousers, and let my partner have it full in the face.

Sometimes the official gets it from all three sources—coach, spectator, and player—of both teams. When the West brought its crashing speedy game East, they naturally drew a lot of whistling. Sometimes my whistle never left my mouth. Players would turn and look at me, puzzled; coaches had strange names for me; and the spectators booed generously. Had I not called them, the Eastern contingent would have done so—and did when I lapsed. This confusion has been somewhat straightened out in the last year by conference.

However, a few years ago Nobs Price wrote me two and a half months before his California team came to the Garden to tackle N. Y. U. asking what kind of things I whistled for. He said he was anxious to save my life. I sent him the rules, with explanations. Fully prepared, California showed up—and lost. Two years ago Stanford came East with a mechanized shock-troop attack that had Clair Bee, L. I. U. coach, gasping with horror, when I called coaches and players together for a pre-game demonstration of the two styles of play. I convinced Stanford's coach Bill Bun that such things couldn't be. Bun objected, "But that's the way we've always played."

"And probably won," added Mr. Bee.

Half an hour later Stanford was on the floor, played a perfect game in the so-called effete Eastern wrist-slapping style, and won going away. Hank Luisetti, with his one-hand shots from anywhere over, under, or on the court, was on that team.

Because of my practice of waving my hands pretty freely after I've called a foul, and jumping on the ball yelling all the while, there are rumors around that I'm an exhibitionist and practice before a mirror. Others say I'm trying to steal the game from the players. This is gross libel. I act like a traffic cop with the jitters to let the stands know which one of the thousand varieties of fouls I've had to call. I pounce on the ball to keep the action moving along, and I yell to make myself clear to the players over those boos. Penalties have a right to be advertised, and far too often nobody knows exactly what has happened.

I started waving like that the first game I ever refereed. It took place in my native Hoboken, in a game between two pro teams, and I was seventeen. And if I hadn't waved so violently and yelled a little, the pros would have run all over me. I borrowed the idea from a traffic cop who handled Hoboken's busiest corner—Fourteenth and Park. I had no suit, got no money for that game.

Before that I had played basketball for Demarest High School in Hoboken; then for Panzer College, giving up playing college basketball to referee. Since then I have refereed several thousand games between all sexes, shapes, colors, and degrees of toughness. I have officiated at as many as three games a day.

After one game I called, the pros melted away magically—with my pay. Another time, every one was fully dressed and ready to leave when some one discovered the score had been added wrong, and an overtime had to be played to remove a tie. I have called the play in a gym that provided but one basket—both teams had to shoot for it. I have lost as much as ten pounds in a game—namely, the wild race horse New Mexico-L. I. U. thriller in last year's Garden finals. While I have seen a fan get so excited he fell out of a balcony onto the playing floor, I have never lost my head and rooted for one side or the other. I fight to keep relaxed during a game—but I don't know any work as hard as refereeing. Or as enjoyable.

Two years ago, in a Dartmouth-Columbia game, some one made a mistake with the scoreboard and credited Dartmouth with two points Columbia scored, making it 33-31. Columbia, with three minutes to go, started heaving the ball around wildly—lost the game. It slipped my eye, and I still feel guilty about it.

When I'm not refereeing I lead a quiet Hoboken home life, teach at Industrial School in Hoboken, or sit in the stands at Madison Square Garden before my turn in a double-header and listen to what the crowd has to say about me. It's surprising how refreshed I feel when some one remarks: "Kennedy's doing the second game—maybe he'll have his stroke tonight." As much as I hate to disappoint such good people, my health from all that running (I run at top speed thirty-eight out of forty minutes a game, with no rest periods) is excellent. So far, I've been doing all right. Knock wood!

THE END

HIT HEAD COLD MISERY

Right where it hits you!

Clear Your Nose—open up your cold-clogged head—breathe more freely! Vicks Va-tro-nol is what you need. A few drops swiftly relieve discomforts of head colds.

This Treatment is so successful because Va-tro-nol is *active* medication—containing several essential relief-giving agents plus ephedrine—expressly designed for nose and upper throat.

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FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

STARGAZING CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

FIND your fortune in the stars! It really can be done if you concentrate your efforts on these stars in Liberty's great Stargazing Contest. The drawings below are an example, and you can start your entry by solving them right now, before you turn the page. Rearranging jumbled letters on the stars into their correct sequences will spell the names of brilliant stars of the radio or screen, or both. Write the solution for each drawing in the space provided beneath and file them away until the end of the game. Individual solutions will not be considered. If you are just starting the game, be sure that you understand the Rules.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

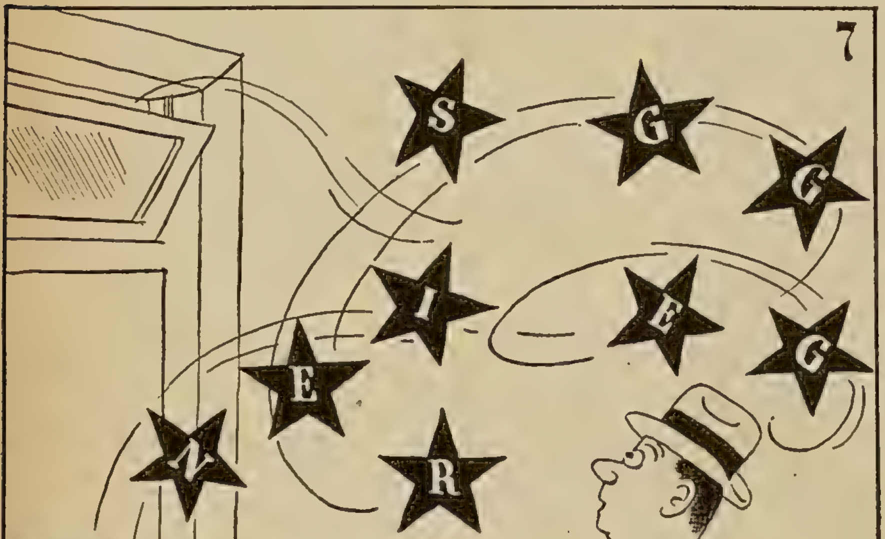
Do you need the first six drawings of this series? Reprints have been prepared for your convenience. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When they are received, you can solve them just as you have the drawings below, and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

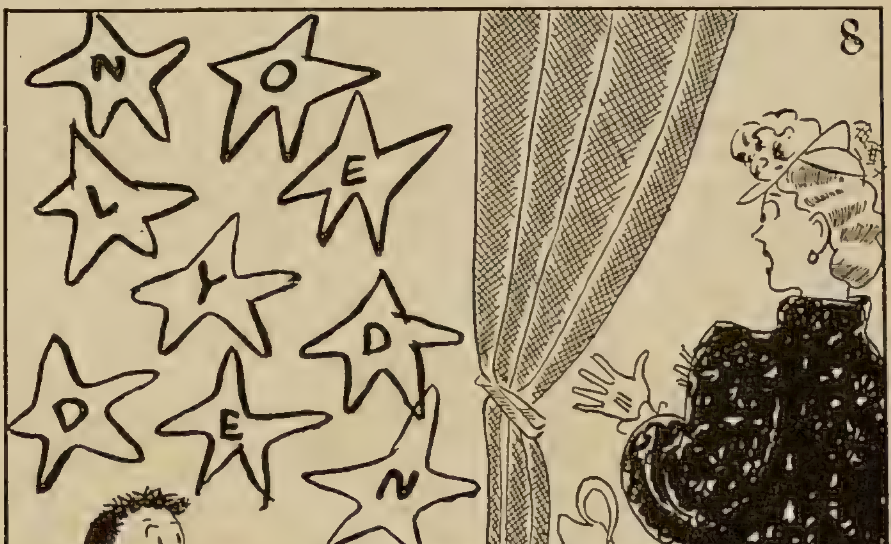
1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.
2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.
3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.
4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME ....



NAME ....

LAWYER LOVES THIEF

An improbable yarn, touched with humanity and persuasive acting, emerges as an appealing film

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ REMEMBER THE NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, Beulah Bondi, Elizabeth Patterson, Sterling Holloway, Charles Waldron, Paul Guilfoyle, Charlie Arnt, John Wray, Thomas W. Ross, Snowflake, Tom Kennedy. Screen story by Preston Sturges. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 92 minutes.

ONE of those film sneakers—a human little yarn that gets through to you. Let's start by admitting the story sounds preposterous. But life frequently is a little preposterous, too. It's the day before Christmas and the young district attorney, who "always gets his man," is stalling in the trial of a pretty jewel thief. He knows the jury, in a mellow holiday mood, never will bring in a conviction. Then, with his postponement in his pocket, he relents—isn't it Christmas Eve?—and gets a bondsman for the girl. In no time at all he is on his way to his old home in Indiana in his car and the pretty jewel thief is along. He's to drop her at her home. Improbable? It's Christmas Eve.

That trip changes his whole opinion of the girl. He sees her background of callous, stupid heartlessness at firsthand. He realizes how she came to become a crook. And somehow he falls in love. The story has its holes, but Barbara Stanwyck is so human as the girl who emerged from a farmhouse of bitter narrowness, and Fred MacMurray is so good as the country boy striving for a reputation in the city, that you forgive them. The holes, that is. For this will hold you and even move you.

VITAL STATISTICS: Watch for the early-morning scene where the cow looks in the car in which Barbara and Fred MacMurray are asleep. It took a lot of patience to get the cow's vocalism. How? Director Leisen used a beanshooter on Holstein Bessie's rear. Hence the dramatic moo! . . . Movie stars are consistent commuters. Every morning Barbara Stanwyck (Mrs. Bob Taylor to you and you) made the thirty-five-mile trip from her ranch in the San Fernando valley. Fred MacMurray drove twelve miles in from Brentwood. . . . Years ago Beulah Bondi and Elizabeth Patterson played together in a Stuart Walker stock company in the Midwest. . . . Let style experts predict what they will, the bustle never can do a comeback. Barbara wears one to a barn dance under an old-fashioned wedding dress. Just try one in a car, at a studio lunch counter, in an elevator. Just try, says Barbara.

★ ★ ½ JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT

THE PLAYERS: Ann Sothern, Lewis Stone, Walter Brennan, William Gargan, Marsha Hunt, Tom Neal, James Bush, Don Costello, Muriel Hutchison, Jack Norton, Aldrich Bowker, Frederick Burton, Al Shean, Robert Emmet O'Connor, Cliff Clark, Russell Hicks, Paul Everton, Charles Trowbridge. Screen play by Melville Baker, based on a story by Damon Runyon. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 70 minutes.

WHEN the old postman on their Brooklyn route is arrested for destroying a letter in order to save a dying woman's illusions about her son, the indignant Turps go to Washington to see the President. Joe and Ethel Turp hardly realize the official barricade that surrounds the harassed Chief Executive—but they barge through somehow or other. Need I say that the President becomes engrossed in the problems of Postman Jim?

Damon Runyon wrote this yarn of the Turps in an amusing short story, but, for all its potentialities as a panorama of Flatbush folks talking

Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck in Remember the Night.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The yarn may be slightly dog-eared. It's about the American in London who went a bit balmy over the lingo. "Clerk" was pronounced "clark", "derby" "darby", "wrath" "wroth", and so on.

★ ★ ★ ★

He met his *bete noir*, his *piece de resistance*—or even his Waterloo—the night he went to His Majesty's Theatre where a big musical comedy hit was playing.

★ ★

Over the marquee he saw a sign which read, "BALALAIKA—PRONOUNCED SUCCESS!"

★ ★

. . . "I'm going home," he said.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

★ ★

Time passes and that same musical hit has been freely adapted into a most impressive M-G-M screen production.

★ ★ ★ ★

It stars Nelson Eddy, whom you've heard—and heard of. He is definitely "in voice" in this one. How he sings, how he rides, how he rides as he sings! How he drinks, how he makes love, how he makes love as he drinks . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

And the girl he makes love to is a newcomer with a great destiny—Ilona Massey.

★ ★

As Rhyming Rodney, our pre-view scout says, "I got a crush on a thrush. That Massey is classy."

★ ★

He might have added something about the chassis.

★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps your radio has already hinted at the musical glories in this celluloid sensation. Perhaps you have already danced to "At The Balalaika."

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all—all the music, the glamorous views, the perfection of production—"Balalaika" is a human story, a dramatic sweep, a romantic ride through the moonlight, an adventure.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to the stars there are Charles Ruggles, Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, C. Aubrey Smith, Joyce Compton, and Dalies Frantz.

★ ★ ★ ★

To Reinhold Schunzel, the eminent continental director! To Lawrence Weingarten, the also eminent, if uncontinental, producer! Saluté!

★ ★ ★ ★

"Balalaika"—pronounced Success!

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

Piso's PLUS-ACTION* Explodes Theory That Cough Medicine Only Soothes Your Throat!

The very first spoonful of Piso's brings soothing comfort to your irritated throat membranes. But you also get an important plus-action in this modern formula Piso's.

*Piso's actually stimulates your system to produce more protective secretions in your throat and upper bronchial passages.

These normal fluids thin out and liquefy thick, clogging phlegm . . . it's more easily flushed away and expelled . . your cough is "loosened"!

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—a business which is new and practically without competition so you can make really BIG MONEY. Hotels, homes, clubs, office buildings offer tremendous possibilities. Our new **DETERGER washes** upholstered furniture, **electrically** right in your customer's home. The U.S. Government and many of the world's largest hotels use our machines.

Make Money the FIRST DAY

You should take in **big profits** the first day. J. S. Corson made $279.50 his first month. Barrett says, "Made $28.00 in 8 hours." We want an honest, ambitious man in every locality and will help you get started in a business with tremendous possibilities. Only a limited amount of money is needed —you send the balance on easy terms. You don't need to rent a shop, for the work is done right in your customers' home.

Write Today for FREE

book, "Your Own Business." It tells you how easy it is to get started in a year around business. Write today—NOW.

VON SCHRADER MFG. CO.

Dept. 531 Pl. Racine, Wisconsin

for **CHAPPED SKIN**

IF your skin is chapped, you will be delighted with the effect of Mentholatum applied to the stinging, red, swollen parts. Mentholatum quickly cools and soothes the irritation and assists Nature to more quickly heal the injury. Mentholatum is a pleasant, effective application for minor skin irritations. Jars or tubes only 30c.

MENTHOLATUM

Gives COMFORT Daily

Brooklynese to the amused President, it somehow grows thin and slow as a film.

William Gargan and Ann Sothern play the Brooklyn garage mechanic and his better half amusingly, Walter Brennan as the postman and Marsha Hunt as the woman he loved through the years are excellent, and Lewis Stone makes the President believable.

VITAL STATISTICS: **Bill Gargan was author Damon Runyon's choice for Joe Turp. Gargan was born in Brooklyn, attended St. Francis Xavier Grammar School, then St. James High. First job was as a private detective guarding a jewel messenger. Then clerked in a grocery. Next tried dramatics. First stage appearance was as a Hawaiian singer in a stage play, Aloma of the South Seas, at thirty dollars a week. . . . There's no effort to have Lewis Stone resemble any one. But the M-G-M studio technical department went to great pains to reproduce accurately the entrance to the White House, the foyer, the Chief Executive's private office, and other sections of the structure. . . . Walter Brennan, forty-five, and Marsha Hunt, really twenty-one, grow old together as the postman and the woman he adored through the years. Marsha had no trouble looking nineteen, had to have help from the make-up department to look feeble and sixty-five.**

★ ★ ½ THE LION HAS WINGS

THE PLAYERS: Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez, Flora Robson, Robert Douglas, Anthony Bushell, Derrick De Marney. Story by Ian Dalrymple. Directed by Michael Powell, Brian Desmond Hurst, and Adrian Brunel. Commentator, E. V. H. Emmett. Produced by London Films. Distributed by United Artists. Running time, 77 minutes.

THIS is frank propaganda, picturing the Royal Air Force in action to defend the British Empire. Chiefly designed to show folks in England, in Canada, and the British dominions just how the home fires are protected night and day. Pictured is the great centralized air defense headquarters, a vast radio control room from which officers watch German sky activities, direct and motivate defense measures. You see, too, battles in the skies, a raid on the Kiel Canal, and the balloon barrages about London. Interesting to Americans as cinematic propaganda. To Canadians probably ★★★ and more.

VITAL STATISTICS: **This was made at the English Denham studios during the first twelve days of the war, with a lot of hush-hush. Made with the co-operation of the Air Ministry but with Alexander Korda's own money, $125,000. Later the British government bought it, according to report. Most of the actors played their parts while waiting to join their various service units. . . . Ralph Richardson and Merle Oberon, in private life Mrs. Alexander Korda, gave their services. Richardson acted while on navy flying leave. . . . Denham has an underground air-raid shelter lined with concrete. Capable of housing almost a thousand.**

★ ★ RENO

THE PLAYERS: Richard Dix, Gail Patrick, Anita Louise, Paul Cavanagh, Laura Hope Crews, Louis Jean Heydt, Hobart Cavanaugh, Charles Halton, Astrid Allwyn, Joyce Compton, Frank Faylen, William Haade. Screen play by John Twist, story by Ellis St. Joseph. Directed by John Farrow. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 72 minutes.

THIS was planned to be an epic of the Nevada divorce town—and how it got that way. It pictures a young lawyer launching himself as a mining attorney in Reno, only to have the price of silver collapse, the mines close, and the town put up its shutters. Then he finds the loophole in the state laws that permits of easy divorce and he rides to success on matrimonial discontent. But the very thing he discovers ruins his own home. Richard Dix is the attorney who rises and falls on divorce, Gail Patrick is his wife, Anita Louise is their child who grows up to seek Reno herself.

VITAL STATISTICS: **The Reno divorce mill became possible because of a Nevada law enacted in the '90s, designed to enable newly arrived immigrant miners to vote. . . . Gail Patrick came to Hollywood via a Panther Woman contest. Paramount had a nation-wide competition to select a girl for a film bearing the title of Island of Lost Souls. Gail, fresh from Howard College and matriculating in law at the University of Alabama, took tests, won a trip to Hollywood, but never got the part of the Panther Lady. But she did land in pictures. . . . Richard Dix, married to the former Virginia Webster, has twin boys, almost six. . . . Paul Cavanagh went to France in '14 with the Nineteenth Alberta Dragoons. Before that a gold miner in the Klondike. Born in Kent, England.**

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Cary Grant.

2—Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.

3—108 pounds: wheat, 60; barley, 48.

4—Ice hockey, speed skating, figure skating, skiing, and bobsledding.

5—"Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis dissent."

6—Three.

7—Independence to the Philippines, effective 1946, a state much desired by India.

8—East, to South America.

9—The devil.

10—When on the water.

11—Strings, wood winds, brasses, and percussives.

12—The orangutan, which is about two thirds as large as the gorilla.

13—An early period of cold weather in the autumn.

14—Bay.

15—Moses.

16—Single-foot, canter, pace, trot, and gallop.

17—Because he opened the year and was the guardian deity of gates.

18—Gold; gold and silver; copper.

19—12,877.

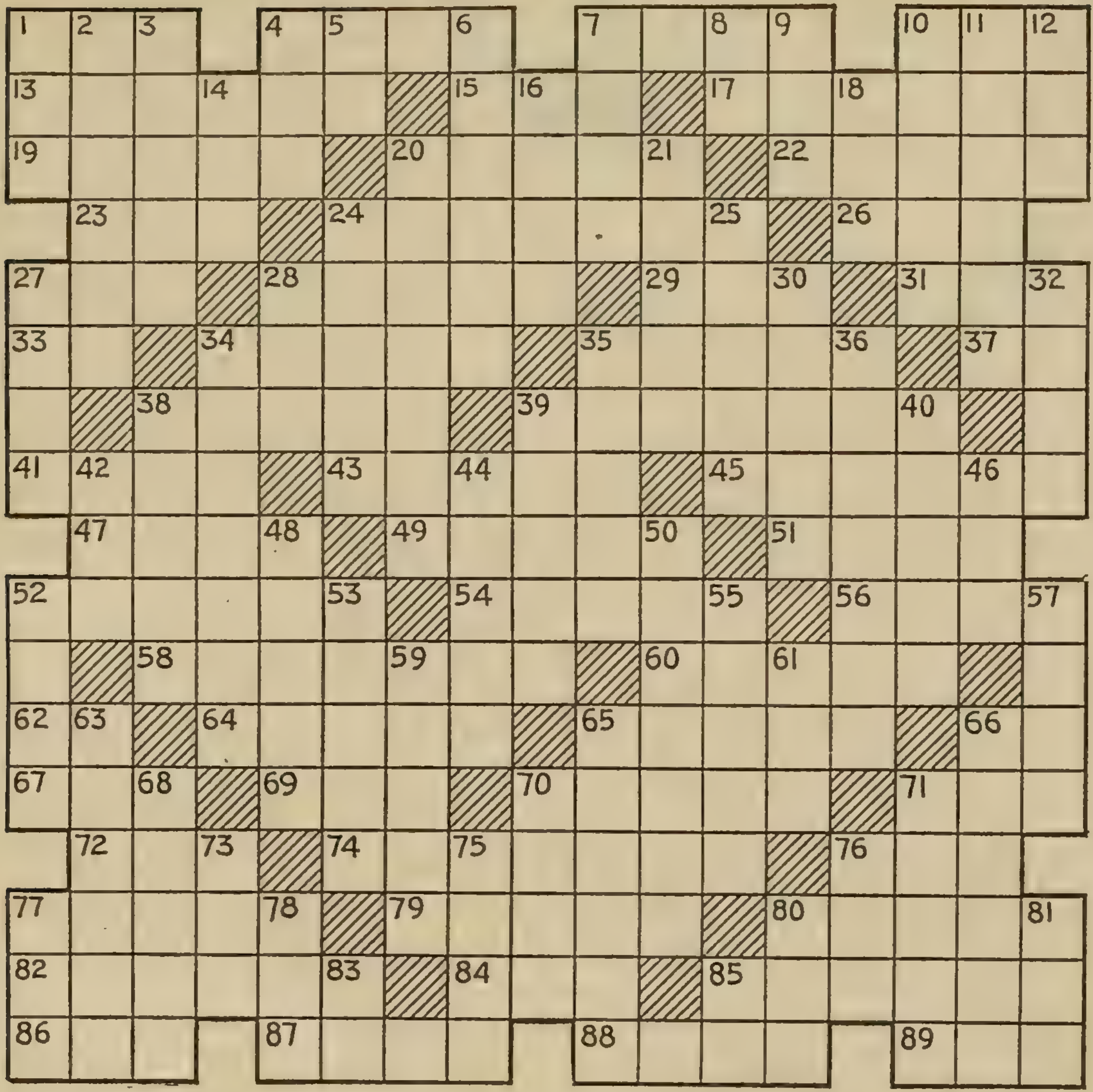
20—John Dewey

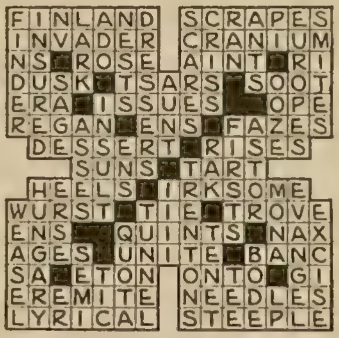
★★★½—The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—Four Wives, Geronimo, Destry Rides Again, That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town.

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin





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FINLAND SCRAPES
INVADER CRANIUM
NS■ROSE AINT■RI
DUSK■TSARS■SOOT
ERA■ISSUES■■OPE
REGAN■ENS■FAZES
 DESSERT■RISES
   SUNS■TART
 HEELS■IRKSOME
WURST■TIE■TROVE
ENS■■QUINTS■NAX
AGES■UNITE■BANC
SA■ETON ONTO■GI
EREMITE NEEDLES
LYRICAL STEEPLE
```

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 The self
4 Restrained by fear
7 Slender rod
10 One of the months
13 Threat
15 Epoch
17 Grained rock
19 Join
20 Best part
22 Disease of animals
23 Female deer
24 Bunch
26 Frosting
27 Chicken
28 Flesh side of leather
29 Silk-and-wool fabric
31 Result
33 Conjunction
34 Part of an ax
35 Clocks
37 Act
38 Council
39 Makes darker
41 Vivacity
43 Take by craft
45 Seaman
47 Prefix: Indian
49 Soil
51 Hastened
52 Disdains
54 Sedate
56 Long loud sound
58 Kind of herb (pl.)
60 A stupid follower
62 Preposition
64 Reckless person
65 Remained firm
66 Exist
67 Fit of ill humor
69 Number
70 Revealed
71 A long time (colloq.)
72 The least bit
74 Roundabout ways
76 United
77 Biblical word
79 Bright
80 Amphitheater
82 Image
84 High in tone
85 Demons
86 Measure of weight
87 Animal shelter
88 Asterisk
89 Faucet

VERTICAL

1 Kind of bird
2 Sex
3 Vegetable
4 A unit
5 Us
6 Beguile
7 Unit of power
8 Not
9 Put on
10 To tell in part
11 Escort
12 Reply of assent
14 Greek goddess
16 Revolt
18 Hawaiian garland
20 Inspire
21 Weird
24 Systems of worship
25 Gathers in
27 Flexible tube
28 Japanese coin
30 Entreaties
32 Portal
34 Number
35 Triangular surface
36 Clipped
38 Roman god
39 Moves suddenly
40 To be motionless
42 Edge, as of a pitcher
44 Kind of tripod
46 Room in a harem
48 Assault
50 Record
52 Barter (colloq.)
53 Spared
55 Kind of ship (pl.)
57 Crippled
59 Destroys secretly
61 Cycle
63 Shipworm
65 Puts aside
66 Things to be done
68 Claw
70 Sully
71 In relation to
73 Companion (colloq.)
75 Particle
76 Scandinavian coin
77 Pose
78 Central part
80 Appearance
81 Viper
83 Parent (abbr.)
85 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MY CHILDREN TOOK TO EATING GRAVEL!

I had my ideas, of course — but I took the pups to the Master to make sure. We looked up the symptoms in the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. "It's worms, all right," he says, "I never saw a litter yet that missed them. Good thing we have some Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES in the house!"

So we dosed the pups and all is well. With PUPPY CAPSULES for the little ones, and SURE-SHOT CAPSULES when they're older — I've never lost a pup to worms! Of course, I give some credit to the Master — and the DOG BOOK. You can get a copy at a drug or pet store — or with this coupon.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

FREE
Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 4-A, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name
Address
City State

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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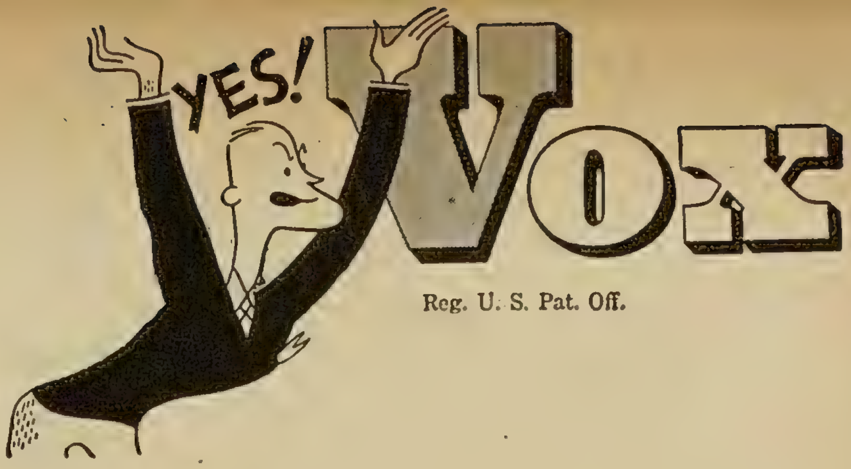


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CHALLENGE FROM FRATERNITY

Cleveland, Ohio—I emphatically object to the article Is It as Bad as This? (December 2 Liberty), and I challenge your statement, "Every word of this revelation is true." My objection is so strong that although I have been a regular purchaser of Liberty for five years, I am discontinuing my purchase and will do all possible to influence others to do so.

1. I don't believe that the anonymous author of the article knew what she was writing about. If she were ever a sorority "sponsor" or house mother she would know better than to stoop to such low sensationalism.

2. Even if the articles were true as far as one sorority or one university campus goes, the author and your management should have better taste than to reason from the specific to the general and attack the entire sorority-fraternity system.

3. I was a student from 1933 to 1937 at one of the largest universities in the country, at which there were sixty fraternities and twenty-seven sororities. Such conditions were not prevalent there. Sororities were too conscious of their reputations to permit anything of that nature, and together with university restrictions their rules were such that any flagrant indecency resulted in prompt expulsion of individuals concerned.

4. I am sure that if you would refer to any number of college deans of men and women you would soon perceive the inaccuracy and injustice of the article in its statements concerning the inability of the university to handle the alleged problem.

5. Fraternities and sororities for decades have been an important part of our educational system, and they have done worlds of good for their members and through numerous charities and philanthropies. They should be given credit for what they have done rather than attacked for what is, at most, an isolated situation.

6. From my personal standpoint only, I object to your article because in a few months I will marry a former sorority chapter president who had no trouble whatever in maintaining discipline among fifty girls in one of the most popular sororities at the university I attended. I have a sister and three cousins who are members of sororities on *four* different campuses. They all contradict your article, and I resent the inference of your article that they might be involved in the situation you describe.

I challenge your magazine and the author of that article to produce the facts behind the article. I challenge the author to come out from behind the veil of anonymity and to back up her statements. I challenge you to justify so scurrilous an attack on an established, honorable, and widely approved institution—the college sorority—and, indirectly, all universities and all undergraduates.

Such rabble-rousing vile propaganda as that does not have a place in American journalism, but rather smacks of Goebbels and his pals across the Atlantic.

In conclusion, I challenge you to allow me or some nationally known fraternity or sorority leader to write an article for your magazine on college fraternities and sororities as they really are.—*Paul W. Neidhardt, Director, Public Relations, Theta Chi Fraternity.*

"RIVER OF GOLDEN SCHEMES"

Los Angeles, Calif.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial on bureaucracy and the high cost of government (December 2 Liberty) should be framed and placed on the wall of every American home as a warning that we *must* do something about it! My hat is ever off to Mr. Macfadden for keeping faith with those grand old Americans who bade us keep "eternal vigilance."

We have been sold "down the river of golden schemes" all too completely for altogether too long.

I'm one who is wishing Thomas Jefferson could return to Washington . . . and I'd like to see a Patrick Henry in every courthouse in America!—*Arch W. Hall.*

HERE'S A PROPHET!

San Antonio, Tex.—While it is always hazardous to predict, I want to go on record as to how the war in Europe will end.

Russia and Germany will disagree soon over dividing the spoils. England and France then will help Germany to take what she wants of Russia, in consideration for the restoration of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Italy will profit nothing. The Balkan States will remain intact as a German concession to England and France. Finland and the other small northern nations will suffer from Russian aggression before Germany and Russia fall out, but will be restored by the Allies and Germany after the defeat of Russia.—*Alexander Boynton.*

TWIN-CITY REBUKE

Minneapolis, Minn.—You are not giving our city a very good name (see page 60 of November 25 Liberty). Frederick Lewis says: "They took him that night to the Ancker Hospital in Minneapolis." This is not true. Ancker Hospital is in St. Paul. Please have this corrected.—*Jack Lejeher.*

SING SING SPORTSMANSHIP

Port Jervis, N. Y.—Thoroughly enjoyed W. H. Friesell's article There's No Kicking in Football (December 9 Liberty), but as a former member of the Port Jervis Cops football team—which name, incidentally, was assumed for that series of games for the benefit of the gate—I wish to take exception to his statement that sportsmanship was found, "of all places," in Sing Sing, where we played the Black Sheep team. This seems to say that one wouldn't expect to find good sportsmanship there. Why not?

I have played in and seen games that had more dirty playing and unsportsmanlike conduct in one game than the whole five-game series we played with Sing Sing. Clean, hard, vicious tackling and blocking, but seldom an intentional dirty play, featured their tactics.—*An Ex-Port Jervis Cop.*

"OH, FOR MORE SHADOWS OF—"

Royal Oak, Mich.—Oh, if there would only be more Shadows of the Master! Or even one. The story thrilled me.

Why don't more people think in terms of peace and forgiveness—including myself? Is it that, even if we do believe in reincarnation, we haven't the power of mind to turn our lives into worthwhile endeavor?

Anyway, I'll still go on believing a better existence is in store for mankind. An existence of not so much contentment—for contentment breeds laziness—but of peace of mind.

Wasn't it Charles P. Steinmetz, one of the most critical scrutinizers of material laws, who once said, "I think the greatest discoveries will be made along spiritual lines"?—*Herschel Sales.*

INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT

Dayton, Ohio—So often in Liberty and elsewhere I have noticed reference made to a person's "I. Q."

While I have a faint idea as to what this refers, I would appreciate it if you would give me the correct definition of the term.—*W. R. Shinnick.*

PARDON OUR ERROR, CHIEF

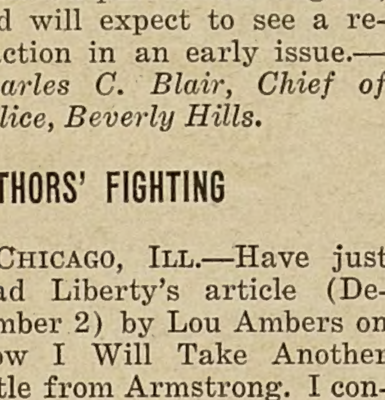
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—In your story The Lid Off Los Angeles (December 2 Liberty) the authors, Dwight F. McKinney and Fred Allhoff, in their enthusiasm got out of the city limits of Los Angeles into the incorporated limits of Beverly Hills.

Beverly Hills is an incorporated city, with its own legislative body and its own law-enforcement body; it makes its own laws and ordinances prohibiting gambling of all kinds and bordellos (as your authors call them). These laws are enforced by a very efficient and conscientious police force, of which I have been chief for twenty-two years.

I consider the mention of Beverly Hills to be a misinterpretation regarding the integrity of the legislative and law-enforcement bodies of this community, besides giving the wrong impression to the reader that Beverly Hills is a part of Los Angeles, and will expect to see a retraction in an early issue.—*Charles C. Blair, Chief of Police, Beverly Hills.*

AUTHORS' FIGHTING

CHICAGO, ILL.—Have just read Liberty's article (December 2) by Lou Ambers on How I Will Take Another Title from Armstrong. I congratulate you upon the fine spirit and determination you have shown in your efforts to get the various boxing titles back into the hands of the white contenders. The fight you waged against Joe Louis will never be forgotten. If only the fighters had fought as hard and as valiantly as your authors, Joe Louis would have been flattened long ago. —*B. B. Church.*



GRANTED WITH PLEASURE

CINCINNATI, OHIO—In November 18 and December 2 Liberty the editorials Tracing Americanism to Its Source, and Bureaucracy — A Great Tax-Eating Monster are certainly very much to the point.

I should like very much to reprint these two pages if you will give me permission.

In closing, I would like to congratulate you for the honest, aggressive, two-fisted he-man stand you have taken in those two editorials. Maybe you do it in each one, but those came to my attention.—*J. M. Wylie, the Baldwin Piano Company.*

HEAD FIRST

LINCOLN, NEB.—As an ambulance attendant I could not help but notice the error in the illustration by A. N. Simpkin in Headline Lady, by Reita Lambert (December 2 Liberty).

The mistake is that the accident victim is being put into the ambulance feet first instead of the correct way, which is head first. This is important, and if I stand corrected I will gladly apologize to Mr. Simpkin.—*An Ambulance Driver.*

WHAT IS A MIRACLE?

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—There have never been any natural miracles. They can all be explained as occurring according to God's laws of nature. For instance, the so-called miracle of Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt, which pillar I saw near the Dead Sea. We read " and the vale . . . was full of slimepits." Noah's wife slipped into one of these and disappeared, but Lot saw a pillar of salt which had been there.

The Dead Sea is the saltiest in the world. During a storm the water is whipped up into spray. The water then evaporates and leaves the salt, which naturally forms many curious shapes and forms. Remember, however, I do not deny "supernatural miracles," such as raising the dead to life.—*E. J. Schaefer.*

PRAISE AND TEARS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Fulton Oursler's last page describing stories and articles for the following week is an exhibition of supersalesmanship! One paragraph in which he gave an excerpt of a woman's opinion of Eddie Doherty et al. had me counting the days for next week's issue of Liberty!

Doherty's story Newspaperman left me crying and wishing Mildred had lived.—*Lora Lee.*

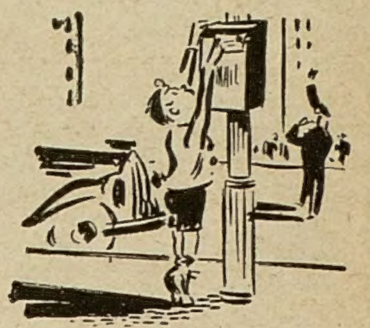
HEIL WEBSTER!

WINDBER, PA.—Why the swastika design on the crossword puzzle of the December 9 Liberty? Imagine my surprise!—*Julius Nelson.*

HOW ABOUT OVERALL BOY?

CORTLAND, N. Y.—For a long time I have wanted to pick a bone with publishers and authors. You are getting my kick merely because I feel that Liberty is the only magazine that might possibly pay any attention to it.

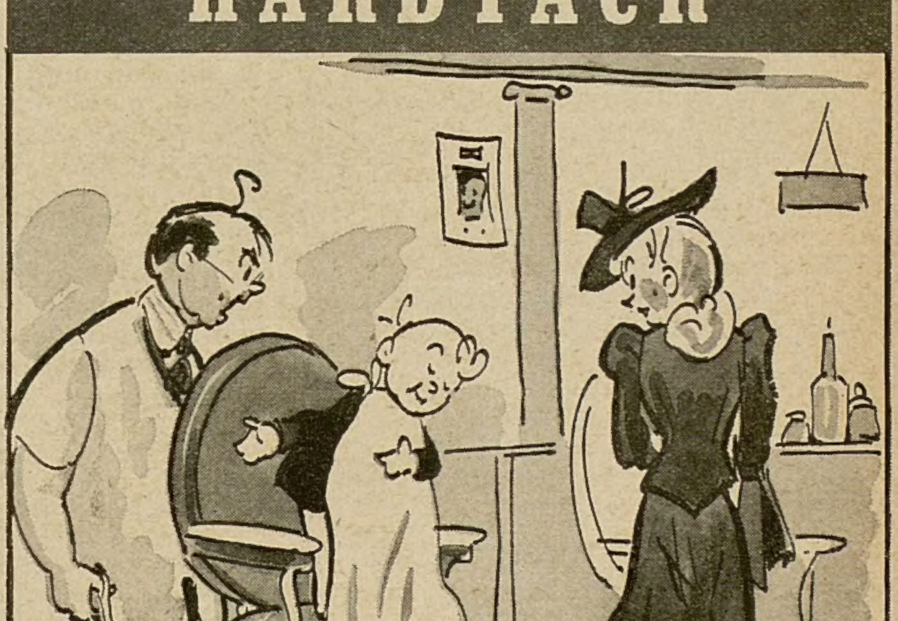
My kick is, wherever in a story reference is made to a man being at work, returning from the job, or going to his place of employment, it is invariably an office in which he is employed—pushing around a pencil.



How about the boy that builds or operates this complicated machine we call modern industry? It takes just as much brains and often commands a higher salary to make a machine than it does to sell it or keep the cost account, even though it may require a pair of greasy overalls.

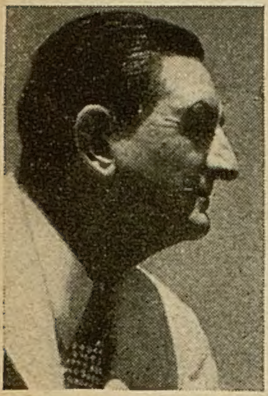
The overall boy, I'll bet, accounts for much the biggest half of circulation. Doesn't he rate a story or two?—*Henry Higgins.*

"HARDTACK"



" Will you please stop hopping up and offering your seat to every lady that comes in? "

Stalin and Hitler—Trotsky Tells How Long It Will Last



FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

WE PRESENT in next week's issue of Liberty a most important article: one that is bound to be read in the chancelleries of every allegedly civilized country in the world.

Next week Stalin will read Liberty, and so will Hitler. They may not read the Vox Pop pages, or Mr. Macfadden's editorial, or this pinnacle of perspicacity called the back page, but Hitler and Stalin will read cabled translations of the article which leads off next week's issue, as will undoubtedly Chamberlain and Daladier and the other captains of the nations of Europe. For this is no ordinary article. Its author is one of the two men who brought about the revolution in Russia and established the Soviet Union.

He is Leon Trotsky, partner of Lenin, exiled from Stalinism, minority leader of the Bolsheviks, now in Mexico. With the knowledge of one who was a leader from the beginning of the Soviet experiment, Trotsky tells what is going on in Russia today. He knows. Let no one think that there are no Trotsky agents still in Moscow. In spite of all the purge of Bolsheviks, beheaded and shot and strangled and poisoned and tortured to death, to clear the way for Stalin's alliance with Hitler, for all of that and more, nevertheless and notwithstanding, Stalin has his enemies within his own gates. Enemies valuable to Trotsky who find a way to tell him the facts.

We who are free Americans, and hate Leninism, Stalinism, and Trotskyism, may profit from this schism of the isms. If Stalin lies to us, Trotsky will tell us the truth about him, and here it is in next week's Liberty—the sordid bloody scheme unscrolled for all of us to read. As one scans the newspapers with their conflicting stories, one is often bewildered. We wonder what on earth is going on. You will find no more authentic or revealing statement about the German and Russian mystery than Trotsky's article next week. Put this on your must list.

THERE IS FUN TOO as well as politics in next week's Liberty. Several highly enjoyable short stories, including ℞ for Love, by Eve Greene, and Captain Milledge and the One-Man Rebellion, by Wylly Folk St. John. Every girl who goes to work will want to read the story by Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise called What Chance Has a Girl to Marry the Boss? This is not just something that these two authors of We Were Forty and We Got Jobs sat down at a typewriter and thought up; this is what is known in modern parlance as a survey, and its results are really revealing. . . . There are generous installments of all the serials; a wonderful boxing article called Why I Shall Raise My Boy to Be a Prizefighter, by Harry Blitman; a story about Clark Gable by John Erskine in which the star of Gone with the Wind reveals the secret wish of his heart. You will be very surprised to know what that wish is; and you will also be especially interested, I think, in The Five Unluckiest Children in the World, an article by Marguerite Mooers Marshall. Can you guess who they are?

SALMAGUNDI: Roscoe Peacock of North Cohocton, New York, writes: " You have done a splendid job, greater than any other popular magazine. I pray to God you may keep up the good work." Mr. Peacock is talking about our fight on Communism. Incidentally, we are being personally sued for two million dollars by Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, and the Communist Party. We have been told that we are to be sued also by Fritz Kuhn of the Bund as soon as he gets out of Sing Sing. We have not been sued by the Sons of the American Revolution, of which I am proud to be a member, or any other organization whose sole purpose is the preservation of the American way of life. . . . Rudolf Voigt of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, sent me a copy of a letter that he wrote. It is a letter of a German-American to his American wife: " Dearest: In a strange exuberance and stubbornness I sometimes try to defend the war. But, after all, this is understandable in one who lived for twenty-four years on German soil. You may be assured that I have always admired your tolerance and that I only see hope and light for the nations in your forgiving attitude. Even in 1914 I thought myself ungifted for local patriotism, but sometimes the sword begins to flourish in my blood. It is a strange bewildered mankind believing in paper-flower ideals; and human beings, beloved, who feel with the power of your heart are extremely rare in this world of bitterness and falsehood. I envy you your balanced peaceful soul which wants to do justice to everything and to all men, women, and children. Your comprehension of life is absolutely right. I hold your dear hand on the veranda in the warm autumn night. These stars also shine over battlefields. Perhaps the good friends of our childhood are fighting at the front. How often in peaceful times they and I lighted Christmas candles! O dear blessed Christ Child, let them live, my brave comrades! Are they not better and more splendid than I am, these fighting men, these blindly obedient soldiers? Help me, beloved. Love endures." . . . Aaron M. Mathieu, publisher of Writer's Digest: " A couple of months ago we received a letter from one of our readers who happened to be in jail. While there he has been writing and selling stories to the tune of $2,300. With that money he paid $700 in debts that he had owed to civilians caused by his previous bad checks. The Board of Pardons and Paroles heard of this and recommended him for release, although he had two more years to serve. But he has declined their offer (not because of any lack of literary merit in their letter). He prefers to stay in jail for the next two years to keep on learning how to write." Not a bad decision! . . . We have just received a photograph of one of the floats in a patriotic parade at Porterville, California. It was a newsstand mounted on a bicycle, and various issues of Liberty covered all four sides. At the top was a banner reading THE SPIRIT ONCE WAS LIBERTY—WHY NOT NOW? This float was created by Jimmy Meyer, our Liberty boy salesman in Porterville. Jimmy is eleven years old and is in the sixth grade in the Olive Street School. He is a stamp collector and likes to play baseball and tennis. The Porterville Chamber of Commerce writes us: " We are all very proud of Jimmy and feel he is one of the outstanding boys in our community."

Answers to our questions to Ad Quiz's editors will be given on this page within a week or two.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY H. DENNIS SIMPSON

Photoplay Presents Its Great New Feature

* The MOVIE Book of the Month

Nearly everybody enjoys seeing on the screen stories they have read and liked. Nearly everybody likes to read stories they have seen upon the screen and enjoyed. The editors of Photoplay recognize this fact and have done something about it that should please you immensely. Beginning with the February issue on sale January 10th, each issue of Photoplay will contain a complete full length classical or popular novel from which a current motion picture was taken—many thousands of words of thrill, suspense, drama, added to a magazine already filled with grippingly interesting Hollywood lore.

Movie Book of the Month No. 1

"WE ARE NOT ALONE"

By James Hilton

Author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon"

Scene from Warner Bros. Current Picture "WE ARE NOT ALONE"

COMPLETE in February Photoplay

The first of Photoplay's Movie Books of the Month is James Hilton's powerful novel "We Are Not Alone," recently produced and released by Warner Bros., starring Paul Muni and Jane Bryan. You may have seen it already or you may be planning to see it at the first opportunity. In either event it will be a decided pleasure to read the gripping novel from which the picture was created.

Buy your copy of the February Photoplay today. Read James Hilton's great novel, study the Hollywood styles that make Photoplay the recognized style authority of America, read its penetrating, informative articles, its thrilling and heart-warming stories, revel in its wealth of exclusive Hollywood photographs, its striking color effects and you will understand why millions of appreciative readers look upon Photoplay as the aristocrat of motion picture magazines. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover—Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in Selznick's great production "Gone with the Wind."

Highlights of the February Issue

"We Are Not Alone," complete novel by James Hilton ☆ Myrna Loy and Bill Powell Tell on Each Other ☆ "How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War" by Eleanor Roosevelt ☆ Hollywood Fashions starring Madeleine Carroll ☆ "Rhett Butler, Vivien Leigh and Me" by Clark Gable ☆ Roundup of Neglected People including Ilona Massey, Lee Bowman, Helen Gilbert, Thomas Mitchell, and others and many other special features, stories and departments.

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